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## RUSSIA'S SEA POWER.

Much has been written lately in this country on the subject of the Russian navy, and various speculations are rife as to the effect which the extreme activity of the Russian dockyards, and the large orders for warships placed abroad, may have upon Great Britain's relations with that Power, should she still further increase her naval armaments to such a point that they would (in the opinion of some people) become a serious menace to British sea-borne commerce.

There appear to be two distinct and opposite schools of thought on this subject. One school sees no menace to Great Britain in a large increase in Russia's navy, but only regards it as a proper and legitimate effort to obtain her fair share of the world's commerce, and a wise precaution to be ready to protect her interests and her distant and scattered possessions, which must otherwise be open to attack by any rival possessing a powerful navy. The other school regards Russia's abnormal activity in naval matters (taken in connection with her territorial aggressions in Central Asia, Persia, and the Far East) as a direct menace to Great Britain.

One of the latest additions to the literature on this subject is a handsome volume entitled "The

Imperial Russian Navy,"<sup>1</sup> by F. T. Jane. Mr. Jane belongs to the former school; he thinks the increase in the Russian navy is in no sense a menace to Great Britain, but merely a proper and fair increase to meet the needs of her growing empire. He believes that Russia honestly desires peace and not war, at any rate for many years to come; and, finally, he thinks the supposed increase has been largely exaggerated by the alarmists and Russophobes in this country. Mr. Jane has lately made a tour in Russia, visiting some of her ships and dockyards, and he appears to have been received with marked hospitality and kindness by every one he met—from Grand Dukes to navy captains and naval instructors—and to have been shown everything worth seeing without stint or reserve. He has, on the whole, formed a favorable opinion of the Russian navy, and of Russia's peaceful and benevolent intentions; and—as before mentioned—he thinks the large increase in her shipbuilding program to be a matter of imagination, and a hallucination of the alarmists. He says:—

Nearly all those ships that the Navy

<sup>1</sup> The Imperial Russian Navy: Its Past, Present, and Future. By Fred T. Jane. London: W. Thacker & Co.

League have shrieked themselves hoarse about have no present existence, nor are there even vacant slips in Russian dockyards whereon they could be built.<sup>2</sup> Ten years hence some of them may be in progress; but nearly the whole of that particular storm in a teacup arose from a misunderstanding of Russian methods. "We shall," they say, "build a ship A, after A we might begin B of the same type. If A and B are successful, it might be a good idea to then think about a C, to be followed, perhaps, at some future date by a D." Now this is *one* ship to be built. But the mildest statisticians say, A plus B plus C plus D equals 4 ships, while the most of them may bring it up to 7. This is no stretched or fancy picture. And, further, it takes at least ten years for a Russian ship to grow into complete existence.

Mr. Jane's book is written in a lively and dashing style—we had almost said a slap-dash style—and it is interesting to read, especially in the historical and descriptive parts; but he cannot be accepted as an authority on Russian naval affairs, and he is greatly in error when he supposes that it takes ten years to complete a Russian war-ship. Such things may have occurred in Russia—they have occurred in England—but they are the exception, not the rule, as we are given to understand by Mr. Jane. If we may be excused for using homely and popular expressions, we should say that Mr. Jane had been "got at" and "bamboozled" by his hospitable entertainers, and sent away to tell his countrymen (as he has done in his book) that they need not be alarmed at any increase in the Russian navy, as it is only intended to secure peace and not to provoke war.

Mr. Jane is the inventor of a naval war game, played with small models of ships on a board ruled off into squares, like a gigantic chess-board. It

is not thought much of by English naval officers, but it seems to have been adopted in Russia as a tactical exercise, and no doubt Mr. Jane's feelings as an inventor have been largely operated on by his sagacious Russian entertainers.

We pass now to a far graver and more thoughtful work on the subject—Colonel Sir George Clarke's "*Russia's Sea Power*."<sup>3</sup> The subject is treated with Sir George Clarke's well-known power of language and felicity of expression, and we see before us, as in a panorama, the remarkable rise and development of the navy of an inland Power, from the accession of Peter the Great (1689) to the present day; and we see, further, the influence which sea power—or the lack of it—has had upon the expansion of the Russian empire.

The keynote of Sir George Clarke's book is, "A better understanding with Russia;" and he is certainly not alone in thinking that could a better understanding—politically, socially, commercially—be established between Great Britain and Russia, it would be the better for both, and better also for the peace of the world.

Undoubtedly the main hindrance to a better understanding between the two peoples is the mutual suspicion which each has of the other—a chronic distrust of the ulterior designs which lie hidden behind the political manoeuvres, and the actual absorption of new territory, which each sees the other "guilty of," and usually considers to be a direct menace to their own interests. Hitherto this rivalry and antagonism has been mainly confined to the land, and Russia's sea policy, as indicated by the nature of the war-ships she has been building, has been one of defence, and not of offence, on the sea.

<sup>2</sup> This is quite true, and that is why so many of them are being built abroad, as we shall presently show.

<sup>3</sup> *Russia's Sea Power, Past and Present*; or, *The Rise of the Russian Navy*. By Colonel Sir George Sydenham Clarke, K.C.M.G., F.R.S. London: John Murray.

But the last few years have seen a complete change in this respect, and the building of ships like the Rurik, Rossia, Gromobol, and numerous others of the same nature, have been regarded by British naval officers—if not by our statesmen—as a menace to British sea-borne commerce. "For," they argue, "the mercantile marine of Russia is quite insignificant, and Russian statesmen, who generally have a good reason for what they do, are not spending all this money with the totally inadequate object of protecting this insignificant commerce. This great fleet of fast

and powerful battleships and cruisers must, therefore, be intended to attack the ocean commerce of some rival power." Whose? France? Germany? The United States? Or that of Great Britain? Which is the most likely?

Thus, when Russia went to The Hague with her famous peace proposals, she had in commission a powerful navy, far beyond the requirements for the protection of her coasts from invasion; and she had the following ships actually in course of construction, besides a considerable list of others "projected":—

	Tons.	Knots.	At
Prince Potemkin . . .	12,582	17	Nicolalef.
Oslyabya . . .	12,674	20	St. Petersburg.
Peresvyet . . .	12,674	20	"
Retvizan . . .	12,750	18	Cramp's, Philadelphia.
Tsesarivitch . . .	12,900	18	La Seyne.
Pobyeda . . .	12,675	20	St. Petersburg.
Borodino . . .	12,675	20	"

The above are all first-class battleships, heavily armed and well armored; and, when completed, they will be equal in fighting power to any battleships afloat.

Russia was also building the armored cruisers Gromobol, of 12,196 tons, and 22 knots' speed, at St. Petersburg, and

the Bayan, of 7800 tons, and 21 knots' speed, at La Seyne. But, what is most significant of all, she was, at the same time, building, in various countries, the following cruisers of moderate size and possessed of high speed, technically known to naval architects as "commerce destroyers":—

	Tons.	Knots.	At
Diana . . .	6630	20	St. Petersburg.
Pallada . . .	6630	20	"
Aurora . . .	6630	20	"
Varyag . . .	6000	23	Cramp's, Philadelphia.
Bogatyr . . .	6396	23	Vulcan Works, Stettin.
Askold . . .	5900	23	Germania Co., Kiel.
(Not named) . . .	3000	25	Havre.
Novik . . .	3000	25	Schichau, Ebling. <sup>4</sup>

In addition to the above, Russia was building at St. Petersburg, at Chrichton Abo, at Havres, at Schichau's, Ebling, and at Laird's, Birkenhead, thirty-

three "destroyers" of from 240 to 400 tons each, with speeds ranging from 27 to 32 knots. Thus we see that in the summer of 1899 she was not only

<sup>4</sup> It appears from this that Mr. Jane's remark, that there are not ships enough in Russia to build the new ships ordered, has very little to do with the subject; and furthermore, as to its taking ten years to build a Russian war-ship,

it may be noted that some of these ships are contracted for to be delivered in twenty-four months, some thirty months, and so on, but none are to take more than three years.

building war-ships of the most formidable and predatory types, to the full extent of her own resources, but that she was also employing France, Germany, the United States, and even England to assist her.

As already mentioned, in addition to the above list of ships actually on the stocks, and some of them in a very advanced state, there are several more battleships, another armored cruiser of the Gromobol type (though larger), and several more commerce destroyers "projected," and which will probably be built.

In view of all the circumstances of the situation, shall we be accused of unfriendly and unworthy suspicions of Russia if we venture to suggest that when she invited Europe to disarm, and went to The Hague with peace upon her lips and an olive branch in her hand, she also had her tongue in her cheek? But the cream of the joke is, that Russia is going to pay for these ships with other people's money!

It may also be worth mentioning that France (Russia's ally) was, at the same time, building thirteen large and four smaller cruisers, all of the "commerce destroying" type, of high speed and heavily armed. But France makes no secret of her intentions; and every one knows that she would fight Great Britain to-morrow if she thought she had any chance of success.

It is probable that many of our readers are not aware of the fact that the rise and development of the Russian navy is largely due to British officers. Thus, in his interesting historical sketch, Sir George Clarke tells us that—

The great naval enterprise of Catherine II had spent itself, and such success as it had obtained was entirely due to Great Britain. By the aid of British ports and British officers the Russian squadron reached the Levant. To British officers was due the destruction of the Turkish fleet. The name of

Tchesmé is now borne by a Russian battleship; but the fact that the victory thus commemorated was due to Elphinston, Grieg, Dugdale and Mackenzie, is altogether forgotten. Whether originating in the friendship of Peter the Great with Sir John Norris, or suggested by the prestige of the British navy, the practice of obtaining officers from this country had steadily grown.

Under Catherine II the number of such officers, largely of Scotch descent, was considerable; and when, in 1788, Paul Jones was appointed a rear-admiral in the Russian service, sixty are said to have resigned their commissions. Among the earliest importations was Lord Duffus, who in the *Advice* frigate fought a gallant action with eight French privateers off Yarmouth in June, 1711. Carried to Dunkirk as a prisoner, he became involved in the rebellion of 1715, was attainted, and after being released from the Tower was made an admiral by Peter the Great. Sir Samuel Greig, after seeing service at Quiberon Bay, before Brest, and at Goree, joined the Russian navy as a lieutenant, became rear-admiral after the action at Tchesmé, and was afterwards Governor of Cronstadt. His son, Alexis Samuelovich, was made a midshipman at birth in 1775, and won great distinction in the Turkish war of 1827-29, afterwards devoting himself to the organization of the navy and the development of the Black Sea fleet. A grandson showed great gallantry during the siege of Sebastopol. Elphinston joined as a rear-admiral in 1769, and afterwards returning to England commanded the *Magnificent* in Byron's action off Grenada in July, 1779, and in the battle between Rodney and de Guichen in April, 1780. In 1788 Captain Sir Frederick Thesiger became a Russian officer, and won laurels in fighting the Swedes, who were assisted by Sir Sidney Smith. The roll is a long one, and the Russian navy may almost be said to be the creation of British seamen.

Sir George Clarke—quoting some of his facts from the "*Annual Register*"—gives the following brief but graphic account of the destruction of the Turk-



ish squadron at Tcheshmé by the Russians, plus some British officers. After an indecisive action off Chlo—

At nightfall the Turks cut their cables, and, in opposition to the opinion of the more experienced officers, ran into the Bay of Tcheshmé, where, huddled together like birds in a net, they were blockaded by the Russians. On the 6th, at midnight, four fireships, prepared by Admiral Elphinston, were taken into the bay by Lieutenants Dugdale and Mackenzie, the operation being covered by Commodore Greig with four ships of the line and two frigates. The Russians, who were unaccustomed to service of this nature, showed great backwardness; but Dugdale, though deserted by his crew, succeeded in grappling a Turkish vessel, and set fire to his ship. In five hours the whole fleet, except one 62-gun vessel and a few galleys, was destroyed.

And again, Sir George Clarke tells us that in 1796 "the Russian navy, trained by British officers, had grown to formidable dimensions."

This was more than a hundred years ago; but we know that to-day Russia is largely indebted to Great Britain for the development of her present war navy.

Have we, then, for two centuries been cherishing in our bosoms a scorpion, which is now preparing to turn upon us, and sting us, if possible, to death?

Sir George Clarke uses this close connection between British officers and the Russian navy as an argument in support of his plea for a better understanding between the two countries upon all points wherein their interests appear to clash. A "better understanding with Russia" is an excellent idea—if practicable. It is probably the statesman's ideal of happiness—his *El Dorado*, for which he is seeking; but he must be sorely puzzled to find out how it is to be arrived at, when he remembers

that Russia's notion of an "understanding" is one which she is to observe just as long as it suits her convenience and her policy to do so (for instance, Merve and the Afghan frontier). This renders it rather awkward to make a bargain with her.

Russia—with the support of France and Germany—turned Japan out of Port Arthur on the "understanding" that the possession of that peninsula by a strong Power would threaten the integrity and independence of the Chinese empire, and upset the balance of power in the Far East. Upset the balance of fiddlesticks!

"That in the captain is but a choleric word which in the soldier is flat blasphemy." That in Russia is but a friendly act which in Japan is a threat to the independence of China. Can hypocrisy go further? All the world knows that Russia has herself taken Port Arthur, that she is strongly fortifying it, that she has already practically absorbed a large slice of the Chinese empire—viz., Manchuria; that she commands the entrance to the Gulf of Pechill, that she threatens Peking, and can take that city as soon as she wants it (*i. e.*, as soon as her Trans-Siberian railway is finished), and that Great Britain's weak, isolated, and unfortified possession at Wei-hai-wei can offer no sort of check on Russia's ambitious schemes.

We have said that all the world knows these things. Probably we ought to have made an exception, and said that all the world except Great Britain knows them. At any rate, Russia knows them, and Japan knows them; and the latter country is making heroic efforts to be prepared to safeguard her own interests by organizing her army and building a most formidable navy; but she looks for allies, and thinks that her interests are identical—or, at any rate, coincide—with those of several of the Great Powers, and that

they are diametrically opposed to those of Russia.

An understanding with Russia would, no doubt, be an excellent policy for Great Britain to pursue, if it were possible; but it seems to pass the wit of man to come to an understanding with a Power that acts as Russia does.

That Great Britain, or, at any rate, the Government of Great Britain, did not at all recognize the significance of the audacious seizure of Port Arthur by Russia, is clearly shown by a remark made by Lord Salisbury at a Primrose League meeting at the Albert Hall on the 4th of May, 1898. He said: "I think Russia has made a great mistake in taking Port Arthur. I do not think it is of any use to her whatever." What an extraordinary misconception of the situation!

To refer again to the historical aspect of Russia's sea power, it is interesting to note that although the Russian navy was nursed into vigor by British officers, our greatest admiral—who was not a bad judge of men—never had any faith in the Russians, nor desired them as allies. Sir George Clarke tells us that—

Admiralty orders sent to Lord St. Vincent in 1798 enjoined on the Mediterranean fleet co-operation "with the Turkish and Russian squadrons which are to be sent into the Archipelago," and Nelson was thus brought into contact with the youngest of European navies. From the first he seems to have formed an unfavorable opinion alike of the motives and of the efficiency of his allies. "The Russians," he wrote to Lord Spencer on November 29, "seem to me to be more bent on taking ports in the Mediterranean than destroying Bonaparte in Egypt." On September 5, 1799, he wrote to Captain Ball, "The Russians are anxious to get to Malta, and care for nothing else." And to General Fox on December 14: "The Austrians are calling out for a naval co-operation on the coast of Genoa. They

complain that the Russian ships never come near them. Our Government think naturally that *eleven sail of the line, frigates, etc.*, should do something; I find they do nothing." After complaining several times of a want of co-operation, Nelson wrote to Lord Spencer on December 23, "The Russians, even if at sea, of which I see no prospect, cannot sail, or be of the least service."

And again, Sir George Clarke tells us—

A treaty of offensive alliance, to which Austria and Sweden acceded, was signed on April 10. By Nelson, in the Mediterranean, the prospect of a fresh period of Russian co-operation was not viewed with enthusiasm. He had previously formed a low estimate of the efficiency of the Russian navy, and he doubted the sincerity of the Russian policy. "If Russia goes to war with France," he wrote to Sir H. Elliot on July 8, 1804, "I hope it will be her own war, and not joined with us. Such alliances have never benefited our country. . . . No; Russia will take care of the Ionian Republic, the Morea, and in the end Constantinople. The views of Russia are perfectly clear." Again, on August 3, he emphasized his suspicions in a letter to Sir A. G. Ball: "My opinion of the views of Russia has long been formed, and to this moment I see everything she does works to the same end—the possession of all European Turkey."

At that period it had not become obvious that Russia also wanted large slices of Asiatic Turkey, if not the whole of it. It is, however, only proper to add that Sir George Clarke also tells us: "Nelson's misgivings were not, at this time, justified. Alexander I loyally upheld the alliance, and put one hundred and forty-six thousand men in the field."

It is also interesting to note a certain consistency in the views of our two political parties with regard to Great Britain's policy concerning Russia.

Thus, more than a hundred years ago the Tories and Whigs—of whom our present Conservatives and Radicals are the lineal descendants—were sharply divided on this subject, as they were on many others. The Whigs wished for an alliance with Russia, but the Tories regarded that country as our probable enemy.

The Russian successes in this war gave rise to apprehension in England, and in June, 1790, a conference was assembled at Reichenbach, under the auspices of Pitt, with a view to mediation between Russia and Turkey. Catherine, however, refused to admit any interference, and for the first time the progress of Russia formed the subject of warm debates in the House of Commons. Pitt's proposals for an increase of naval armaments as a check to the ambitions of the Tzarina were strongly opposed. Fox considered an alliance with Russia "the most natural and advantageous we could possibly form." Burke stated that "the attempt to bring the Turkish empire into consideration of the balance of Europe was extremely new, impolitic, and dangerous." He therefore protested against incurring "an immoderate expense in order to bring Christian nations under the yoke of severe and inhuman infidels."

Here we have the keynote to the Radical's opinion of the "unspeakable Turk."

If our policy with regard to Russia is to change in its fundamental principles every time the Conservatives come in and the Radicals go out, or *vice versa*, it is not likely to be a successful policy in the long run. Russia knows her own mind, and goes on steadily and consistently; she can wait for her opportunity, and when she sees it she pounces on it like a cat upon a mouse. Her last grab—of Port Arthur—was the grandest one she has ever made, fraught, as it is, with the most tremendous consequences to all the great Powers of Europe, and to Amer-

ica and Japan also; and it is now quite certain that Russia was herself much surprised that she was permitted to accomplish this great *coup*. The withdrawal of the British ships from Port Arthur, at a critical moment, gave her exactly the cue she wanted.

We entirely agree with Sir George Clarke that the policy of trying to stop Russia's advance into places where we don't want her, with diplomatic notes, or remonstrances, or treaties which we are unable to enforce, is futile to the last degree; but we are unable to agree with all his conclusions, or with the practicability of his propositions which he sets forth in the eloquent appeal with which this interesting little book concludes. He says:—

From first to last the policy of hostility to Russia has proved an absolute failure. It has not in the slightest degree retarded her Asiatic expansion. It has bred and maintained misunderstanding and ill-feeling between two great nations. It has directly provoked measures of reprisal, which have entailed commercial and other losses upon the people of Great Britain and India. It has not conduced to our national dignity. Its drift is towards war upon some minor issue, such as that of Penjdeh, which experts alone could pretend to understand—war from which no national advantage could be obtained. If it could be finally buried in oblivion, Europe, as well as Great Britain, would be the gainer.

Reflection will show that, after two centuries of expansion, Russia has not occupied a square yard of territory which is now or has ever been desired by Great Britain. This cannot be said of France, of Germany, or of the United States. In such circumstances it is especially difficult to believe that a direct understanding with Russia in Asia—such an understanding as was reached with Germany in East Africa and in New Guinea, and as we are patiently seeking to obtain with France in West Africa—is impossible. Until Russia advances into a defined sphere

of British influence, we have no grievance against her; until such a sphere is defined, we have no claim to arrest her advance. No policy is so dangerous as that of drift; no assumption is so gratuitous as that Russia is "our great enemy." To remove the longstanding antagonism between the two nations, and to substitute direct agreements between London and St. Petersburg for competitive manipulations of the dummy Government at Peking, would be a task worthy of a great statesman, and a powerful guarantee of the peace of the world.

This is all very eloquent, and some of it very wise; but we are reminded of the homely proverb that "Fine words butter no parsnips." Facts are stubborn things, and Russia's present position in Northeast Asia is a fact. It is the very wildest delusion to assume that Russia intends to go halves with any one in the "manipulation of the dummy government at Peking." She intends to do that herself, without anybody's assistance or interference. She is, even now, practically mistress of the situation, and in three or four years will be absolutely so.

Japan is the unknown factor in the "Far Eastern" problem. She has a powerful navy composed of the most modern ships, and apparently she knows how to work them. She is full of enterprise and energy, and she cannot view with indifference the menacing attitude which Russia is now assuming on the very confines of her dominions. She has large interests in Korea; there are several flourishing Japanese settlements in that Peninsula; men and women are flowing into the country daily, as if they intended to make it their home. Japanese fishing-boats go across during the summer months, making temporary mat-shed settlements on the coast, and catching the fish the idle Koreans are too lazy to catch themselves. A Japanese com-

pany has bought from the American company the incomplete Seoul-Chemulpo railway, and is now rapidly completing it. Four-fifths of the line are finished, and well-appointed trains run now to within two miles of the Seoul river; but the great bridge has still to be built, and it offers some difficulties, which, however, will speedily be overcome by the capable and enterprising Japanese engineers. Japan will never allow the decaying kingdom of Corea to fall into the hands of any other Power.

While we now write there is a three-cornered duel going on about a plot of land near Mesanpho. It appears that the Russian Minister has asked the King of Corea for the concession of a considerable piece of land and foreshore at the head of Sir Harry Parkes Sound, and close to the town of Mesanpho, for the ostensible purpose of building a commercial dockyard! The King of Corea referred the question to the Japanese Government, and the Japanese Government was then "sounded" as to what its reply would be if asked officially, and its answer was that the concession should be promptly refused.

We may here explain, for the benefit of our readers who are not well acquainted with the geography of Corea, that the town of Mesanpho is about twenty miles west from Fuzan, which latter is at the southeast corner of the Korean peninsula; and that Mesanpho stands at the head of the finest harbor in the world. We speak from personal knowledge; we have visited all the "finest harbors in the world," and we have visited Sir Harry Parkes Sound (Douglas Inlet) several times, and we have no hesitation in saying that it is absolutely *the* "finest harbor in the world." Japan will never allow Sir Harry Parkes Sound to fall into the hands of any other Power. She can-

not afford to do so; it is too near her own coast.

It may be further explained that Sir Harry Parkes Sound is close to our discarded possession of Port Hamilton, and that it is about half-way between Vladivostok and Port Arthur on the sea route.

Great Britain should do all in her power to keep on good terms with Japan; their interests in the Far East do not clash in any material respects, and when the great struggle comes she will be a most useful ally. But in the meantime we must give and take, and not be too exclusively selfish about "British interests," nor expect her to jump to our assistance the moment we beckon her. She is ready to do so *now*; but if treated coldly she may make her own arrangements.

Russia's recent movements in the Far East add a special significance to the extraordinary and altogether unprecedented efforts she is making to increase her navy, especially in those classes of ships intended for offence and not for defence.

It will probably be some years before the nations of Europe discover who is their common enemy, and who it is that threatens their independence with her prodigious armaments, her enormous extent of territory, and her almost unlimited resources.

At present, jealousy of England's prosperity appears to be the ruling passion on the continent of Europe. She, however, does not threaten the independence of any of the nations of Central and Western Europe. It is impossible that she can attack any of them in their own countries (except, perhaps, Italy), whatever she may be able to do to their colonies and their trade. But if we glance for a moment at a map of the eastern hemisphere,

we shall see, and perhaps be able to realize, the immense extent of Russia's dominions, and the way they seem to grasp, like a huge hand, the two continents of Europe and Asia, to which has now been added a sharp and powerful claw in the shape of the Liau Tung Peninsula, with Port Arthur at the extremity of it. The paw of the Great Bear grasps the whole eastern hemisphere.

An interesting and masterly paper has appeared lately in the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution*, by Colonel Mark Bell, V.C., C.B.,\* in which he points out clearly, and with irrefutable logic, the danger which the gigantic power of Russia is rapidly becoming to all the nations of Europe; and he urges, without delay, a sinking of the petty jealousies and rivalries which now divide them, and a combination to save themselves from the common enemy before it is too late.

Colonel Bell points out that if Russia once gets possession of the decaying kingdom of Persia, and runs her strategic railways to the head of the Persian Gulf, she will be mistress of all Asia. All possibilities of land communication with China and the Far East will be cut off, save her own Siberian railway; Asia Minor will speedily be absorbed, and she will then hold Europe in the hollow of her hand. The will of the Czar and his Ministers will be the law of Europe, and England will, of course, lose India.

The ambition to absorb fresh territory and gain more power undoubtedly grows upon what it feeds; and, although Great Britain is, perhaps, not the country to throw stones in this respect, it is pointed out by Colonel Bell that the peril arising from Russia's Asiatic expansion affects the Central Powers of Europe much more nearly

\* "The Highway of the Nations. The Turco-Persia-Indian Commercial Route between Europe and Asia, and the considerations influencing its

Alignment." By Colonel Mark Bell, V.C., C.B., Fellow of King's College, London.



than the Western Powers. They will be the first to fall and lose their independence, and then the Western ones will follow. Already Russia dictates to Europe, and all the nations are afraid of her; they know she is herself unassailable, and she holds the balance of power. She does this largely through her servile and well-organized press, which is employed by her astute and unscrupulous statesmen to coquette with first one nation and then with another. Vain and giddy France is flattered and cajoled at one time, jealous Germany at another; but care is taken to use every possible means to foment discord amongst them all, and to prevent a combination against herself, the common enemy of all freedom, until she has so extended and consolidated her power as to be able to defy them, either singly or combined.

That the danger of a Russian domination of all Asia, and then, finally of all Europe, is imminent, cannot possibly be denied by any one who has studied the question, and is not affected by a predisposition of blind optimism as to Russia's gentle, peaceful, and pious intentions.

Colonel Bell, in the paper above alluded to, puts the case very clearly, and without any exaggeration, when he says—

The southern expansion of the great Northern Power, now more a Power of Asia than of Europe, and whose centre of empire lies in Central Asia, out of her own sphere and into the zone of influence of Europe, and her too great solicitude to control commerce and religions and communications wholly within it, are dangers to Europe, and its further encroachments would lead to that Power running roughshod over her—a final over-running of Europe by Asia. This danger is enhanced when we consider the power that Russia is becoming in Northern China; that Bandar Abbas is already called by her the Vladivostock of Russia in the Persian

Gulf; that she seeks by connecting Central Asia with the gulf by means of railways from Ashkabad *via* Mashad, Herat, Birjand, and Kerman to Bandar Abbas, and from Tiflis by Kars, and the Turko-Persian frontier, to render herself free of the Dardanelles and the Suez Canal, and to cut off British interests to the westward of the former line, and that she gives herself out to be the vindicator of Iran! With a motto of patience and velvet to cover her claws, a nation can achieve supremacy in time; and, looking into the dim and far-distant future, and judging of coming events, if they are not forestalled, by the lowering shadows that they cast before them, one sees a vision of Russia extending from the Baltic to the Chinese seas, from the Arctic Ocean to the Black and Caspian Seas and the Oxus and Yellow rivers, in conflict for the dominion of the old world with Europe and Southern Asia—i.e., the North of the old world arrayed against the South.

The only fault we have to find with this description is, that Colonel Bell puts it in the form of a vision, or a prophecy, whereas more than half of it had already taken place at the time he wrote.

And again, he says: "In any general irruption of Asia into Europe the continental Powers of Europe would be the first to suffer, and in a much greater degree than an island Power such as Great Britain."

In this connection it is interesting to note the opinion of the greatest of modern strategists. As long ago as 1854 (the time of the Crimean War) von Moltke wrote: "It seems to me that the German Powers are playing a sorry part. Evidently a new increase of Russia's Power is more dangerous to them than to any one, and yet they leave it to the Western Powers to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them." And yet there are so-called "statesmen" now living who regard the Crimean War as a huge blunder! Have

they any idea of where Russia would now be if there had been no Crimean War? They say, "Oh, but she has regained all she lost." Possibly; but she has been kept back for forty-five years, and in the meantime other nations have become stronger. That you will be hungry tomorrow is not a good reason for eating no dinner to-day.

It would be well, indeed, for the future peace and prosperity of all Europe if the German Powers, including Austria, could be got to see the question with the eyes of their great strategist; and better still if some good fairy would whisper into the ear of La Belle France, and tell her that she is preparing for her own and her neighbor's destruction. No doubt her anarchists would be delighted to see the whole European fabric destroyed with one common explosion, even if they went up with it themselves; but all Frenchmen are not anarchists; there must be some sensible men left in France, even if the nation—as a nation—seems to have gone mad on more than one subject; and it is to be hoped that France will see before it is too late the folly of her infatuated love for the great autocratic Power, which plays upon her vanity, borrows her money, uses her as a tool to further her own unscrupulous and ambitious schemes, and who will assuredly throw her over as soon as she has squeezed her dry, and finds that she can make no more use of her.

Colonel Bell's paper is devoted to a full explanation of the proposal—which is not new—that a railway should be run from the Mediterranean through Mesopotamia to the head of the Persian Gulf, and then on through India to the Far East; and that this railway should be constructed by the European Powers, exclusive of Russia, as a means of counteracting the effect of the great Siberian railway, and to prevent the whole of Asia from becoming

absolutely Russian. It is evident that Colonel Bell has deeply studied the whole question, not only from its military and strategic aspect, but from its political and commercial aspect also. He says:—

Europe has lent Russia money to construct communications, whereby she has placed her in a position to injure herself. Let her now lend herself a little, to be laid out in Turkey and Persia, etc., to be administered by herself, and not as heretofore by venal Pashas, to counteract the harm she has done, in order to construct counter-communications.

Yes, truly, this is the best of the joke, from Russia's point of view; she is making gigantic preparations, both by land and sea, to obtain the supreme dominion in Europe and Asia; and—as we have before pointed out—she is doing it with other people's money! with the money of those whom she intends to oust, both strategically and commercially.

For those who desire further information on the very interesting subject of the proposed Mesopotamian railway, we would strongly recommend a perusal of Colonel Bell's paper, though we cannot part company with him without further quoting one or two of his pregnant remarks. He tells us:—

Napoleon considered the valley of the Tigris to be the strategical key of the whole world. Such sayings are not unimportant, although the present generation may be unable to assign specific reasons for them.

And again:—

If the belt (the Mesopotamia-Persian belt) is occupied by Russia, the doom of both Turkey and Persia, the Persian Gulf and the Dardanelles, is sealed, and she will have gained a position from which she cannot be ousted, strengthened as it would be by art, and backed by millions of soldiers.

Colonel Bell sums up the situation in the following words:—

Russia, with youthful energy and great forethought and fertility of resource, is leading the world; she leads enterprise, and is running her rails longitudinally (*sic*) through Asia, and under her own guarding, from Moscow to the Chinese seas, and from Batoum through Trans-Caspia, to the Kuldja gate of China, and is gaining inestimable advantages from her magnificent enterprise. She is gradually pushing her feeder lines southward into Europe's sphere of influence, to gain a predominating influence in Turkey and Persia as well as in China, and to Charjui and Tashkend to put an end to the inconvenience of the trans-shipment across the Caspian, and Europe can no longer stagnate, and rely upon her shortest line—the Suez Canal—to Asia, and along which now all nations run steamers to India and the Far East and Australia. She now requires three commercial lines to the East—*i.e.*, *via* the long-sea routes, the Suez Canal, and by rail across Mesopotamia; no line through Russia could possibly serve Europe's purpose. She must now enter into keener competition for the trade of Asia, a railway competition with Russia, and inaugurate a quicker route than any she yet possesses by running her rails across Mesopotamia, *via* Mosul and Baghdad, to Kawait or Grain on the Persian Gulf, and across Persia to the gates of India, *via* Karmanshah, Ispahan, Yazd, Kirman, and Seistan. Its Persian terminus, Seistan, is a fertile oasis, capable of great expansion, and a centre of trade-routes between Persia and India, the Caspian and the Persian Gulf. Commerce and strategy adhere to natural directions, and this line is as necessary to her commercial as her political requirements.

We have laid before our readers two opposite views of the relations existing between Great Britain and Russia, and two opposite opinions as to the wisest policy to be pursued in our future relations.

Some will probably agree with Sir George Clarke and Mr. Jane that we ought to use every possible means to come to a friendly agreement with Russia upon questions whereon our interests appear to be opposed; and others will, no doubt, be found to agree with Colonel Bell in his proposed policy of trying to thwart and forestall Russian expansion in Asia by constructing, or helping to construct, a line of railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, and thence onward to India and the Far East. But we imagine there will be a universal consensus of opinion to condemn a vacillating, halting, or half-and-half policy. Surely upon a question of such vital importance to the future of the British empire it ought not to be impossible for the political parties in the state to come to some understanding as to the main lines, at any rate, of our future policy. Europe has not yet awakened to a sense of the danger which threatens her in the further expansion of the already prodigious extent and power of the Russian empire—prodigious not only as to actual territory (which might mean much or little), but as to her newly-acquired strategical positions, and the millions of well-armed and well-drilled soldiers which she has to defend them.

As von Moltke pointed out nearly half a century ago, the German Powers will be the first to suffer; England, perhaps, last of all, as England could live without India, though with diminished glory, for, as long as she maintains adequate sea power, she could defend her other possessions, and still have a mighty empire. And yet, such is the superiority of Russian diplomacy and intrigue, that she has succeeded in persuading all Europe into the belief that England is the common enemy—the enemy of all freedom and progress, the tyrant and the bully.

England may not, perhaps, be quite

the lamb which some of our advanced Radical politicians would like to make her, but it is absurd to deplet her as the wolf; yet, however absurd it may be in fact, it is nevertheless done, and, what is more, millions believe it, especially in France, and lend their money to holy Russia to help her to check England from conquering the world.

Russian advance and expansion have hitherto been comparatively slow, and not free from checks and reverses, though never halting longer than necessary to gain strength and await opportunity for another advance; so that it has, on the whole, been continuous, from Peter the Great to Nicholas II. But now she seems to be preparing for a rush, or, perhaps, two rushes simultaneously—one for Peking, and the other for the Persian Gulf. She knows, or at any rate believes, that England will not, if she can help it, permit either; and she is, therefore, preparing the means by which she thinks she will be able to threaten and overawe England, by attacking her in her tenderest place—viz., her sea-borne commerce. For this reason, and for no other, is she now spending millions of money, and straining every nerve to construct that very powerful fleet of warships, the list of which we have given to our readers at the beginning of this article; and we would once more emphasize the point that the great majority of these ships are not such as Russia requires for defence, but are simply "commerce-destroyers."

Our duty is clear. We are already building battleships in sufficient numbers to maintain our superiority in this respect; we are also building several large, fast, and powerful armored cruisers, though not nearly in sufficient numbers to meet and deal with the immense fleet of this class of ship which Russia and France combined will, in two or three years, be able to let loose upon our ocean trade.

Sir George Clarke tells us that "Fate has, however, ordained that Asiatic dominion should be shared by two great nations. There is ample room for both, and could they attain to a reasonable measure of mutual understanding, fairer hopes of peace and progress would dawn upon the world."

We do not profess to know what "Fate" has decreed; but we have a very decided opinion that Russian statesmen have decreed that they do not intend to go shares with any one in Asia, if they can keep it. We can, therefore, only regard this enormous increase in the war navy of an inland power, possessing an insignificant mercantile marine, and practically unattackable by sea, as a direct menace to some one who does possess a mercantile marine, and who is particularly vulnerable in this respect; for the nature of the ships under construction clearly indicates the purpose for which they are intended. The production of such a fleet of "commerce-destroyers" does not appear to us to be merely a phase in the legitimate expansion of a friendly and peace-loving Power, possessing the largest army that the world has ever seen. And yet we take leave of Sir George Clarke with the most sincere and hearty wish that his visions of "a better understanding with Russia" may be speedily accomplished; though always with the proviso that our national dignity and interests be in no wise compromised in our efforts to obtain it, and that we take due precautions to provide against the possible failure of those efforts.

England's large fleet of unarmored cruisers was sufficient for yesterday; is, perhaps, sufficient for to-day; but it will not suffice for tomorrow, either in speed or in power of individual ships. If her rivals build commerce-destroyers she must build anti-commerce destroyers—larger, more powerful, and slightly faster. We would, therefore, most

strenuously urge the First Lord of the Admiralty, and through him the Government, to make immediate provision for, at least, a dozen more of the "King Alfred" type of armored cruisers; and, perhaps, half a dozen of a type somewhat larger, faster, and more powerful than the Novik.\* Such a program, in addition to the ships we already have building, would, undoubtedly, be expensive. It would "cost a lot of money," as the expression goes; but it would be far cheaper than the loss of our ocean commerce. This competition in armaments is not of our seeking; it is the act of those who wish to destroy our commerce, and, with it, our empire.

All the great moves in war-ship construction which have taken place during the last half-century, almost all the innovations in type, armor, speed, armament, boilers, and some other minor but not unimportant matters, seem to have originated in foreign countries, and to have been simply and solely designed with the object of depriving conservative John Bull of his boasted naval supremacy, by rendering his "fleet in being" obsolete. Fortunately, we have the great advantage of being able to build more

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rapidly and more economically than our rivals.

The competition in naval armaments may be extravagant, but it is one in which we must take the lead, regardless of cost, or perish as a nation. Dark clouds are rising around our horizon, and there is no time to be lost.

Thoughtful Englishmen sometimes ask themselves, and one another, why they are so generally hated and cursed on the continent of Europe. The answer may be given in a very few words: Envy and jealousy of their unprecedented commercial prosperity. That is a sufficient cause; no other is necessary.

Since the above was written, the interference of Russia in Persia, where she seeks, by various means, to obtain complete dominion over the weak government of the Shah, lends additional force to Colonel Mark Bell's arguments.

Russia's move is, undoubtedly, due to the fact that Great Britain has her hands full at present in South Africa. It is sufficient to show the insincerity of the famous disarmament proposals, even if unsupported by other acts. A straw will show all but blind men how the wind blows.

## MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

BY ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

It is surely rather a strange thing that the progress of refinement, of habits and customs, with all the facilities and luxuries of life which the new discov-

eries of science and industry are perpetually pouring in upon us, should be accompanied, in this England of ours, by a decline—not to say a decay—

\* Mr. Goschen lately told the House of Commons that he was unable to spend all the money voted for shipbuilding last year, thus implying that the resources of the country had been stretched to their fullest extent. Such an assumption has, however, been contradicted by

various letters to the press, and there can be no doubt that the resources of our private yards have not nearly been exhausted. They are building largely for foreign countries, and they might just as well be building for their own country, if orders are placed in time.



of manners. Not only *les belles manières* of old, but that touch of ceremonial which hedges in the dignity of the individual and marks his place, be he nobleman or peasant, are so rapidly becoming a thing of the past that before long they will have joined letter-writing, and other pleasant minor arts, in the limbo of old-fashioned and forgotten things.

By manners William of Wykeham, no doubt, meant the word in its fullest acceptation as an outward sign of inward grace, the shining of a beautiful soul through the "ivory lantern" of the body, the innate nobility that translates itself in perfect courtesy, and of which there are never wanting examples, under all the accidents of time and place, through all the changeful centuries. But a plea may perhaps be made for those acquired manners, those little observances of courtesy and respect, which are so fast disappearing, and the eclipse of which must be a loss to any society or country.

In one of the delightful letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple, written in 1653, she is describing to her lover a great quarrel she has had with her elder brother, who was violently opposed to Sir William's suit, and anxious to promote that of some other pretender to his sister's hand. She concludes: "We talked ourselves weary. He renounced me, and I defied him—but both in as civil language as it would permit—and parted in great anger, with the usual ceremony of a leg and a courtesy, that you would have died with laughing to see us." Elsewhere she alludes to the "legs and courtesies" that pass between them, showing that even among brothers and sisters there was an etiquette of manners, which in these days—when a cursory nod morning and evening is generally considered sufficient salutation, and brothers and sisters at other times do not take much more notice of

each other's presence, in the matter of etiquette, than so many sheep grazing in the same field—gives one almost the impression of reading of the inhabitants of some other planet, that an interview, even a stormy one, could not pass without the pretty preliminary and conclusion of a bow and of a courtesy!

In a previous letter Dorothy gives us another little side-light on the manners of the time, when, speaking of a visit to a country neighbor, she says: "As I came back I met a coach with some company in't that I knew, and thought myself obliged to salute. We all 'lighted and met, and I found more than I looked for by two damsels and their squires." So, if a lady, two hundred years ago, thought herself obliged to salute the occupants of a passing carriage, it meant nothing less than all alighting into the road—and what a road!—for the observance of the ceremony. This usage may explain why, in nearly all the pictures of the time in which a carriage is introduced, the "company in't" has alighted and is saluting the occupants of some other coach advancing to meet it. A last survival of this etiquette lingered in Rome until 1870; a cardinal meeting the Pope out driving had to alight and salute him. The wags had it that such an encounter was generally followed by the dismissal of the cardinal's coachman.

The fine reticence of style of Dorothy's letters accords with the dignity of manners; they begin "Sir," and end "your faithful friend and humble servant," and towards the end of their long courtship: "Dear, I am yours," or simply "yours." It is only in the one letter extant written to her husband from The Hague that we find her beginning "My dearest heart," and ending "I am my best dear's most affectionate D. T." Her affection seldom betrays itself in a warmer phrase than when she writes describing her days

at Chicksands: "When I have supped I go into the garden, and so to the side of a small river that runs by it, when I sit down and wish you were with me (you had best say this is not kind neither). In earnest, 'tis a pleasant place, and would be much more so to me if I had your company." And yet she was a very Penelope of constancy, waiting seven years for her absent lover, and refusing suitor after suitor, among them Henry Cromwell, the Protector's son, and nobly keeping the word she writes in one of her letters: "The wealth of the whole world, by the grace of God, shall not tempt me to break my word with you, nor the importunity of all my friends I have."

England, less fortunate than France, has no national theatre to carry on the tradition of the manners and customs of bygone days. At the Théâtre Français, the "Maison de Molière," as it proudly calls itself, these traditions have been handed down in an unbroken succession; and when we sit and watch the "Précieuses Ridicules" or the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" live again before us, independently of the play itself, we see in the dresses, deportment and manners of the actors, the very image and counterpart, not only of those of Molière and his fellow-players, but of the men and women whom he took as models for his "Elmires" and "Valères," his "Harpagons" and "Frosines." Taking off the hat was an action in several movements, as any one who has taken part in private theatricals in France will remember to his cost—the exact part of the turned-up brim on the left side to be taken hold of, the circular sweep of arm and hat, bringing the latter to the front of the breast, etc. And in this mirror we see the very etiquette with which our ancestresses stood still; no lady's arms hung loosely down; the elbows clung closely to her sides, and the hands just touched each other in front of her

waist. They must have done a good deal of standing, on the whole, especially the younger ones, if we remember that, in the presence of any one of superior age or rank, they had to stand until bidden to sit down.

There is a scene in "L'Avare," where the whole company goes out to take an airing, and we see how each lady is handed out according to her rank, the hand held at full stretch aloft, in a manner which only survives now in the handing of a royal bride to and from the altar. Nor must we forget to notice the bit of by-play when *Frosine*, the *femme d'intrigue*, coming last, holds up her hand to one of the gentlemen, who turns on his heel with a laugh; so, with an angry founce, she walks out by herself—not being of quality sufficient to be escorted.

Coming to a time nearer to our own, Jane Austen gives us more perfectly, perhaps, than any other authority, the exact picture of the manners of her day. The pompous elaboration of an earlier age has given place to a courtliness of bearing which finds expression in the simplest usages of society. Her young ladies never "go with" nor even "accompany" their mothers or chaperons to a ball, or into the country, or on an airing, but invariably "attend them," and there is a world of deference and subservency expressed in the little word. So the gentlemen always "wait upon" those, especially the ladies whom they visit; and even timid little Fanny Price, at seventeen, has learned how, on occasion, "to submit to being the principal lady in company, and to all the little distinctions consequent thereon." This etiquette and the graceful dignity of the dances then in vogue, must have made a ball-room, with its measured minuets and *contredanses*, as couple after couple went through their parts, a scene which would be a refreshment and delight to the dizzy crowds which hustle and

bump each other in the crush of a modern ball.

It is also interesting to notice, in these days when women, in more than one sense of the word, walk alone, how they were accustomed to lean upon the nearest masculine arm within their reach. Even in strolling through the gardens, when the Bertrams went to Sotherton, Edmund Bertram is made happy by Miss Crawford taking one arm whilst his cousin Fanny is leaning on the other.

A gentleman of the old school said some years ago:—"When I was young, two gentlemen meeting in the street took off their hats and bowed to each other; a few years later, and the bow had ceased; then came a time when they merely touched the brims of their hats; and now a jerk of the chin and a little grünt—'h'm, h'm,' is considered sufficient salutation between two men of quality and fashion." The habit of remaining uncovered in the presence of ladies died hard, but it is a good many years since the late Lord D— was conspicuous as the only man who always stood bareheaded in the crush-room of the Opera. "Mesdames," said an old lady, some fifty years ago, in reply to some complaints upon the changes in men's manners, "*vous êtes descendues de votre piédestal le jour où vous avez permis aux messieurs de fumer devant vous.*" She little thought that, in the days of the granddaughters of the women whom she was upbraiding, the smoking-room would be common to both sexes, and the very idea of standing on a pedestal almost a subject of derision.

If we may judge by the courteous bearing and exquisite urbanity of many of the old people who were ornaments to society some twenty years ago, we should be tempted to say that manners must have been at their best in the first quarter of this century; unless we are to think that the courtliness which

charmed us was one of the virtues of old age, like the greater indulgence and kindness, and other fruits of the experiences of life, which are among the attributes of the old. It is, alas! more likely that their polished manners were the survival of habits acquired in youth, and that there is but little hope that the manners of the present generation will—like wine—improve as they get older.

One bolsterous day last winter, some ladies in Paris were complaining of the unpleasantness of getting about, and that men were not as obliging as might be wished in the matter of giving way in trams, etc. "Well, I always do," said a gentleman present. "Oh, but you are eighty years of age," was the instant reply, with a smile and a little bow of graceful homage.

It once happened to the writer to be present, within the same fortnight, at a giving of prizes at a village flower show, and at an important college in a great northern town. In the first instance, the villagers shambled up awkwardly enough to receive their awards at the hands of the charming lady who distributed them; but then, as one after another they expressed their acknowledgments by the time-honored salute of touching their heads, some doing it with military precision, others with rather a grand wave of the hand, while others again pulled their forelock, the trifling ceremony, elementary as it was, repeated thirty or forty times, had something impressive and almost touching;—as old as the hills, as universal as the world, one felt it to be in its fine significance of humbling the head in token of deference, submission or thanks. In the second case, the progress of the successful candidates from their places to the platform and back again was altogether deplorable; and, as the diplomas passed from the hands of the President into theirs, the young ladies and young

gentlemen seemed unable to make any other sign of acknowledgement than a kind of jerky nod; one could not but wonder why, among the acquirements for which they were being rewarded, had not been included the simple and most advantageous art of walking a few steps with ease, and making a bow or a courtesy, according to their sex.

No other European country is quite so badly off as we are in this respect; the universality of military service, for one thing, leaves behind it a certain aptitude for disciplined movements and falling into line when occasion requires, which would make such a *fasco* impossible, if one may say so without treason to the dignity of Parliament, as was that progress of the Members of the House of Commons to Buckingham Palace in the wake of the Speaker, during the Jubilee festivities, two years ago. Setting aside the inborn gracefulness of the Spaniards and Italians, most continental nations are accustomed, from their childhood, to take part in organized movements with precision and a certain amount of ceremonial. Who has not noticed with what delightful dignity little children of all ranks take part in the processions on feast-days and other solemnities of the Church in Belgium or France? Norway and Sweden and most northern countries retain something of the manners of a former time, and when she visits our shores, the little courtesy with which a Swedish young lady will leave the room leaves a kind of ray of sunshine behind it across our stolid immovability.

"The decline of good manners is the fault of the women," is the often-repeated accusation, and it may be that their intrusion into so many domains which were formerly reserved to men, their abandonment or relaxation of many of the rules of *bien-séance* which formerly prevailed, may have had a large share of responsibility in the

changed order of things. But the causes alleged have been as multifarious as the results, and their enumeration would be as tedious as, in many instances, the remedies would be unobtainable, ranging as they do from the numerical superiority of the gentler sex and the changes in the marriage laws, down to the newest caprice of fashion on the part of the women, and the greater indolence of habit in the men, bred by the very excess of the modern appliances for the promotion of ease, and the saving of exertion and trouble.

It is said that there is a reaction against the excessive *sans-gêne* of manners that was the rule three or four years ago; that the lament of the ball-giving hostess has at last got a hearing, and that there is a return to the civilities of former days in the matter of answering invitations and paying duty-calls. Perhaps, in time, it will cease to be considered within the limits of tolerated manners for gilded youths to arrive at supper-time, where the *cuisine* is known to be good, and to leave the house again without taking the trouble to go upstairs and make their bow to the hostess.

If, turning aside from the question of manners, we take the most cursory survey of the refinements of life nowadays, as compared with the beginning of the century, the improvement is so great as to be hardly credible; and the puzzling paradox strikes us anew, why the manners of society should not only not have shared in the general progress, but have been retrograded—unless it be conceded that gain and loss must always go together, and that every step in advance must be compensated for in some way or another. Our adaptability is so great, we accustom ourselves so readily to an improved condition of life, in spite of all its incidental drawbacks, that we find it hard to realize with what strides the

customs and habits of our race have advanced along the path of progress, or how different were the lives of our fathers, and still more of our grandfathers, in these respects.

What we gain in utility we almost always lose in beauty and in picturesque-ness; but with regard to all the refinements of habit conveyed in the words cleanliness, sanitation, and facility of locomotion, the small shop-keeper, the mechanic, the very peasant of to-day is better off than were princes and noblemen seventy or eighty years ago. That little bathroom of poor Queen Marie Antoinette at the Trianon must have been almost as much an object of curiosity, for its singularity in her day, as it is now for its associations; and certain it is that in all those vast piles of buildings at Versailles, with all their gorgeous magnificence, bathrooms were an unknown quantity.

According to some authorities, Louis XIV never washed—a little cold-cream applied with a cambric handkerchief serving instead. This—let us hope—was a calumny; but in St.-Simon's minute and detailed account of the monarch's day—from the handing in of his periwig through the closed bed curtains in the morning, until several dukes and marquises had handed the royal night-chemise to each other, the highest in rank placing it on the royal shoulders, and his chaplain, kneeling at a *prie-dieu* at the foot of the bed, had said his night prayers for him—no mention is made of any ablutions, except that he was shaved every other day.

Madame de Carette, in her *Souvenirs*, gives a curious account of the state of the Tuileries under the Second Empire; the splendor of the state apartments in strange contrast with the discomfort and darkness of the interior of the palace; narrow, windowless corridors and staircases, with no ventilation, and lighted with lamps both night and day; the consequent heat and op-

pressiveness becoming quite painful with the first return of spring, and making the whole household sigh for the signal of departure for St. Cloud or Fontainebleau.

Quite recently, writing in "Collections and Recollections" on the amelioration of the conditions of life during the past half-century, Mr. Russell quoted the report of Sir Robert Rawlinson, the sanitary expert, on the state of Windsor Castle after the Prince Consort's death. He told of drains of the worst description, of no less than forty-eight cesspools beneath the basement of windows, even in the Royal apartments, of which only the lower casements could be opened; of "vitiated air, comparatively stagnant." If this was the condition of things in the two chief palaces of the world less than forty years ago, the mind is left free to conjecture how common mortals were contented to live.

Perhaps nothing has had a larger share in modifying the habits of the people than the development since the beginning of the century of the methods of travel. Who, having once read, can ever forget the graphic description DeQuincey gives in his "Memoirs" of the state of the highroads in England in the days of his youth, before the advent of MacAdam? Never before or since were ruts so eloquently described—except, perhaps, by sprightly Fanny Burney, in her "Diary" of 1778: "The roads were so *sidelum* and *jumbelum*, as Miss L. called those of Teignmouth, that I expected an overturn every minute. Safely, however, we reached the Sussex Hotel at Tunbridge Wells." Compare, too, "Tom Brown's" first journey to Rugby, in the days when coaching was at its best, with the same journey as accomplished by our school-boys of to-day. There must have been an exhilaration, a sense of healthy effort, and of a *fait accompli*, at that journey's end, which are perforce ab-



sent now. A charming old lady sometimes recounts how she and her sisters once went from Woolwich to Manchester to spend the Christmas holidays. The coach was delayed three weeks in London by the snow, and then there were but *eight* passengers. The journey took four days, the coach tolling between two banks of snow heaped high in crisp and dazzling whiteness on either side of the road, and the whole country seemed transfigured. What a welcome the two young sisters received at their journey's end, and how the holidays, so hardly won, were enjoyed, the accents with which the story was told, after sixty years had passed, were enough to prove.

In sharp contrast with this disposition of mind were the humors of the young lady of to-day who hesitated to spend Easter in Rome until it was made certain that she could have a *wagon-toilette* to herself for the whole journey. "When I first went to Rome," exclaimed a woman thirty years her senior, "if I had been told I must walk, I think I should have made the attempt." It is possible that, in obedience to some law of compensation, the very excess of well-being carries its own counterpoise with it—that good too easily and instantly attained loses half its savor—and that

'Tis expectation makes the blessing dear.

In few of our social customs has there been a greater change—in some senses an improvement—during this half-century than in the relation between master and servant—a change expressed by the almost universal substitution of the word "employer" for that of "master;" and it is the rare exception to hear master or mistress spoken of otherwise than as "Mr." or "Mrs. —." The maid servants are not advancing so rapidly in this social

equalization as the men servants; but the day is perhaps not far distant when they will desire to be known, as in America, by the title of "living-out girl." In some of our great northern manufacturing towns the entire female population of the working class seems by a tacit consent to have pronounced a vow of *non serviam*, so far as domestic service is concerned. That ancient and honorable profession, possessing its own dignity and prerogatives ever since the days when a little Jewish handmaiden stood before Naaman's wife and spoke wise words of counsel, productive of the greatest good to all whom they concerned, is now despised by every little girl who has passed the "sixth standard," and has to begin to earn her bread. This action on the part of the women has the disadvantage to themselves of depriving them of the more refined habits which a few years of domestic service leave behind them, and which make it easy to distinguish the ex-servant among working-men's wives; while it may, if ever the supply which still flows in from the country districts to fill up the void they have created receives a check, produce some curious changes in the social economy of those towns.

Legislation and the developments of habits have tended to make the servant of to-day a kind of human machine—silent, impassible, and, as far as his employer is concerned, an automaton, articulated to perform certain acts at certain times and in certain ways, with as much regularity as it is possible to obtain. There is not even the "*Bon jour, monsieur*," or the "*Guten Tag*," spoken, of a morning, to establish a little link of humanity between them, and the question is, if this state of things is altogether a gain?

What was the servant of a hundred years ago is graphically told us by J. de Norvins in his "*Mémorial*," a book which contains a fund of interesting

detail as to the life in French châteaux before the Revolution. He says that the *valets de chambre* still much resembled those of Molière, Dancourt and Marivaux; that they looked upon themselves as part of the family, and were on a footing of familiarity which occasionally included traits of great impertinence on the one side, corrected by the administration of a caning on the other, without the mutual good understanding being disturbed. "On les châtiait et on les gardait." They were intelligent, devoted, and impudent, and were expected to be good hairdressers and barbers, to be able to read, write and carry the post. At the Château de Brienne, where de Norvins, nephew to Comte Loménie de Brienne, was a familiar guest, there were five of these valets who were all, moreover, good shots, good billiard-players, and excellent amateur actors! The Comte de Brienne himself was admirable in the "Bourru Bienfaisant" and in the "Misanthrope," and his old valet took Préville's parts with great distinction, and was a capital "Michaut" in the "Partie de Chasse" to his master's "Henri IV." The distinctions of class were then so marked that no one thought of there being any derogation in such familiar intercourse.

Of one of these valets, by name Duval, who remained faithful to the family through the Revolution, and died at the age of eighty in the service of a collateral relation, an amusing anecdote was told by his first master, the Marquis de Loménie. Arriving late one evening at a party, the Marquis was astonished to see in the crowd a gentleman wearing a superb court dress, identical with one his tailor had brought home that morning, and which he intended to wear at the Queen's next card-party. Even the sword and shoulder knots, the diamond knee and shoe buckles, were faithful duplicates of his own and what added to his curl-

osity was the fact that the individual's back was always turned to him as they made their way through the rooms. At last he was able to touch the man on the arm, and discovered his own valet, Duval, who uttered a careless "Ah, bon soir, marquis!" and then, in his ear: "Do not betray me, Monsieur le Marquis; I will go away—but, all the same, I was going to marry the daughter of the house!" "Rascal!" was his master's answer. It turned out that he had assumed the title of Marquis Du Val, of Champagne, and he had caught the young lady's fancy and dazzled her parents with his good looks and manners, with the elegance of appearance borrowed from his master's wardrobe, and the graceful ease with which he lost and won his money at the card-table. The Marquis forgave the escapade, on condition he never set foot again in his friend's house. "Eh bien, Monsieur le Marquis, I will remain a bachelor!"

Another anecdote was of a graver kind. The Comte de Brienne, talking of the violence of some masters towards their servants, said that on one occasion, having corrected his valet for some grave dereliction of duty, he had forgotten the matter when, the next morning, while shaving him, the man suddenly held the razor to his throat, saying: "Whose turn is it to-day, Monsieur le Comte?" "A moi toujours; continue," was the calm reply. "He finished shaving me, and we were mutually pleased with each other;" but relations became somewhat strained after such an incident, and the Comte gave him a hundred louis and his dismissal. "Never beat your servants, young men," he concluded; "your lives are at their mercy, and you would find it hard, as I did, to owe it to one of them."

The Comte de Brienne, together with his three adopted sons, was guillotined on May 10, 1794.

## A BOER BATTLE SONG.

(The following song, written to inspirit the Boers in battle, was picked up on the battlefield of Green Hill.)

OP, AFRICANDER, OP!

(COMMANDO-LIED.)

WIJZE: "*Grootvader's klok*" ("*Grandfather's Clock*.")

Gij zijt bedreigd aan alle kant,  
Op, Afrikaners, op!  
De Britsche Leeuw begeert uw land,  
Op, Afrikaners, op!  
Ja op met wapens in de hand,  
Bevrijdend Afrik's rotzig strand  
Van den gehaten dwingeland.  
Op, Afrikaners, op!

*Koor:*

Wel honderd jaar van lijden reeds,  
Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom!  
En vijftig jaar van strijden reeds,  
Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom!  
Nu let, en zich de heil van Onzen Heer  
En Afrikaners, op!

Snelt Oostwaarts naar Majuba's kruin,  
Op, Afrikaners, op!  
Zet Natal's hoofdstad dan in puin,  
Op, Afrikaners, op!  
Snelt voort ook over berg en duin,  
Neemt al de grond van Afrik's Tuin,  
En siert met D'Urbans loof uw kruin,  
Op, Afrikaners, op!

En wordt gij uit het West gerand,  
Op, Afrikaners, op!  
Of wel van hult Mashonaland,  
Op, Afrikaners, op!  
Maakt u Rhodesia ten buit,  
En jaagt elk Jingo-in de schuilt,  
Of sems wel bij Eygpte uit.  
Op, Afrikaners, op!

Ja waar er Afrikaners zijn,  
Op, Afrikaners, op!

Op rechterstoel of in den mijn,  
Op, Afrikaners, op!  
Het recht ligt nu aan onze zij,  
Wij zullen triomfeeren, wij,  
In God's kracht, en zoo worden vrij.  
Op, Afrikaners, op!

*Door Afrikaner.*

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RISE, AFRICANDERS, RISE !

(The following is a rather free version of the foregoing song )

Yon British Lion's paw, with power,  
Is stretched to grasp his prize!  
Betrayed, assailed, in danger's hour,  
Up, Africans, rise!  
Come each with rifle in his hand  
To keep, here taking firm your stand,  
These rocky portals of your land  
From odious foreigners' command.  
Guard well against surprise!  
Up, Africans, rise!

First marching east and south, go where  
The Laing's Nek road extends,  
And, darkling half the upper air,  
Majuba's peak ascends;  
Thence might ye overrun Natal  
Ere your invading foe  
Can muster there his mighty host—  
His towns and forts ye could lay low,  
Aye, Durban's port might fall;  
In war, quick striding does the most.  
Ye hear our country's cries?  
Up, Africans, rise!

Or be it westward, be it north,  
Along our famous rivers,  
The Vaal and Orange—ye ride forth—  
Or Rhodesia's far Mashona hills,  
Where lust of gold imports new ills—  
Your valor still delivers  
Your Land, your Nation, and your State,  
Long deemed and held as Free  
By dther Commonwealth, whose fate,  
As twins, the same must be.

*A Cruise in a Torpedo-Boat destroyer.*

Bequeathed you by your forefathers,  
Could you that trust despise?

Never! Then to its rescue haste.  
Up, Africanders, rise!

Aye, rise! and with your weapons sure  
Come meet in war's array.

The old and young, the rich and poor,  
Wise lawyer, sturdy, rustic Boer,  
One labor share to-day.

Their duty clear, their cause is just,  
This conflict is for right.

In God, their only Lord, they trust;  
They, you, we, all thus emulate  
Our father's service of the State.

Up, Men! We will no longer wait.  
Up, Africanders! Fight.

The Sphere.

## A CRUISE IN A TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER.

I followed my hospitable host through a hole not quite two feet wide in the scanty deck and, descending a ladder, found myself in the tiny cabin.

"There is your bed," he said, pointing to a narrow bunk, "and I will sleep on this locker. When you wish to wash, you will pull this handle and a basin will fall out of the side, and if you want anything you must shout for my servant."

I was being received as a guest by the commander of H. M. S. —, a gallant craft which ranks as a torpedo-boat destroyer, shortly and officially known as a t. b. d. It is wonderful what an air of comfort a naval officer can give to the most exiguous accommodation, and the two or three pictures, the array of family photographs, the few books and the little nicknacks on the desk showed that even this place, which a country squire would consider indifferent lodgings for a retriever, was the home of an English officer and gentleman. And, small as

it is, he cannot claim the whole of it for himself and his traps. The rifles of his ship's company are stowed in racks against the sides, and a trap door in the floor is labelled "Stores." However, after all, it is, perhaps, more roomy than were the cabins in the old gunboats of the Crimean War time, where a man of reasonable inches could only stand upright by putting his head through the scuttle in the deck above.

"Now I will show you the wardroom, and then it will be nearly time to get under way."

Up to the deck, and then down another ladder into a very slightly bigger apartment, where there is a table at which all the officers take their meals.

There are bunks round the sides where sleep the three subordinates—the sub-lieutenant, the engineer and the gunner. Every inch of space is utilized, and here, at least, the old problem of putting a quart into a pint pot seems to have been practically solved.

Having been made free of the offi-



cers' quarters, I am led to the bridge, where the twelve-pounder quick-firing gun is mounted, and the officer of the watch has his station. There is not much room for walking, and there are many pitfalls for an unwary stranger. Even when the ship is at rest it is a matter of no little difficulty to avoid tumbling down a scuttle, rapping one's shins against some article of equipment, or coming to grief over a coil of rope. How any one can pick his steps from one end of the deck to another when the ship is knocking about in a sea-way must to me ever remain a marvel.

"You see we have four funnels, and we call them Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. I must give them a lick of paint when we next have some time to spare in harbor."

Mark, indeed, evidently blisters more than the others, and will be none the worse for a little freshening up.

Our torpedo-boat destroyer belongs to the Mediterranean squadron, which, in a Sardinian bay, weighed early this morning, and she has been left behind to bring on the mails. It is half-past eight A. M. (I ought to say one bell has just struck); we get up our anchor and plunge forward at sixteen knots. How the whole framework throbs and quivers with the waking up of the engines, and what a white wave is churned as we thrust our bows into the sea! Nobody who has not been on a torpedo-boat destroyer knows what the liveliness of a ship may be. Even in a flat calm the kick of the propellers, the vibration of the machinery are quite enough to make one feel that there is no stability left in the world, but when there is anything of what sailors call a "lop," the added motion is only to be borne by the most case-hardened mariner, and very few men escape from much inward unhappiness, at any rate in the beginning of every cruise. I was most profoundly thankful that my

cruising in a torpedo-boat destroyer was done in the flattest of flat calms. It is a very curious thing, however, that the vibration of any ship is much greater at certain speeds than at others. For instance, when the — was moving at anything under ten knots the vibration was comparatively little; at eleven knots it became so great that one felt as if the whole framework must shake to pieces; at twelve knots and over it was again reduced until nineteen knots was reached, when it once more became excessive. Then, at twenty knots and over, there was little more motion than at the slowest speed. I need hardly say that, unless it was imperatively necessary, the — was never called upon to steam at eleven or nineteen knots.

By half-past ten we had overtaken the fleet, moving leisurely along at nine knots, and the — took her place at the head of the column of torpedo-boat destroyers which hovered on the flank of the stately battleships and cruisers. Then, for two hours, the Admiral played with the entire fleet. He formed the ships into one line, into two lines, into columns, into half columns. He collected them, he dispersed them, he made them take up every possible tactical formation, and the marvel was how simply and easily it all appeared to be done. A few flags fluttered out on the flagship, and immediately the leviathans responded to the order without the smallest fuss or hesitation. No other ships in the world increase and diminish their speed so often as do those of the British Navy. What nerve and judgment their commanders must have, what must be the rigid discipline and thorough efficiency among their engineers, when they so minutely preserve their stations under every varying requirement, never treading upon the heels of the next ahead or getting in the way of the next astern! When

I said "no other ships in the world," I did not except those belonging to the navies of other Powers, for it is a matter of common knowledge that our fleet constantly performs tactical manœuvres which are never attempted by any other fleets that sail the seas.

The full power and the possible weaknesses of torpedo craft in battle are still matters of uncertainty, and tactical experiments are constantly being made, on the result of which some definite ideas may be founded as to the best means of attack on their part, and defence against that attack by battleships and cruisers. Orders had been given for one of these experiments by the Admiral, and it was to be carried out during the night. The flotilla of four torpedo-boat destroyers was to part company about six in the evening, and steam about forty miles. They were told that at ten P. M. the squadron, steering a course between E. N. E. and S. S. E., would be within twenty miles of a certain latitude and longitude. Between 11 P. M. and 2 A. M. on the following day the torpedo-boat destroyers were to endeavor to find the squadron, and their commanders were to arrange among themselves a plan of action for attaining this object. Now these orders presented a sufficiently difficult problem to the officers commanding the torpedo-boat destroyers; they represented in their details the probable task that would fall to torpedo craft stealing out from a blockaded port, and trying, with a view to subsequent action, to get into touch with the main fleet of the blockaders, of whose whereabouts only a very vague indication was available. The application of such a problem to our Mediterranean fleet is very evident. I was fortunate in being present when a serious attempt was made to find a solution for it on paper, and in seeing the paper solution put into practical form. I shall not weary any one who

may read this by going over the influence of each point that had to be considered, the rates of speed, the calculation of distances, the radius within which the possible starting-point of the squadron was to be found, etc., etc., nor shall I enlarge upon the close study of these points which occupied the senior officer, armed with charts, compasses, parallel rulers, and other weapons, for three long hours in our little wardroom. Let me tell of the actual conditions of the night's work. All lights were to be extinguished in the squadron; even navigating lights were not to be used. On each ship only one shielded lantern was permitted, showing right astern, so that all might keep their stations in column. The squadron would then be a collection of shadowy objects moving over the sea, on which nothing could attract the eye except the occasional reflection thrown by the engine-room furnaces on mast or funnel through the hatchways. On the torpedo-boat destroyers, also, no lights were to be visible. Clear as the weather was there was no moon, and lying low in the water it was doubtful whether the sharpest look-out could have detected one of the little craft at half a mile distance. To a landsman it seemed almost equally impossible that the torpedo-boat destroyers could find the position of the battleships, or that the battleships could detect the stealthy approach of the torpedo-boat destroyers. But by constant training the eyes of sailors have become like those of cats. They have acquired a marvellous faculty for seeing in the dark, and on H. M. S. —, at any rate, there was no hesitation in plunging forward at tremendous speed, trusting only to nerve and vigilance for carrying out its duties and avoiding the common dangers of the sea.

The plan of action adopted by the torpedo-boat destroyers was to divide the great forty-mile half-circle, within

which calculation had shown that the fleet would be found, into several sectors, each of which was taken for examination by one torpedo-boat destroyer, and there was perfect confidence that one or other of the flotilla would be successful in its search.

I daresay very few people, indeed, who are not sailors, have stood at night on the bridge of a vessel while it is rushing through the water at twenty-four or twenty-five knots; when there is no spark of light anywhere to be seen except the dim and shaded lantern in the little recess that shelters the chart and signal-book; when looking aft, there is the long, black deck, with its funnels spouting the trail of smoke that marks how all the engines are working at highest pressure, and, looking ahead, there seems nothing but impenetrable darkness. I can only say that such a situation is not without excitement, and that a man may go far before he finds himself thrilled by such novel and acute sensations. Our search has begun at last, and we are speeding to the distant portion of the sea which we are to patrol. Still, even now we may fall in with the squadron, and eager eyes are peering into the surrounding gloom. The sky is clear and starlit. But there is a haze on the surface of the sea that irksomely limits our horizon. There is little hope that we could distinguish anything more than half a mile from us, and, indeed, even that would be doubtful. Our greatest danger is that of flame and sparks rising from the funnels. Such a glow would be visible for a very long distance, and would effectually betray us, but this danger is minimized by very careful stoking and the watchful control of our engineer. Of our four funnels Matthew was the only one that miscondacted itself once or twice, and lighted up the night with a burst of lurid flame, but the misconduct was

only momentary and was quickly corrected.

Of course we did not persevere long in our lightning rush through the water. The Mediterranean itself would have been all too small for our course, and a very high rate of speed means such a depletion of the bunkers, that we should have had to fill up with indifferant coal at some Italian port before we could return to the stores of best Welsh at Malta. As soon as we arrived at our special cruising-ground speed was reduced to twelve knots, and the little ship began to quarter her allotted space of sea as a well-trained pointer quarters a field of turnips. Once we had a moment of excitement. A light was seen dimly through the haze, and our course was altered so as to observe it closer. But, from the direction in which it was moving and the speed that it maintained, it was soon evident that it was only the navigating light of some peaceful ship; and we resumed our fruitless quest.

Our quest was fruitless. As far as we were concerned, the fleet was not found at 2 A. M., and, if we had been engaged in the "real thing," we should now at once have fallen back to a prearranged rendezvous. As it was, we turned our course towards the next port at which the fleet was to touch. If we were unlucky, however, the scheme of search as a whole had been perfectly successful. Two of the other torpedo-boat destroyers sighted the fleet and the required object was gained.

Service in torpedo-boat destroyers is life, indeed. I have hinted that there is not much luxury on board, but officers and crew let that pass with a shrug. The lieutenants in command are men who still preserve the sublime audacity of youth, though it is tempered by the cool judgment and mature reflection that come from a sense of authority and responsibility. They are the salt

of our young naval officers. Hardy, untiring, masters of all the minutiae of their profession, they are ready to undertake any enterprise, however daring, and to extricate themselves from any difficulties, however apparently overwhelming. As one of them said to me:

"The command is just the position for a young man who has not yet forgotten his schoolboy tricks or lost his schoolboy spirit."

They are Captain Marryat's heroes in the flesh—no longer the fools of their families, but highly educated, scientific gentlemen, who have still the lightest of hearts for any emergency and are hungry for honor at any hazard.

The ship's companies are all picked men; that is to say, they are picked for their special position. Each torpedo-boat destroyer is affiliated to a battleship, and all officers and men are borne on the books of that parent. Every man who does not suit the torpedo-boat destroyer, or who misconducts himself seriously, is returned to the larger world of the battleship, where there is every facility for keeping him in order. A torpedo-boat destroyer's discipline must be self-maintaining. It has no room for defaulters, and has, therefore, no room for offences. It is impossible in a torpedo-boat destroyer that, at sea at any rate, everything shall be as spick and span as in a big

Good Words.

ship. How could such be the case when four squat funnels are pouring a continuous shower of soot and cinders upon the deck, when every space is so confined that dress and person must inevitably be smeared with oil and dust at every turn, and shaving and washing are only to be accomplished at distant intervals with the greatest difficulty? Of course, in harbor the trimness and propriety of her Majesty's ships of war are carefully preserved, and nobody, who then visits the smart and decorous little vessel, and sees the dapper officers and clean, spruce seamen, would ever imagine that smartness and decorum must sometimes inevitably go into the background. As with personal appearance, so with the strict observances of naval etiquette. The realities of discipline are cherished most assiduously and observed most strictly, but, by force of circumstances, there is a laxity in some details of conduct which would never pass in a battleship or cruiser. The very polished people whose lot is cast in the big ships may look upon the *personnel* of torpedo craft as rough, uncouth dogs, who lead an uncouth life, but torpedo-boat destroyers have their own *esprit de corps*. Their men know their own value. They pride themselves on their rough work, and they make it a point of honor to maintain the character of British bluejackets afloat and ashore.

C. Stein.

### HAWTHORNE'S WARWICKSHIRE HAUNTS.

If it were possible for a man to himself decide upon the place of his birth, it is, I think, very probable that he would fix, especially if he were likely to be of a literary turn of mind and contemplative withal, upon some section of the country which had previously given birth to men and women of

eminence in the varied departments of English letters.

Landor, doubtless, was glad to have been born the countryman of Shakespeare, and so Byron would have been, notwithstanding his disparaging remarks of the genius from whom he undoubtedly drew much of his in-

spiration; and I am sure that Nathaniel Hawthorne, in spite of a certain ill-concealed dislike of sundry Englishmen and things (notably the fat and comely and somewhat overdressed dowager, who, as she paraded the streets and adorned the ballroom, had not her counterpart in the land of the Stars and Stripes, where all the women were thin and angular), would have dearly loved to have been born in that classic little parcel of land from which sprang not only that commanding illuminator of mankind, Shakespeare, but also the infinitely less, though still great lights, Drayton, Dugdale, Landor and George Elliot.

In Hawthorne's dealings with Warwickshire there is always apparent a soft and delicate little love of the shire quite worthy of the big-heartedness of the man; and no one, carefully reading his descriptions of the scenery to be met with in village, hamlet, town, and city there, can for a moment doubt that while loving his native land with the faithful love of a true and patriotic soul, he yet had a generous and tender feeling for his "Old Home," of which he almost regarded himself a countryman, and in which, as his writing shows, he spent so many delightful hours and days.

For myself, who was born within ten minutes' walk of Hawthorne's "nest of a place," 10 Lansdowne Circus, leading off the famous Holly Walk at Leamington, I can truly say that I am proud to be the countryman of the great men and women of letters whose genius has placed Warwickshire upon the highest literary pinnacle in the whole world.

Not only do I know and can walk in the footsteps of these great magicians of the brain and pen who were native-grown, but I can follow in the wake of other eminent writers, such as Hawthorne, Washington Irving, and Scott, who have been attracted hither

by the magnetism of the native genius; and to-day I will follow in the footsteps of Hawthorne, that gentle and delicate writer, who has always charmed me with the same charm as Washington Irving. I will go to his haunts, sit where he sat, see what he saw, and try to describe the somewhat changed aspect of the scenes since he so felicitously described them.

It is not surprising that Hawthorne, naturally of calm mind, and given to the admiration of the quieter scenes of human life, should have sought out for himself during his sojourn in England a dwelling-place so well suited to the contemplative side of his character as the tranquil little town on the banks of the Leam, which draws its title from that willow-fringed stream called by Hawthorne "the laziest river in the world," lazier even than the Concord of America. In Leamington, indeed, he found not only that calm and beauty which he so much desired, but he found types of scenery and character which he was able to make use of, and, in a sense, immortalize in his book.

One of the most charming little walks in this delightful little town, poetically called by Hawthorne "The Midland Bethesda," is that which leads to the "Lovers' Walk," at the top of the Campion Hills, erstwhile the Newbold Hills, in the extreme east of the town—a lovers' walk now as it was when Hawthorne climbed the elevation.

To a person of contemplative mind, who has an admiration for the tranquil side of life, for sweet and healthful breezes and the finest of scenic effects; who loves to go far from the madding crowd and yet within ear-shot of the voices issuing from small human throats—for the music of the children in bricked-in street and court floats along the air even in this sequestered spot—there is no more de-



lightful retreat than the Lovers' Walk in this part of "Leafy Warwickshire."

At the east end of the famous Holly Walk, where, in "Dombey and Son," Mr. Carker first meets Edith Granger, and where the great gnarled patriarchal trees all seem touched with the spirit that Hawthorne loved—the spirit of Nature in its most rugged form—a winding pathway of buff gravel climbs the hill, skirts a palatial modern mansion on the south-east, immured like the wild dove amid beechen boughs, and, taking a short cut due east, brings the veritable Lovers' Walk immediately into view.

It is a short, well-grown coppice of beeches and oaks, extending in a devious course from south to north. A mossy green bank, where, on mid-summer nights, lovers lie heedless of coming rheumatism, slopes down to a tangled ditch, the home of the robin and the yellowhammer. Huge trees grow out of the pathway and serve as a cover to Jack, who can kiss his Jill as many times as he pleases in the walk, and a person coming in the opposite direction be none the wiser. It has all the seclusive charms of a country lane with none of a lane's vehicular incommodings. No wonder Hawthorne loved it and wrote of it. Though but ten minutes' distance from busy streets, it is a perfect haunt of nature and silence, where no sounds are heard but those of bird and beast and the music of the industrious bee on her honey-gathering errand.

Moving northward along the Lovers' Walk to the end of the coppice where the oak trees arch like a church porch, a series of five fields leads to the little village of Lillington. The scene from this point is exquisitely sylvan. Green-gold fields on either hand, red roofs, brown gables, and yellow rich ends in the distance, give it a pastoral charm which delighted the heart of Haw-

thorne when he sauntered through the scene, or sat to rest upon each one of the five rustic stiles on his way to the village church, the square stone tower of which can be seen from the north end of the coppice peeping up amid the lofty elms like the gray barbican of an ancient fortress.

This delightful little parish church, seated upon an elevation overlooking the town of Leamington in a westerly direction, was always a favorite halting-place for Hawthorne. It is barely two miles from "the nest of a place," where he sojourned at Leamington, and is connected by ranks of mansions with the town itself, yet there is such a sylvan old-world air about the church and graveyard as might belong to it only if it were planted far deeper than it is in the heart of nature.

Hawthorne passed many agreeable hours in this restful village spot—restful at any hour of the day and picturesque at night, with the screams of the peacock crying from the red-tiled roof of the Manor Farm a little way east of the church. That peacock is, I think, a new feature in the landscape; for, although in "Our Old Home" he dwells at length upon the charms of this Sweet Auburn of Warwickshire, I do not find that Hawthorne anywhere mentions the peacock, as he would have done had it been there, so intense a lover was he of Nature and her offspring.

But without its peacock—which adds color to the day and a voice to the night—there were many things to gratify the eye and woo the mind of the gentle-hearted American in the village of Lillington; its quaint cottages, its old-fashioned flower gardens, its chubby-cheeked children, its wide women, its pretty church and graveyard and curious tombstones, and its happy-go-lucky peasant, who seemed as if next year would do for anything. And these charms are there still. Change is not

writ large upon the face of the village anywhere.

It is true there are four or five thatched cottages which Hawthorne so much admired, and which he wrote about so prettily, that have gone the way of all "dab-and-wattle" and straw. And the trim box hedge in front of them, over which he cast curious glances into the interior of the tene-ments, is also gone, together with the oyster-shell beehives, representing the famous Warwick Castle, which he considered were such pleasing works of art and industry. These have passed from the scene, and taken with them some of the quaintness of a former time; but much still remains of the Lillington of Hawthorne's days—notably the church on the hill and the churchyard in which he loved to linger.

The former is as he knew it—a sober, gray, stone building with a square lichen-grown tower at the west end, whose dormer window-hole looks over Leamington, and on to the princely turrets of Warwick Castle, like a quiet eye surveying a beautiful landscape. There is a fine Norman doorway in the south chancel wall, on the west side of which is a now blocked opening which, from its size and shape, may have been a leper's squint, and a beautiful three-light window illustrating the text:—

Hungered and ye gave me meat,  
Thirsty and ye gave me drink,  
A stranger and ye took me in,  
Naked and ye clothed me,  
Sick and ye visited me,  
In prison and ye came to me.

These quiet things, bringing a chastening influence to bear upon the mind, had their proper effect upon Hawthorne. There was, indeed, a cloudless calm in his constitution which made it peculiarly receptive of aught pertaining to religious emblems, and the interiors of the gray village churches of Leafy Warwickshire were always a

reverential joy to him. But the graveyard of Lillington Church delighted him perhaps more than the inside of the edifice. Certainly in the warm, golden weather he was frequently there among the quaint stones, moralizing upon the varied aspect of life and the end that comes to all, and doubtless repeating to himself the immemorial lines of Gray:—

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth  
e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour!  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

One tombstone in particular commanded Hawthorne's attention more than any of the others, fine monuments as some of them are. It remains to this day, and is the object of interest and curiosity to every visitor to that hallowed spot. No elaborately carved stone is this that stands on the north-east corner of the chancel wall; simply a plain gray headstone with plain lettering, and nothing but its quaint inscription to give it the dignity of an interest above any other monument there. The inscription seems to tell a tale of mundane sorrow well calculated to touch the curiosity, if not the heart, of many besides Hawthorne:—

To the Memory of John Treen,  
Who died February 3rd, 1810, aged 77.

I Poorly lived and Poorly died,  
Poorly was buried and no one cried.

But, alas for the frailties and credulities of human nature! The unfortunate wight who enlists sympathy by the plaintive lines upon his headstone, would appear in the cold light of fact to be in no wise entitled to it. During his lifetime he was known as "Billy the Miser," and presented a pitiable spectacle through the privations he will-

ingly underwent. Upon his death it was discovered that he had amassed a considerable sum of money, and had no need either to live or die poor. The inscription on his headstone, therefore, must be read ironically rather than sympathetically. It was doubtless the work of some friendly wag who knew the failings of him he commemorated in that curious couplet, which everybody reads, and which has found a place in many books of epitaphs.

From this sylvan haunt of repose Hawthorne would, when on his homeward way, pass the celebrated "Round Tree" which stands on the roadside a short distance from the church. Coming from a land of big trees, this umbrageous oak, considered as a tree, would not deeply interest him; but standing, as the tree is said to stand, upon the centre of England, where it is

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known to have stood for at least five centuries, it became the king of trees to the nature-loving American. Of a truth it is a noble tree placed in a scene so sylvan as to make it unique, when but a stone's-throw from the gay Parade at Leamington.

Here Hawthorne lingered, for from here, looking northward, is a fine view of Lillington Church rising upon a green mound; from here, too, can be caught through the spreading green-wood a glimpse of the lush meads extending from the Lovers' Walk; and from this famous tree can be heard the screaming of the peacock on the parsonage roof or the red tiles of the Manor Farm—adding a picturesque touch to a sylvan scene that never wearies, never grows old, never loses its charm.

*George Morley.*

## THE LONELY ANTARCTIC.

Nearly three hundred years ago a stolid but stout-hearted Dutch navigator, Dirk Gerritz by name, was attempting the almost impossible feat of navigating his broad-beamed, clumsy craft through one of the most difficult channels in the world, the Straits of Magellan. The task is one that taxes to the utmost the splendid seamanship, aided by immense steam-power, of the commanders of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's vessels to-day, and all sailing vessels brave the terrors of Cape Horn in preference to tempting destruction by essaying that tortuous, current-distracted passage. But the hardy Dutchman, time being no object, dreaded far more the vast unknown sea to the southward than he did even that howling coast, and so bravely steered westward from

Staten Land in the hope of cutting off that tremendous wedge-shaped corner that the mighty American continent thrusts down into the Antarctic ocean. He had almost succeeded in gaining an entry into the Straits, when, out from between their mountainous jaws, burst the fierce northwest gale, accompanied by a current like a tidal wave, hurling him like a withered leaf far to the south and east. Nothing that seamanship could suggest or courage carry out was of any avail. For fourteen days the gale never faltered in its resistless thrust, while the lowering heavens hid all the celestial guides from view, and the solitary ship drifted helplessly farther and farther into the mysterious South. When, at last, relief came from the terrible smiting of the tempest, land was in sight. And such land! Gaunt

black rocks rising threateningly out of an incessantly tormented ocean, whose hissing spindrift had crowned their summits with gray salt-streaks, foaming beaches bestrewn with massy boulders, and sheer cliffs of neutral tint, against which the never-resting rollers, in their world-encircling sweep, hurled themselves vengefully, adding a deeper monotone to the great voices of the open sea.

By Gerritz's reckoning he was well within the Antarctic Circle, 64 degrees S; which, as he got a glimpse of the sun at noon, was doubtless approximately correct, but on what meridian, seeing how dubious were the most favorable calculations of longitude in those early days, he could only guess. It speaks volumes, however, for his seamanship, as well as for the weatherly qualities of his ship, that after so long and steady a storm he was not driven much farther south, and still more that he ever managed to struggle back again to kindly waters. Probably the land he sighted was the South Shetlands, afterwards to be the scene of one of the greatest seal fisheries in the world; but, whatever it was, to him belongs the honor of being the first recorded visitor to that vast lonely sea. He just lifted, unwillingly, a corner of the veil of mystery closely drawn around the Antarctic, and let it fall again. And thus it remained for nearly two centuries longer.

Our own countryman, Captain James Cook, was the first mariner to steer deliberately due south with the intention of wresting some of its secrets from the great South Sea. Not content with having added more to our exact knowledge of this planet than any man that ever went before him, he must needs attempt a deed that, for daring, eclipses all his other achievements, wonderful though they are. Such navigation as he performed on that memorable southward journey had

never been attempted before, and, taken by itself, would alone have stamped him as one of the most intrepid navigators of any age. For no language can adequately convey to the mind the terrors of that *summer* sea. Whenever the pale sun can struggle through the close-knit mantle of cloud and mist, his beams seem to convey no warmth; when he is hidden the cold is as intense as that of a severe winter with us. Yet sufficient warmth is accumulated to liberate from their winter fastnesses whole fleets of flat-topped ice-islands, of a magnitude that dwarfs to insignificance even the stupendous bergs of the North. So large, indeed, are some of them that vessels have, several times, been known to get embayed by mistaking a wide opening in one of their sides for a clear channel between two of them, and only after sailing for hours into the heart of the monster have the dismayed mariners discovered their error and been compelled to beat out again, with infinite difficulty and danger. And many have been measured that lifted their grim plateaux a thousand feet above the sea. I once passed one, in a swift clipper ship running at fifteen knots, in latitude 54 degrees S. We came abreast of the western end of it at 8 o'clock in the morning, and it was well past noon before we had cleared its eastern cape. These continental icebergs, however, are less dangerous than the huge numbers of smaller ones that, as Cook pressed southward, he found encumbering the sea on every side; not only from the difficulty of avoiding collision with them in the ordinary way of navigation, but because of the gigantic evolutions performed by them under the irresistible stress of that shelterless ocean. Among those tossing mountains of ice, now rising upon the crest of scarcely smaller billows, and anon sinking into the gray-green valleys between, the tiny *Enterprise* and her con-

sort looked hopelessly forlorn and insignificant. Gale succeeded gale with hardly any interval, keeping every sense at highest tension; and, underlying all, was the certain knowledge that any mishap would almost surely seal the doom of all hands. Yet, as we know, the venture was persevered in until there appeared ahead that eternal barrier of ice-cliffs which rise sheer from the sea for hundreds of feet, and apparently extend in almost unbroken continuity around the nadir of our planet.

Then, and not until then, did Cook recognize that he had reached his limit. His latitude was 71 deg. 10 min. S., a position equal, as far as severity of condition goes, to a latitude of 10 deg. higher in the Arctic, and one that has only been passed upon two occasions since. He had successfully demonstrated the fact that an unhindered ocean sweeps completely round the globe between the parallels of 60 deg. and 70 deg. S., and, at one part of his track, he passed within a comparatively short distance of the supposed Antarctic continent discovered by Biscoe nearly seventy years afterwards. Such was the continual severity of the weather that Cook could not but believe that, unfortunately, he had met with a bad season; and, with dogged perseverance, after a short taste of civilization, he again dared the terrors of the Antarctic, only to find, on the second attempt, the conditions so terrible that before he had reached nearly so high a latitude he was fain to admit himself beaten, and hurry northward while yet there was time.

Again the curtain fell for many years; but Cook had set the unknown back several degrees. His reports of the numbers of seals and whales crowding that roaring zone had started the great southern seal fishery. And gradually there crept south from England or America a tiny schooner or so full of

desperate men, who were ready to dare any weather and take any risk if money could be made. In a few years not one of those bleak, frozen islet-groups that "tusk the Southern Pole" remained unvisited; the busy life of the world had extended to the Antarctic Circle. Rich spoils were harvested, but at an incredible expenditure of labor and life. For remembering what has already been said about the consistent character of the Antarctic weather, so severe that the experience of running the Easting down in a magnificent ship that goes no higher than 55 deg. S. burns itself into the minds of those who become acquainted with it for the first time, it needs not to emphasize the point that those old sealers in their cockleshell craft must have been men of iron to hold their own in those regions at all, much less engage in the exhausting labor of sealing as well.

But there was a glamor of romance over the business that proved, as it always does when allied to hazy visions of great gain, irresistibly attractive to seamen of many classes and nationalities. James Weddell had been a master in the Royal Navy, yet he chose to put his savings into the desperate venture, equipping a brig of 160 tons (the *Jane of Leith*) and a cutter (the *Beaufoy*, of 65 tons) for the Southern seal fisheries. Arriving at his destination safely, he found the weather so abnormally fine that he was fired by the thought of reaching a higher southern point than had ever been attained before, and instead of hastening to fill his hold with sealskins, he held on for the South. He succeeded in reaching lat. 74 deg. 15 min. S. 72 deg. farther east than the meridian on which his great predecessor, Cook, had gained his highest Antarctic latitude. His recorded experiences are unique in the annals of those stern seas. At his highest point he says that the weather was remarkably fine, there



was a balmy feeling in the air, a blue sky above, and not a particle of ice or land to be seen from the masthead. Had he possessed steam power, there can be no doubt that he would have succeeded in reaching a much higher latitude, probably the highest on record before or since. This was on February 18, 1823. But the wind was against him, a thousand miles of most dangerous ice-infested sea lay between him and safety; and besides all this, the interests of his gallant crew, co-partners with him in the venture, had to be considered. So the two tiny little ships were headed northward again, reaching their fishing grounds in safety, and making such good use of their time that in spite of the big gap in their season, made by their attempt upon the Pole, the voyage was entirely remunerative.

Upon Weddell's return he published an account of his voyage, after much friendly pressure had been brought to bear upon him, that for modesty and self-effacement is totally admirable. It made considerable stir in this country; but it was not until eight years later that Captain John Biscoe in the brig *Tula*, 148 tons, accompanied by the cutter *Lively*, left London on a South Sea whaling voyage, but with special instructions from his public-spirited owners, Messrs. Enderby Brothers, to devote a great part of his time to Antarctic exploration. Faithfully and bravely did he endeavor to carry out his orders, but the weather being persistently of the usual Antarctic type, the sufferings of the gallant little band were very great, and he could get no farther south than 65 deg. 57 min., where, in longitude 47 deg. 20 min. E., he discovered land, but whether an island or part of a continent has never been determined. He was almost immediately driven back, reaching Tasmania with most of his crew sick and two dead. But, like most of his com-

peers, he was hard to beat, and the next summer (1832) he again pressed south. He got only a few miles farther than before, but on another meridian, and was rewarded by the discovery of several islands. Crowning feat of all, he succeeded in landing on what he believed to be the Antarctic continent, the first arrival. Again he was driven northward, this time so furiously that his brig was hurled upon the savage South Shetlands, and only by superhuman labor on the part of the weather-worn crew was she got afloat again, with a jury, rudder-rigged, to steer her to the Falklands. His midget consort, the *Lively*, was lost upon arrival there, but all hands escaped. Reaching home, his discoveries were received with great enthusiasm and suitably rewarded. And his employers sent him out again on a similar errand, undeterred by their previous heavy loss through a barren voyage commercially. But this time the mysterious sea refused to admit him at all. Upon his first contact with the ice both the vessels were so badly damaged that they were barely able to get back to the Falklands again.

Another eight years of silence ensued, during which there is no doubt that many a wandering whale-ship, both from England and America, hovered about the edge of the Antarctic Circle, courting destruction in their eager quest for whales, but, as was their manner, quite silent about the marvels they daily met with. It makes one ache with desire, to read the bald entries made in those greasy old log-books, for the ability to read between the lines of what they really saw, did and suffered. But I well remember, to quote only one instance, when, with a huge sperm whale alongside, in 54 deg. S., we were driven log-like for three furious days, in a blinding smother of salt spray, past ghost-like icebergs and low-lying dangerous hummocks, only

visible by the angry break of an intercepted wave, until the great carcass, swollen to treble its normal size, burst with earthquake shock and a dense fog of stifling stench. At utmost risk of being poisoned by that foul effluvium, we hacked the corrupt mass free, and began, painfully, to creep north again to a less dangerous parallel of latitude. Then the mate entered in his tattered journal: "Wind as yesterday. Whaleburst. Cut him adrift, and wore to N.N.E. So ends this twenty-four hours." And in stress of whaling work I have known a whole week to elapse without a single entry being made.

After the last long spell of eight years' silence there suddenly sprang up quite a gale of exploring ardor concerning the Antarctic. Another of Messrs. Enderby's ships, the *Eliza Scott*, Captain Balleny, in pursuance of the standing permission given by that most public-spirited firm, worked her way down south as far as 66 deg. 44 min. S., making many minor discoveries of real or supposed islands. For, so difficult is it in those regions to distinguish between land, icebergs and various kinds of mirage, that even the most experienced mariners are liable to be deceived. At about the same time a French expedition under the gallant Dumont D'Urville, composed of two ships, *L'Astrolabe* and *Zélée*, made its appearance in the Antarctic; but the discoveries made by our neighbors were only discoveries to them. Every one had been seen and charted before. The United States also had an expedition in the field, under Commander Wilkes, consisting of the *Vincennes*, *Peacock* and *Porpoise*, with two small schooners; but of their proceedings nothing more need be said than that they were so disastrous that even the commander was court-martialled upon his return home.

Latest of all came the *Erebus* and

*Terror*, under Sir James Clarke Ross and Captain Crozier, an expedition well planned and thoroughly well equipped for its duty, according to the best authorities of the day.

Abundantly did the results of that memorable voyage justify the anticipations of its promoters. The records, kept with unwearied care, of observations, taken every hour throughout the voyage, have been a veritable mine, wherein savants have been delving ever since. A higher latitude was reached than ever before—76 deg. S. Not only so, but a landing was effected in 75 deg. 48 min. S. upon a volcanic island, to which was given the name of the brave gentleman who died in the icy loneliness of the far North, Sir John Franklin. And who could adequately voice the awe and wonder with which those daring wanderers beheld the next morning, January 28, 1841, Mount *Erebus* rearing its awful bulk thirteen thousand feet above the sea, and belching forth into the freezing atmosphere vast columns of sulphurous smoke begirt with tongues of lurid flame! This portent was flanked by a consort, ten thousand feet high, Mount *Terror*, whose fires were extinct; and the two seemed fitting commencement of the great ice-barrier seen by Cook in the previous century, but on the other side of the Pole. Painfully hampered by lack of steam-power at this important juncture, the ships slowly skirted those grim cliffs, every eye strained for sight of an inlet whereby they might gain admission to the mysterious circle beyond. Closer and closer crept the ice-pack in towards its source from the open sea; although early in February, the Antarctic autumn, the normal temperature was 20 deg. below freezing point. Regretfully, most reluctantly, they headed northward, fighting with desperate energy every mile of the return journey as far as 65 deg. S. What dangers they encountered by the

way, until the time that the two vessels, in the height of a howling tempest, only escaped being dashed to pieces against a rolling mountain of ice, to fall upon one another and rend themselves apart in a bewildering entanglement of wreckage, has never been told, nor ever will be, in its entirety. Language has its limitations. But the best proof of the effect those heroic deeds had upon their authors is found in the fact that, after a season of rest in Hobart Town, they returned to the battlefield again.

Worse weather than on the previous attempt awaited them, nor could they, by any means, get beyond about 68 deg. S. In fact, the season's toll was utterly fruitless. So they returned to the Falkland Islands to recruit their energies, and in the ensuing summer tried yet again to win their way southward, this time upon the track followed by Weddell with such success nineteen

years before. But they could not fight against the invincible severity of the weather and ice, although many hitherto undiscovered points of land were seen and accurately charted as far south as 71 deg. 30 min. S., on the opposite side of the Pole to their first season's track. At the close of the season they returned to Cape Town and closed their memorable visit to the far South.

Since that time absolutely nothing has been done worth mention in that lonely sea, although several abortive and ill-considered attempts have been made. But it is to be earnestly hoped that the present strenuous efforts that are being made, aided as they are by steam-power, and the accumulated experience of all that have gone before, will be successful in wresting most, if not all, its secrets from the lonely Antarctic.

*F. T. Bullen.*

*The Leisure Hour.*

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## THE CRAZE FOR HISTORICAL FICTION IN AMERICA.

The historical novel is not at present flourishing in this country. It enjoyed a renewal some few years ago, when "A Gentleman of France" flashed sword in every face; but the brief force of that movement seems already to be expended. There can be little doubt, indeed, that the art of historical fiction is dead in England, and that he who would succeed in raising it must first create for it a new form, a governing convention more in accord with naturalistic tendencies than that which has miraculously survived all the artistic upheavals of ninety years. Matters are otherwise in America and France, the two countries nearest to us in art as in life. France is wit-

nessing, or about to witness, a real renaissance of the historical novel—a renaissance which M. Emile Faguet, employing a theory more creditable to his ingenuity than to his sagacity, explains on the singular assumption that realism has exhausted the material offered by modern existence. In America the historical novel overtops every other sort: it is making authors rich and turning publishers into millionaires; the circulation of it counts not by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands, and the man or woman who, having omitted to peruse it, cannot discuss it with fluency, is thereby rendered an outcast. The two most notorious and amazing examples of its suc-

cess (at the moment of writing), Mr. Winston Churchill's "Richard Carvel" and Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's "Janice Meredith," although neither is a year old, have between them already reached a sale of nearly three-quarters of a million copies in the United States.

These two long novels—they total over a thousand pages—both deal with the period of the American Revolution; they both include the figure of George Washington; and in other respects of tone, color, sentiment, and incident they are remarkably alike. The chief thing to be noted of them is their perfect lack of originality; they are not the fruit of any inspiration, but a dish meticulously concocted upon a recipe; and the recipe is by no means a new one. Conceive a musical composer who at this date should capture the ear of the populace by an exact, but lifeless, imitation of Mendelssohn. It is such a feat in literature that these authors have performed. To read their amiable stories is to wonder whether the art of fiction has not stood still for fifty years, whether the discoveries and the struggles of a dozen writers in France, England, and America since 1850 are after all in vain. "Esmond" is a great book, but no man of a later period could possibly produce a great, or even a fine, book that resembled it; for time breaks every mould. "Richard Carvel" is by far the better of the two American novels which I have mentioned; and what one feels about "Richard Carvel" is that it is the work of a man who kept a bust of Thackeray over a bookcase crowded with eighteenth-century literature, and wrote with one eye on this and the other (perhaps unconsciously) on that airy, fairy creature known in the States as "the *matinée* girl," forgetting that he, even he, ought to have a personality. Mr. Churchill has learned everything about his craft, except the two things which cannot

be taught—the art of *seeing* and the art of being one's self. He looks only at pictures, and then, piecing this with that and that with another, composes an enormous canvas without once leaving the gallery. He is not himself—artistically he has no self—but rather the impersonal automatic result of a century of gradual decadence from one supreme exemplar. In "Richard Carvel" every primary tint is lost, every sharp relief smoothed down. The conventions, which formerly had a significance and an aim properly related to the stage of art which evolved them, have been narrowed instead of widened, until they are become meaningless, arbitrary, and tiresome. The heroine with her peerless beauty, her royal tantrums, her feminine absolutism, her secret, her hidden devotion, her ultimate surrender; the hero of six-foot-three, with his physical supremacy, his impetuosities, his careful impromptus of wit, his amazing combinations of Machiavellian skill with asinine fatuity, his habit of looking foolish in the presence of the proud fair, and his sickening false modesty in relating his own wondrous exploits; the secondary heroine, pretty, too, but with a lowlier charm, meek, steadfast, with a mission to "fatten household sinners;" the transparent villain who could not deceive a sheep, but who deceives all save the hero; the "first old gentleman;" the faithful friend; the boon companions; the body servant: all these types, dressed with archaeological accuracy, perform at Mr. Churchill's prompting all the usual manœuvres with all the usual phrases and gestures. Who does not know that speech of the heroine's ending: "And so, sir, you are very tiresome," to which the hero must perforce reply "ruefully;" or that critical moment, half-way through the narrative, when a few words which if spoken would end the story on the

next page, are interrupted in the nick of time—"Alas, for the exits and entrances of life! Here comes the footman;" or that astronomical phenomenon—"The light had gone out of the sky;" or that solitary wild outburst of my lady—"Her breath came fast, and mine, as she laid a hand upon my arm, 'Richard, I do not care whether you are poor. What am I saying?' she cried wildly. 'Am I false to my own father?'"

Let it not be thought, however, that there is no merit in "Richard Carvel," or in the more saucy "Janice Meredith." What these authors, neither of them apparently with any strictly literary culture, could do that they have done. In the case of Mr. Churchill, particularly, one cannot fail to perceive laborious care, a certain moral elevation, and an admirable sense of dignity. He has been satisfied with nothing less than his best. His style may be a beach pebble among gems, but it is polished. He may not be a student of character, but he knows his eighteenth century; he is a giant of documentation, and the mere factual basis of his descriptions of eighteenth-century life in America and England is almost incredibly elaborate, and decidedly effective; whether he is giving you the interior of Brooks's or a naval battle with Paul Jones in it, he reconstructs the scene to the last limit of research. His historical portraits, including those of Fox, Walpole, Garrick and Washington, are as brilliant and hard and exact as the exercises of a court painter. He can plan out a work, arranging the disposition of its parts, and handling vast masses of detail with the manipulative skill of a transport officer. He knows when dialogue should be used, and when narration; how to give substance to a chapter, and theatrical ornament to an episode; when the reader will best appreciate a diversion from the main

theme, and when the device of monotony will build up a pleasing tension. He is the type of artist who takes the Prix de Rome by dint of sheer mathematical calculation. And withal, there is no breath of imaginative life in him. He could no more avoid being tedious, profoundly and entirely tedious, than he could add a cubit to his stature.

America is a land of sentimentalism. It is this deep-seated quality which, perhaps, accounts for the vogue of history in American fiction. The themes of the historical novel are so remote, ideas about them exist so nebulously in the mind, that a writer may safely use the most bare-faced distortions to pamper the fancy without offending that natural and racial shrewdness which would bestir itself if a means of verification were at hand. The extraordinary notion still obtains that human nature was different "in those days;" that the good old times were, somehow, "pretty," and governed by fates poetically just. Inquiry would, of course, dissipate this notion, but no one wants to dissipate it; so long as it remains, there is at any rate some excuse for those excesses of prettiness, that luxuriant sentimentality, that persistent statement of life in terms of the Christmas number, which are the fundamental secret of the success of novels like "Richard Carvel" and "Janice Meredith." There are, of course, other factors special to America which have their share in the dazzling result. One is the pride of the nation in its brief traditions. Shall not he who ministers to this pride be rewarded? It would be strange, indeed, if he were not. When a man hears that his name is in the newspaper he buys a newspaper, and a long time will elapse before he loses the habit. So it is with America. We, with a thousand thrilling years behind us, can scarcely understand the pre-occupation of America with her Revolution and her Civil War.



But why not? I say that the trait is as charming as the disturbance of a young girl after her first ball.

Another factor is the unique position and influence of young women in the United States. We are told that it is the women who rule the libraries in England; much more so is it the women who rule the libraries in America. And if you would know what sort of an intellectual creature the American woman is, what a curious mixture of earnest and gay, ardent and frivolous, splendid and absurd, read her especial organ, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, which is one of the most brilliantly-edited papers in the world, and has a circulation of over eight hundred thousand copies a month. Here, in this growing and piquant miscellany, where religion runs column by column with modes and etiquette, and the most famous English-writing authors are elbowed by the Tupperes and Friswells of New England, you will discern at large the true nature of Mr. C. D. Gibson's girl—the width of her curiosity, the consuming fire of her energy, her strange knowledge and her stranger ignorances, her fineness and crudity, her imperial mien and her simple adorations. It is fitting to remark of the American woman that she has a magnificent future. In the meantime she cannot gainsay her *Ladies' Home Journal*,  
The Academy.

which stands as absolutely irrefutable evidence both for and against her. She is there in its pages, utterly revealed—the woman of the culture clubs, the woman who wistfully admires the profiles of star-actors at *matinées*, the woman from whom Paderewski, at the Chicago Auditorium, has to be rescued by the police, the Madonna of the home, the cherisher of aspirations, the desire of men. It is she who reads and propagates "Richard Carvel" and "Janice Meredith," artlessly enjoying the sugar of them, made oblivious of their tedium by her sincere eagerness to "get instruction" from them, to treat them as "serious" works—not as "ordinary novels."

An explanatory word. There are far better historical novels in America than the two mentioned. The best taste in America esteems "Richard Carvel" and "Janice Meredith" as the best taste esteems them here. The interest of these novels lies in their marvellous success, and the clue which they afford to the secrets of a whole people's individuality. For it is not those who read, but those who (speaking broadly) do not read that make a book popular. The former are few, the latter a multitude. The former we know familiarly; the ways of the latter are as fascinating, as mystifying as the ways of children.

E. A. B.

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### THE AUTOCRAT OF THE DINNER TABLE.

The twenty years of John Selden's life began with the England of the great Queen, and ended with the England of the great Protector. Mark Pattison regarded him, not without reason, as a typical Englishman. He was never out of England, but, as Ben Jonson said of him, though he stayed at

home, he knew the world. His learning was prodigious, even for a learned age, and yet he was conspicuously practical, even in the practical art of politics. He was one of the few lawyers who attained great eminence in the House of Commons, and one of the few statesmen who ever held their own

in an assembly of divines. His published writings, except the "History of Tythes," are dead, and even the "History of Tythes" is only consulted by professional students. He wrote a style which can never have been read with pleasure, and can scarcely now be read at all. *Stilus optimus magister dicendi*, says Crassus in the "De Oratore"—"The pen is the best master of speech."<sup>1</sup> It was so with Cicero, it was so with Burke, it was so in our own day with Macaulay. But in Selden's case it was far otherwise. His pen had to be taken away from him before his mind could flow clearly and easily through natural channels. He lived, of course, long before the days of Parliamentary reporting. But, by the general consent of his contemporaries, he was one of the most powerful and effective debaters in Parliament. So, among others, says Clarendon, an unsparing critic of his books, and himself a consummate master of all the rich resources of our English tongue. Selden's speeches have perished, like Strafford's, and Elliot's, and Pym's. The happy accident which has preserved his "Table Talk" enables us to see for ourselves the immeasurable superiority of his spoken to his written word. Scarcely any book in the English language has a value so utterly disproportionate to its size. The duodecimo edition of 1847 can be carried comfortably in the pocket. The larger and more elaborate volume, brought out by the late Mr. Harvey Reynolds in 1892, contains only two hundred pages. These pages show us how an accomplished man, famous for his conversation, entertained his company more than two hundred and fifty years ago. The knowledge is priceless, and would be so even if the publication of the book thirty-four years after Selden's death

had led to no direct result. But it is impossible to read Selden's witty aphorisms and brilliant illustrations without perceiving how much the great talker of the eighteenth century was indebted to the great talker of the seventeenth. It is no disparagement of a strong man's original force to say that Samuel Johnson derived his colloquial manner from John Selden.

If Selden had lived in ordinary times, his career would have been uneventful, for he was neither adventurous nor ambitious. Civil troubles forced him into prominence, and when he was compelled to take an active part in public affairs he showed that he was no time-server, but a man of principle. He had the intellectual honesty which is to some men what morality or enthusiasm is to others. He would not make a fool of himself by saying what he knew to be untrue. In deference to King James he expressed regret for having argued that tithes were not payable by divine law. To retract the argument, to acknowledge himself in the wrong, he absolutely refused. Selden belonged to the middle class, which in this country, more than in any other, answers Aristotle's description, and acts as the bulwark of the State. He was a native of Sussex, and received his early education at the free school of Chichester. From Chichester he went to Oxford, with which for the remainder of his life he was destined to be connected. He matriculated at Hart Hall, and it is curious that this great scholar, who represented the University throughout the Long Parliament, took no degree. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, and, so far as he adopted any profession, he adopted the profession of the law. But his heart was in study and in the larger affairs of State. Two views of

<sup>1</sup> The exact words are *Stilus optimus et prostantissimus dicendi effector et magister*. They have the air in the dialogue of a familiar

quotation, but I cannot indicate their original source.

the law of England have come down to us from the seventeenth century. To Sir Edward Coke it was the perfection of human reason, to Oliver Cromwell it was a tortuous and ungodly jumble. Selden was too much of an antiquary to agree with Cromwell, and too much of a philosopher to agree with Coke. He must very soon have mastered whatever the law books of those days could teach him, and in legal learning he had no superior at the bar or on the bench. He was a conveyancer, and had a large amount of chamber practice. But he is said to have appeared in court only when his vast knowledge was required by some case of unusual character and special importance. He became, when he was quite a young man, steward to Henry Gray, ninth Earl of Kent, and his close connection with that family only ended with the death of the Countess, three years before his own. One consequence of this appointment was that he spent his vacations at Wrest, in Bedfordshire, then Lord Kent's, and now Lord Cowper's. Another was that after the Earl's death he came to live at Lady Kent's house, The Carmelites, in Whitefriars, where he kept his splendid library and his choice collection of Greek Marbles. If he was ever married at all, he was privately married to Lady Kent. Sir Edward Fry, from whose admirable article in the "Dictionary of National Biography" I have taken the facts of Selden's life, does not believe the story of the marriage. In any case, there was no scandal, which is creditable to the somewhat censorious society of the time.

Like Lord Mansfield, who in his youth "drank champagne with the wits," Selden enjoyed the best of good company from the first. He was the friend of Ben Jonson, of Camden, the famous author of "Britannia," and of Sir Robert Cotton, the antiquary, at whose house in Palace Yard he read

and studied. His "History of Tythes" from the days of Melchisedec appeared in 1617, and he soon discovered that England was not a free country. For denying what was called the *jure divinoship* of the clerical tenth he was halled before the High Commission, and apologized, lest worst should happen to him. He did not follow the example of Galileo by retracting as error what he believed to be truth, but he submitted to the jurisdiction. The incident is thoroughly characteristic. Selden had a profound contempt for "the great vulgar and the small." He did not care two straws what the High Commission thought about a matter of which they knew nothing. He knew the difference between his own real learning and the sham learning of King James. But he sincerely respected law and order. His mind was not naturally speculative, like the mind of his illustrious friend, Thomas Hobbes, but practical and historical. If the Commissioners chose to talk nonsense, that was their affair. He submitted to their authority without prejudice to his contempt for their understandings. Nor was he cast (few men are) in the heroic mould. When it was his duty to express an opinion, he never shrank from expressing it because it was dangerous or unpopular. But to go to prison for a theory of tithes he regarded as absurd, and as the times grew more turbulent he may have thought that the supply of martyrs was likely to exceed the demand. He was not, however, timid, like Hobbes. He braved the wrath of King Charles by acting as a manager in the impeachment of Buckingham, and risked the vengeance of a Parliamentary majority by opposing the impeachment of Strafford. Nor did he always escape the penalty of his boldness. In 1629 he was committed to the tower with Eliot, Hobbes and six other members of Parliament. He was shifted from prison to prison, and

was not finally released till 1631. But it is a curious fact, as Sir Edward Fry points out, that he bore no malice against the King. He must have been a man of singularly even temper, cold but placable, never carried out of his way by enthusiasm or resentment or the passion for notoriety, which had been the motive of so many otherwise inexplicable acts.

Selden sat in Parliament successively for Lancaster, for Great Bedwin, for Ludgershall, and for the University of Oxford. Soon after the meeting of the Long Parliament his colleague in the representation of the University died, his place was not filled up, and Selden became the sole representative. Never before or since, has Oxford been better served. Devoted to the interests of learning and education, he regarded with a jealous fondness the noble institution to which he belonged. In days of fierce faction, of revolution, of civil conflict he preserved a judicial calmness, almost inhuman in its austere severity. He would have liked to see the dispute between the King and the Parliament decided by four judges sitting in banc, if only the judges had been, as they afterwards became, independent of the crown. He had had the honor to be counsel for Hampden in 1627. He had the courage to refuse security for good behavior when he and other members were arraigned for words spoken in the House of Commons in 1629. But if he had had his way he would have protected the legal rights of the Sovereign against the encroachments of the Commons, as he protected the rights of the subject against legal tyranny. When politics sank into what he called a scuffle, and both parties appealed to the sword, Selden withdrew into privacy, and left them to fight it out. Even in 1642 he refused an offer to join the King at York. He was then fifty-eight, well provided with this world's goods, a

lover of ease, and, as Clarendon says, would not have made a journey to York or slept out of his own bed for all the preferment at the disposal of the Court. He was content and proud to have been "one of the Parliament men imprisoned *tertio Caroli*." That was as near martyrdom as he got or desired to get. He never held any office, and in 1645 he refused, perhaps from loyalty to Oxford, the Mastership of Trinity Hall, which has often been held by a lawyer, almost always by a layman. At the Westminster Assembly of 1643 he was a prominent, if not altogether a popular figure. He knew more theology than Lord Melbourne, and was even fonder of flinging it at the heads of the Bishops. He had, with far wider learning, the same caustic humor, and he played havoc with the Westminster Divines. "Perhaps it may be so," he used to tell them, "in your little pocket Bibles with gilt edges; but the Hebrew (or the Greek) is so and so." And so and so it remained to them, for very few of them could meet him on his own ground. They did not like to be taught by a scholar and a man of the world, who studied the Bible as he studied the classics; but they had to put up with it, and the constitution of the Church, which Parliament adopted from the Westminster Assembly, is chiefly due to John Selden, Esquire, M.P. Selden was a Churchman, and I see no reason to doubt, though Mr. Reynolds doubted, that he was, as Sir Matthew Hale described him, "a resolved, serious Christian." But he had more sympathy with the Presbyterians than with the High Church, and it was a fundamental principle of his creed that no ecclesiastical system was of divine origin. Christ, he held, taught religion and morality, not forms of discipline and administration. So far as they were concerned, all was as the State pleased. In short, he was a consistent, logical,

unflinching Erastian, as all upholders of the connection between Church and State must, consciously or unconsciously, be.

Selden's "Table Talk" covers the last twenty years of his life, from 1634 to 1654. It is probable that during most of that time he resided under Lady Kent's roof, occupying his own sumptuous apartments in her large and beautiful house near the Temple and the river. Though himself a man temperate in all things, he was extremely hospitable, was famous for his good dinners, and loved to entertain. His guests had better entertainment than food and wine, for there have been few such brilliant talkers as Selden. The crabbed English, and the still more crabbed Latin, of his books present a strange contrast to the racy vernacular of his delightful conversation. A shrewd, cynical, sarcastic, but not unkindly observer of men and things, he always went straight to the heart of his subject, and his command of humorous illustration was scarcely surpassed by Swift. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Reynolds was too severe upon his indecency. There are, perhaps, half a dozen personages which a delicate taste might censure. But we have no reason to suppose that they were uttered in the presence of women, and they are purity itself when compared with the habitual converse of the succeeding age. Of his alleged impiety there is no trace, though he handled ecclesiastical subjects with a homely freedom. From the superstitions of his time he was absolutely exempt, and nothing can be more exquisite than his own account of the way in which, by means of an amulet, he cast out sham devils from a self-tormented friend. His secretary, Richard Milward, to whom we are indebted for these flashes of a master mind, observes that the origin of the sayings will be proved to all Selden's acquaintance by "the fa-

millar illustrations wherewith they are set off."

One of the most justly famous occurs under the heading of "Bishops." Selden's habitual tolerance broke down at Bishops. He had no use for them, and even went so far as to deny that they were a separate order in the Church. One can easily imagine how a man like Selden must have been irritated by the fussy, domineering arrogance of the man whom Carlyle profanely calls W. Cant. The Long Parliament never did a more foolish thing than when they made a martyr of that mean and cruel pedant.

"The Bishops," says Selden, "were too hasty, else with a discreet slowness they might have had what they aimed at. The old story of the fellow that told the gentleman he might get to such a place if he did not ride too fast would have fitted their turn."

And not their turn only. The apologue should be hung up, framed and glazed in every public office from the Colonial Office downwards. That is the best of Selden. He always sticks to the point, and yet he throws out pregnant hints for general application to human affairs. *Festina lente* looks like a frigid paradox, though it is not so. The story of the fellow that told the gentleman is "the wisdom of many, and the wit of one."

Selden's mind was essentially political—even more political than legal. He was under the influence of Hobbes, though his ideal of constitutional monarchy was entirely opposed to Hobbes's absolute doctrines. Selden was certainly no democrat. He believed in the natural supremacy of the leisured and educated classes, and he probably held that, as Bishop Horsely put it, more than a century later, the mass of the people had nothing to do with the laws except to obey them. Of Parliamentary freedom he was a devotee, but to the notion of self-government in



its widest sense he was a stranger. Like a good Erastian, he desired the retention of the Bishops in the House of Lords, and stoutly maintained against all comers that they sat there by as good a right as the hereditary peers. "To take away Bishops' votes," he said, "is but the beginning to take them away; for then they can be of no longer use to the King or State. 'Tis but like the little wimble to let in the greater auger." It is amusing to find our old friend, the thin edge of the wedge, in this early and rudimentary form. Selden's conception of a Bishop was rather like that of Lord Westbury, who said in the Judicial Committee, of Bishops Gray and Colenso, "Both these ecclesiastical personages are creatures of the law." For apostolical succession he did not care a rap. A Bishop not a Lord of Parliament was to him no Bishop at all, which, of course, implied that he had no faith in Episcopacy as a divine or even as a human institution. As a matter of historical fact, he was right, and he lived to see it; for, in 1646, by ordinance of Parliament, the "name, title, style and dignity of Archbishop and Bishop were wholly taken away." It is true that there are now bishops, suffragans and others who have no seats in the House of Lords, and that the Bishop of Sodor and Man never had a vote. But they are exceptions, and, in the true meaning of the Latin proverb, the existence of exceptions proves the existence of a rule. On another occasion Selden declared his own views with a dogmatic severity unusual in him. "They are equally mad," he exclaimed, "who say Bishops are so *jure divino* that they must be continued, and they who say they are so anti-Christian that they must be put away. All is as the State likes." It would have been a strong thing to affirm that all Roman Catholics and all Presbyterians were mad, or even unreasonable, which is what Selden

meant. But he was a staunch Church of England man, regarding the Church as part of the Constitution, and he spoke as an ecclesiastical lawyer.

The popular theology of his time was by no means to Selden's taste, and that is, no doubt, why he was accused of irreligion. He suffered in that as in other respects for being in advance of his age. He belonged, as a theologian, rather to the nineteenth century than to the seventeenth, and would have found himself in perfect agreement with Thirlwall or Stanley. His contrast between Christianity and Mahomedanism is curiously modern.

The Turks tell their people of a heaven where there is a sensible pleasure, but of a hell where they shall suffer they do not know what. The Christians quite invert this order. They tell us of a hell where we shall feel sensible pain, but of a heaven where we shall enjoy we cannot tell what.

Neither Milton nor Bunyan can be said altogether to have escaped the application of this caustic criticism. Selden had what the French call the positive spirit, which is sensible of its own limitations, and will not go beyond them. The imagination of his time, especially the Puritan imagination, ran riot in the wildest fancies of future woe for the enemies of the saints, and Selden, though a man of high character, must have been conscious that he was no saint. He was one of those who would rather live up to a comparatively low standard than fall short of a comparatively high one. He must have secretly sympathized with the young man in the parable who went away sorrowful because he had great possessions. He took the Englishman's love of compromise into religion as well as into politics, and with the whole force of his nature he hated extremes. There are traces in his "Table Talk" of the Baconian temper, the

grave, dignified philosophic calm with which an intellect, unclouded by passion or prejudice, contemplates the wild surging of ignorant enthusiasm in its desperate efforts to find truth where there is no road.

"The laws of the Church are most favorable to the Church, because they were the Church's own making; as the heralds are the best gentlemen because they make their own pedigree." This is an invaluable text for the Erastian in all times. It is also a perfect specimen of Selden's best manner. There is not a word too much in it; it condenses a whole theory into a couple of sentences, of which one is fact and the other illustration. In a formal treatise it would have to be expanded or to be followed by a formal essay. In talk it is just as it should be. Selden had a singular gift of conversational completeness. He could sum up and dismiss a subject in a phrase which adhered to the memory while memory remained. Perhaps the talker who most resembled him in this particular was Talleyrand. The Duke of Wellington was once asked whether he considered Talleyrand to be good company. He replied that in the ordinary sense of the term he was not. "He would often," added the Duke, "sit silent for hours. But once or twice in an evening he would say something which you could not forget as long as you lived." I cannot recall the Duke's exact words, but such, I am sure, is the substance of them. We do not know how large a share Selden took in the talk at his own dinner table. Probably it was much larger than Talleyrand's, and we have only scattered fragments of it in Mr. Milward's record. But we have quite enough to show us of what sort it was. It did not burst out in a torrent, like Johnson's, or flow in a rich volume like Coleridge's. Johnson owed much to Selden, but his own natural eloquence

swept away all barriers. Selden kept his temper, and was not easily moved to sympathy or to indignation. He must have been, I think, a good listener, not because he was patient of contradiction or ready to be convinced, but because he wished to have the last word. When he said a thing it was to be so. His natural dignity and acquired learning gave him a legitimate advantage of which he must have been fully aware.

Having compared Convocation with a court-leet, Selden, like a good Protestant, turned his guns upon the General Councils of the Church of Rome. "They talk (but blasphemously enough) that the Holy Ghost is President of their General Councils, when the truth is, the odd man is still the Holy Ghost." By the odd man he meant, of course, the majority. The charge of blasphemy might, perhaps, be retorted, though, I think, without reason, by those against whom it was directed. Selden, in common with many men whose religion lies altogether below the surface, was disgusted by its unseasonable intrusion. It affronted his sense of reverence as much as it irritated his intellect to hear men say that an issue would be determined by inspiration when they knew that it would be determined by numbers. But it is true of this, as of almost all his wise and pithy sayings, that they have an application far wider than that which he originally gave them. There is not much outward resemblance between a Council of the Church and a political convention in the United States. But a belief in the infallibility of the odd man is a political as well as a theological superstition. Those who support representative and democratic government merely as the fairest and most convenient method yet discovered for carrying out the will of a free people are beyond the reach of Selden's sarcasm. Yet it may

be useful, even for them, to be reminded that the rule of majorities is an arrangement, not a principle, and that truth must often be on the losing side. Selden had too much of Horace's contempt for the unholy mob, who, after all, may be presumed to know their own minds and understand their own business. He did not always remember, though he knew, that there might be men as learned as himself without a hundredth part of his practical sagacity, and that, on the other hand, shrewd mother-wit is a safer guide through life than learning. A Conservative will not get much good out of Selden, who will only strengthen him in his prejudices. But as a cooling medium for enthusiastic democrats, I venture to recommend the "Table Talk."

It would be interesting to know what Selden thought of James the First. He often quotes that highly educated monarch, with whom he argued about the divine right of tithes and other matters. The right divine of kings to govern wrong was his majesty's favorite tenet, and he believed also in the divine right of Episcopacy, because, as he tersely said, "No Bishop, no King." Indeed, James's notion of his own attributes and of the sacrosanctity of the system which made him possible left little scope for the Governor of the Universe. Selden had old scores to pay off against the King, and he laughed at him after his death in a characteristic fashion by telling an anecdote. Henry the Fourth of France was killed, observes Selden, according to some, for his apostasy; according to others, for his debauchery. "No," says King James (who could not abide fighting), "he was killed for permitting duels in his kingdom." "Commonly," adds the table talker, "we say judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide." That is the secular and mundane version of the

moral drawn for all time in the Gospels from the fall of the Tower of Siloam. In a homelier vein is "Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet." That is all. Selden did not often elaborate, if we may trust, as surely we can trust, his constant friend and companion, Mr. Milward. He had not the fault of our English nation that when they have a good thing they make it too common. The worst and most tiresome talkers are those who worry a subject to death. Selden threw out a hint, sometimes shot a Parthian arrow, and passed on. He knew better than to deliver in conversation an essay on friendship. Every one feels the comfort of old shoes. Selden was too fond of his old shoes, too worldly a sage, too fond of peace and wealth. As he grew bolder he became more and more impressed with the sinfulness of being uncomfortable. I can hear the impassioned moralist declaim against the low view of friendship which Selden's apophthegm implies. It was not intended to be exhaustive, but to be suggestive. It was table talk.

"No man," says Selden, "is the wiser for his learning." He had a right to this paradox, and, as in all paradoxes worthy of the name, there is some truth in it. But it is difficult to conceive Selden apart from his learning, or to suppose that the inexhaustible wealth of illustration with which it supplied him did not suggest new ideas, besides enriching and adorning the old. Yet, on the other hand, we may say with confidence that Selden's wisdom is often most manifest in the homeliest images. Like Bacon, he took a low view of marriage, and he had little respect for the minds of women. The frogs in *Æsop*, he tells us, were exceeding wise, because they would not venture themselves into the well, although they longed to drink. That is rather a cheap form of cynicism, and

below Selden's powers. On the other hand, nothing can be better than his example of the old truth that we measure the excellency of other men by some excellency we conceive to be in ourselves. "Nash, a poet, poor enough (as poets used to be), seeing an Alderman with his gold chain, upon his great horse, by way of scorn, said to one of his companions, 'Do you see yon fellow, how goodly, how big he looks? Why, that fellow cannot make a blank verse.'" Selden goes on to preach a little sermon against what is, or was, called Anthropomorphism, the only answer to which is, that if we do not think of God in human terms we cannot think of Him at all. We know too well from daily experience that blank verse of a sort can be made by any one, and we have had not only Aldermen but Lord Mayors who could ride to hounds. After Tennyson, poverty can no longer be safely predicated of poets, and Ben Jonson, the admiring friend of Selden, was in easy circumstances. But poor Nash and irrelevant contempt are as perennial as human nature itself. I confess that I have far more respect for Nash than I should have if he had envied the Alderman his great horse and his gold chain. He, at least, respected himself, and a blank verse of Shakespeare's or Milton's is worth all the gold chains in the world.

Others of Selden's contemporaries were illogical besides poor Nash. Selden was an attentive critic of sermons, which he did not always hear with humble submission. "Preachers," says he, "will bring anything into a text. The young Masters of Arts preached against non-residence in the University; whereupon the Heads made an order that no man should meddle with anything but what was in the text. The next day one preached upon these words, *Abraham begat Isaac*; when he had gone a good way, at last he ob-

served that Abraham was resident, for if he had been non-resident he could never have begot Isaac; and so fell foul upon the non-residents." Queen Elizabeth was a stickler for relevancy in sermons. She loved to tune the pulpits, and her famous "Stick to your text, Mr. Dean," is historical. It is not, perhaps, unnatural that the clergy, having to connect their thoughts with a verse of scripture, which, after all, is limited, should sometimes be in sore straits. "Hear the Church" was very tempting, and to leave out the condition as easy as lying. Archbishop Whately's pungent comment, "I should like to hear that young man preach on 'Hang all the law and the prophets,'" was quite in Selden's vein. I suspect that Selden, like many laymen, would have liked to preach himself, and that when he attended the Westminster Assembly the pent-up energies of years broke out in a flood which astonished the divines. "For a man of the world," said Burke, in reference to religious questions—"for a man of the world, I have thought of these things." Selden had thought, and read, and written on many ecclesiastical subjects. He was not to be taught by parsons, who were, as he reminded them, only "persons" differently spelt. Mr. Reynolds has pointed out that he contradicted himself about their learning, which in one place he extols and in another denies. But substantially he agreed with Clarendon that they had bad judgment, and were unsafe guides in mundane affairs. Selden practised his own theories. One great merit of his talk is that it always goes straight to the point. His stories, like Lincoln's, are always told for a purpose, and never because he had a story to tell. Abraham Lincoln was probably the best storyteller known to fame. There may have been mute, inglorious Lincolns who equalled him in that respect, if in no other way. But of Lincoln it was

said, and of Lincoln only could it be said, that he illustrated by a story every argument he used, that he invented every story he told, and that he never told the same story twice. Selden's stories were not invented. He had a wonderful memory, upon which he freely drew, but he never dragged his anecdotes in by the head and ears, nor did he dilute them or spin them out. They are short, pithy, pointed, easy to remember, and impossible to misunderstand. The man who is determined to tell his favorite story or the last story he has heard, whether there be a legitimate opening for it or not, destroys conversation, and ought to be destroyed himself. There should be a heavy social penalty for the use of the phrase "By the way, that reminds me." If a story does not explain itself, if its connection with the subject is not at once seen, both it and its narrator are social solecisms. Soli is their native town, although they never heard of it.

The most profound and searching of all Selden's utterances is partly characteristic of his age, but far more characteristic of him. "Aye or no never answered any question. The not distinguishing where things should be distinguished, and the not confounding where things should be confounded, is the cause of all the mistakes in the world." One would give a good deal to know the precise occasion on which this deep and subtle remark was made. The when and the why, as Mr. Milward justly observes in his dedication to the Executors, give these sentences the more life and the smarter relish. Unfortunately he did not supply the want, and to guess is futile. All we know is that a "doubt" of some kind has been "propounded." It may have been whether monarchy was the best form of government, or whether a subject was justified in resisting his sovereign, or whether faith without works was more salutary than works without

faith. But tantalizing as our ignorance is, we can fall back upon the general truth of the apothegm. There are questions which answer themselves, because they are questions only in form. Where there is a real dispute, aye or no raises more difficulties than it solves. It is easy to lay down universal propositions. The difficulty arises when we come to apply them. Selden lived in stirring times, full of action and speculation, when erroneous opinions might at any moment lead to some blunder which was worse than a crime. The impartial historian, if such a superhuman being were possible, could not acquit either the Court or the Parliament of serious and even fatal errors. They were both always answering aye or no to every question, until Charles lost his crown and his head because he would be a despot or nothing, and Cromwell, the vindicator of national rights, had to rule England without a Parliament by military force. They both confounded things which ought to be distinguished, and distinguished things which ought to be confounded. In an age of political philosophy the voice of the philosopher was unheeded.

It is, I am afraid, arguable that Selden was a lukewarm patriot. No man more thoroughly enjoyed that pleasure of looking down upon the errors of the vulgar which Lucretius has so magnificently described. Not that he had any ill-will to either party. He bore no malice, he harbored no feeling fiercer than contempt.

Non quia vexari quemquam est  
iucunda voluptas,  
Sed quibus ipse malis careas quia  
cernere suave est.

There is a tradition, not authentic, that at the close of Selden's life he wished he had been a justice of the peace, and in that humble way useful to his neighbors. He would certainly have been



the wisest justice on the banks of Trent, or Thames. Such wishes are not to be taken seriously. But Selden might have made a great career as a sagacious statesman, guiding the councils and moderating the zeal of the Parliamentary party. He deliberately turned from what became in his eyes a vulgar broll. The "great refusal" has never been made with more dignity. Selden retained the respect of his old colleagues, and his funeral in the Temple Church was attended by the judges of the land. He died, as he had lived, plain John Selden, while his intellectual inferiors filled high offices of State. He wanted a quiet life; he got it, and he paid for it. He has painted the situation in a quaint allegory.

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion, you know, called the sheep to ask her if his breath smelt; she said aye; he bit off her head for a fool. He called a wolf and asked him; he said no; he tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox and asked him. Truly, he had got a cold, and could not smell.

Selden's cold was chronic. During the period of these conversations the last civil war in England (except Monmouth's trumpery rebellion) was waged, Charles the First was executed, Oliver Cromwell became Protector of the realm. But to none of these events is there the smallest allusion in the talk of Selden's table. Such silence in private is amazing, and, of course, we do not know how much the secretary suppressed. But one can imagine that Selden, having definitely abandoned public life, would not care for such a pale simulacrum of it as talking politics with his friends. He had filled a great place, and there is nothing less dignified than a partial retirement; or it may be that men of very different opinions came to his house, and that to

content them all he adopted a cleaner shift than Sir Robert Walpole's by talking of universal truths. Posterity would be ungrateful to quarrel with the result. Except Bacon's Essays, there is hardly so rich a treasure-house of worldly wisdom in the English language as Selden's "Table Talk." Some of it, indeed, is thoroughly Baconian, as "Wit and wisdom differ; wit is upon the sudden turn, wisdom is in bringing about ends." But most of it is entirely his own, the mature thought of a princely intellect equally at home in the book of the world and in the world of books. Johnson compared it with French collections of *ana*, such as the *Menagiana*, but it is intensely and characteristically English. Although he asks, "Is there not enough to meddle withal upon the stage, or in love, or at the table, but religion?" religion was seldom out of his thoughts. He considered it as a statesman, not as a pietist, but he recognized its all-pervading influence on human affairs. An Erastian of the Erastians, he was no materialist, like his friend Hobbes. He was, indeed, a typical Church of England man, as far removed from Geneva as from Rome. He did not shrink from the free handling of sacred subjects, and there was an element of brutality in some of his sledge-hammer attacks on current superstition. But if he had been the scoffing sceptic that some in fear of his learning dubbed him, so saintly a man as Sir Matthew Hale could not have called him a resolved, serious Christian. Coleridge complained of the lack of poetry in Selden, and this complaint is just. He was too much under the influence of reason, he had little or no imagination, and he underrated the force of sentiment, religious or otherwise. The ridiculous aspect of things struck him so forcibly that it sometimes blinded him to their graver significance. Every man has his limitations, and these

were his. But those who know best to admire the incomparable excellence of Selden's.

The Nineteenth Century.

Herbert Paul.

## IN A BARREN AND DRY LAND.

### I.

While war to the death is being fought out in one division of our Empire, in another a far different struggle is afoot, whose object is not death but life. It is a quiet war eclipsed by that of arms, little gazed on by the public eye, yet not without dangers untempered by romance, or defeats which no comradeship may lighten. In 1897 the famine which raged in India touched this country to the quick, and the result was that vast national subscription, the Indian Famine Charitable Relief Fund. This year our aid is asked for a cause still nearer and dearer than the suffering Indian. But India has not forgotten former generosity; often in the last few months natives have spoken to me with feeling of the aid sent "by the Queen" or "by the mother-country" (their ideas are not always clear), and have asked if they may hope to look for it again. Indeed, the occasion, but for greater calls, is pressing enough.<sup>1</sup>

Each year produces in India two crops: the *kharif*, or autumn crop, which is sown in June, or as soon as the rain-laden currents of the southwest trade winds have broken upon the scorched peninsula. This crop consists of rice and various kinds of millet; it is reaped about November. And then the *rabi*, or winter crop, is sown, consisting of wheat and pulse, which are reaped about April. Both crops depend upon the character of the

monsoon; if it is copious, fairly sustained and varied with timely breaks of fair weather, then the autumn crop will give a large yield, and the earth will remain sufficiently moist for the germination of the winter seeds, whose plants only require a few days (traditionally three) of Christmas rain to bring them to perfection. In 1896 the monsoon did not fail; it gave copious rain; but this rain, after falling heavily, ceased prematurely, and the *kharif*, already well sprung up, withered away; the *rabi*, aided by winter rain, did generally well, but the area sown could not avert the famine of 1897, which was the result of the failure of one crop. This year the rains have failed utterly, many districts receiving only an insignificant fraction of their due; thus, not only has the *kharif* failed, but the ground has, in many parts, proved too hard for the sowing, or if sowing has been attempted, for the germination of the *rabi*. Thus, the famine of 1899-1900 will result from the failure of both crops. In 1897 fodder was generally sufficient for the cattle; to-day the cattle are dying in their thousands owing to want of food and the diseases which follow in the train of starvation. In 1897 the water supply did not give grave cause for anxiety; to-day there is many an Indian village in which not one well holds water. In 1897 the calamity fell upon people backed by the resources of many years of plenty (only in Bundelkhand and some northern parts of the Central Provinces had there been previous distress); to-day

<sup>1</sup> This was written before the opening of the Mansion-House Fund.—H. S.

many districts are called on to meet a fresh attack while they are still staggering under the blow of the year before last.

What is the aspect of a country which lies under the ban of famine? Our imagination summons up deserted villages; fields devoid of crops, and only whitened by the bones of cattle, perhaps of men; moanings for succor, and crowds of hopeless skeletons.

It was my fate to spend the greater part of 1897 in a district where some of this ideal was realized—a district far removed from railways, possessing but a few miles of road which would not, in the wet season, melt into a hopeless quagmire; a land of intractable mountains and impenetrable forests, of isolated villages, often inhabited, not by Hindus, but by half-savage aborigines, driven up into these inhospitable regions beyond the Aryan invader; their cultivation the rudest, their resources the slenderest, and their habits too timid and suspicious to allow them to accept the proffered aid. The isolation and physical difficulties of the tract, the sparseness of the population (it has been well remarked that the difficulties of dealing with famine are in inverse ratio to the density of the population), the peculiar character of the people, and the novelty of meeting so grave a disaster under circumstances so adverse made failure almost a foregone conclusion. Yet, although the mortality resulting from actual starvation and its attendant satellites, fever, dysentery and cholera, was immense, still there is to-day many an upland village where, if the visitor asks who in it was saved two years back by the aid of the *Sirkar* (Government), practically the whole population will come forward. The circumstances in that district were abnormal; and hence, though much was achieved, much also, painful to eye and ear, occurred there during the darkest months of 1897. But

now I am to speak of another and a more representative locality. It is not the most sorely stricken part of India; yet the intensity of the distress may be gauged from the fact that at the end of November more than 22 per cent. of the entire population were in receipt of Government relief, and this notwithstanding every effort of the district authorities to limit, as far as possible, the number of recipients.

## II.

Let us take, then, one of the so-called "plateau districts" of the Central Provinces, a district which suffered sorely enough in 1897, but where the potentiality of suffering to-day is greater still. As we drive the sixty odd miles that separate the nearest railway station from the district headquarters, the road takes us first through a level and well-populated tract. Then come jungles; and presently we ascend a lofty hill-slope, between thick forests and towering hills, the abode of tiger, bison and bear. On reaching the summit a broad upland plain opens before us, measuring across from north to south from fifty to sixty miles, and held up, as it were, at an elevation of from two to three thousand feet above sea-level by the shoulders of the Satpura Mountains, till, on its southern boundary, it suddenly breaks down, sometimes with a sheer drop, sometimes through a tangle of wild ravines, to the broad plain of the Deccan. The upland portion is inhabited by Hindus, congregated in large villages; it includes, beside *kharif* land, a very large area of *rabi* land, producing in ordinary years a valuable wheat crop. The people are fully alive to their own needs and interests, and all that is requisite is to place the means of preservation within their grasp, enforcing a sufficient test to exclude the less needy. But on the mountain slopes

which sink to the Nerbudda valley on the north and the Deccan plain on the south, as well as in certain scattered jungles on the plateau itself, the Hindu element ceases; there dwells the shy Dravidian aboriginal in his remote hamlet; and special measures must be adopted to entice him to his own salvation. There is something striking in the scenery of these hill slopes, especially on the southern border, where they are peculiarly steep and sudden. Were it not for the dry, keen air, the upland plain suggests no impression of elevation. It is undulating, bare and bleak, but well cultivated, and dotted here and there with populous villages and bosky mango groves. One ascends a gentle jungle-covered slope, and in a moment the land seems to break away below; and there, a thousand feet beneath, stretches the great southern plain, its fields and forests barred with morning mist, or shining with a bluish glare under the midday sun. One descends into the intervening strip of hill and jungle, and both the upper and the lower plains vanish; all around rise inhospitable peaks, divided by deep, and often rocky, gullies. Here it is as hard to believe that those same peaks support on their very tops a broad and populous champaign as it was, when standing above them, to realize that but a few steps would disclose the seemingly endless plain breaking down in sudden cliffs to the sea-like levels below. It is in this strip, sometimes but a couple of miles broad, sometimes stretching up long glens into the interior, that, wedged between two civilizations, savagery still holds its own. There dwell the Kurkus, reduced to a mere handful, remnants of an ancient Kolarian stock; there, too, far more numerous and scarcely less ancient, is found the Dravidian race of Gonds—the most important of the aboriginal races that still haunt the highlands of Central India. Among the main

range and the offshoots of these Satpura Mountains the Gonds form a large fraction of the population, ever choosing as their homes the most inaccessible retreats. Both physically and ethically they are divided into numerous sections, each more or less sunk in savagery or imbued with civilization. Thus the Marya Gond is still a naked savage; the Raj Gond, on the other hand, is, by birth and by way of living, almost a Hindu. The Gonds of the district of which I speak lie midway between these two types. The majority of them have laid aside their distinctive language (which resembles the gibbering of bats), the poisoned arrow, the destructive *dhya* cultivation, and other characteristics of their race. But they still retain the dark skin, the Mongolian cast of feature, the general disregard of dress. In some of the remote villages they still flee at a *sahib's* approach. Their women are tattooed with blue marks. Their gods are many; their kinds of marriage scarcely less so. They practice and fear witchcraft. The new *régime* has suppressed human sacrifice; but they rejoice in offerings of beasts, chiefly the snow-white cock. Their villages are evil-smelling collections of huts, in each of which a rough frame of poles supports a grass roof; the walls are of grass and leaves plastered scantily with unsavory mud. Within are the mud-built grain-bins, the only solid part about the edifice. In these huts the people herd with their cattle, pigs and fowls. They are passionately fond of their homes (this *heimweh* is a distinct obstacle to famine relief), and they can hardly be persuaded to undertake any work which will prevent their return to the village at night. When arrived there, they shut themselves in their huts, closing every aperture in the cold weather; they have no artificial light in the dark hours; they possess no blankets, and often an entire village

cannot boast of a single bed. The site chosen for these quaint collections of dwellings is almost invariably the ridge of a hill, running down steeply to a torrent below. Among large sections of the Gonds wells are quite unknown; when summer has dried up the stream the people scoop water-holes (called *jhireas*) in the bed. If the bed is rocky they drink from stagnant pools, and die of cholera. In the fringe of jungle where they dwell there is little or no *rabi* land; the Gonds depend upon the *kharif* crop; they grow but little rice, sowing instead *juari* (*Sorghum vulgare*)—which is also a staple autumn produce throughout this district, as well as in most of the dry parts of India—and two small millets (*kodon* and *kutki*) peculiar to Gond-land, of which they make a rough porridge. The fare is eked out with jungle produce—roots, berries and leaves, but chiefly the sweet juicy blossoms of the *mahua* (*Bassia latifolia*), which they dry and knead into bread, and from which the intoxicating liquor, to which the Gonds are addicted, is distilled.

It is among these aboriginal villages, rather than in the populous upland plain, that the death-rate may be expected to give cause for anxiety. The people are shy, suspicious of interference, callous as to the future. The country is difficult and forbidding. A sombre melancholy seems to pervade the leafless trees that tower up at evening, range upon range, silhouetted against the faint daffodil of the Indian afterglow. The rude village in the foreground, with no light to give the homelight air of comfort, seems to lie beleaguered by the forces of a relentless power. It is like the land of the hopeless, the forgotten; heaven has closed her windows; the mountains girdle it with isolation. It is as though Nature had determined to destroy the laggards in the race for existence.

## III.

But as one rides through the fields of the high plateau on a brisk November morning, there is no suggestion of any widespread calamity. The sunshine is bright, the air is keen. The villages slumber under their groves of mango or glittering *pipal*. The fields, indeed, are devoid of laborers; but here and there patches of emerald green show where some sanguine cultivator has risked the loss of his *rabi* seed-store. A close inspection, however, shows that this cheerful aspect is deceptive. The shoots of the *rabi* have begun to wither; already the tips of the wheat seedlings have turned white. The garnerers are empty, for the *kharif* has failed utterly. Here stands a field of *juari*; in ordinary seasons the plants would be green and healthy, often seven feet in height, and tipped with nodding bunches of grain; this year the crop is stunted, white and dry, only here and there the green cobs made their appearance, and then if one so much as touches them they fall into sooty dust, like apples of Sodom; *kánhi* (black rust) has destroyed even this meagre out-turn. Already the cattle have been let loose into these fields to eat the crop, or the people are gathering the dry rustling stems to serve as fodder. Their utility, even for this purpose, is doubtful; in years of drought a salt is secreted in the stem of the *juari* plant, which, unless removed by long soaking, proves poisonous to cattle. As for the rice, it could but just spring up, and will not even afford straw. The lesser millets, *kodon* and *kutki*, have eared in favorable spots, but the ears are mere empty husk; the people throw them to the cattle, or bring them as bedding for your horse, without attempting the useless work of threshing. The maize has long ago been cut down without having produced a single cob.



All is desolate; but suddenly a familiar sound strikes the ear. It resembles that of the mowing machine, and recalls the mind to pleasant English hayfields. But even this sound, when heard in November, is fraught with dreadful significance. It means the destruction of the sugarcane—that most remunerative crop, whose cultivation requires capital, and can be attempted only by the most substantial farmers, for the saving of which, moreover, no efforts would be spared. Here are the sugar-cane enclosures, carefully fenced round against the depredations of beasts. In one the canes have already withered, sharing the fate of the unirrigated *juari*; another is still kept alive by a slender trickle of water raised with infinite labor and much creaking from a forty-foot well. Slowly the bullocks draw a long rope bearing the *mot* (an ingeniously contrived leather bucket) to the surface; and slowly they back towards the well, to lower it for a fresh supply. If you look down you see that there is perhaps a bare half foot of water in one corner of the well-bottom. The drivers tell you that they can work only one hour at a time, and must then wait for the water to replenish itself; a few more days, and irrigation will become impossible. But the noise, like that of a mowing-machine, comes from the sugar-press—a rough arrangement of spirally fluted wooden rollers—in which, four months before its time, a miserable out-turn of juice is being extracted.

In the morning and the evening picturesque groups gather round these irrigation wells—women with brazen water-vessels on their heads and herds of patient cattle. For the ordinary drinking wells of the village are dry, and the tanks and rivers, where the cattle are usually watered, are reduced to spaces of cracked mud, or torrid beds of black rock. For beasts, as well

as for men, the precious fluid must be raised from the bowels of the earth. In the jungle tracts, where the paucity of wells makes the supply of drinking water yet more precarious, the cattle fare better. There is still a meagre supply of grass in the forests; and the mountain rivers have bored deep holes in the rock, which here and there will hold water for many months—but such water! Sometimes a livid green, sometimes a lurid red. Hence these jungles, ordinarily deserted and abandoned to wild beasts, are now traversed in every direction by paths formed by droves of cattle, driven up from the waterless Deccan plain. Rinderpest and anthrax have been busy among these crowded, half-starved herds, and the banks of the foetid pools are strewn with the bones of the victims; high up in the pitilessly blue sky the vultures circle, waiting for the next death and the next meal.

The forests themselves are gaunt and devoid of leaves at a time of year when all should be bright and green. The Indian October, when the long rainy season gives place again to a clear sky, is a month of chill misty mornings, heavy dews, luxuriant grass and leafage—when the sun draws up the moisture of the soaked forests, and renders the climate deadly with ague and malaria. This October was devoid of its usual characteristics, and resembled May. The nights were dewless, the mornings dry and airless. As the sun rose higher the hot wind came wuthering over the parched ground, crackling among the parched branches, as in the fierce summer weather. At night I found it necessary to sleep outside, without the covering even of a sheet—a practice which, in ordinary seasons, would ensure a serious attack of fever. Even the trees mistook the signs of the times; flowers and fruits, proper to April, made their appearance in November; the beautiful red *palas* burst

into bloom; the precious *mahua* blossom budded on the trees, but was scorched up before ripening. The aboriginal tribes are thus deprived of their beloved jungle products—not altogether an unmixed curse, since it was abundantly proved in 1897 that the annual emigration into the woods in search of these disorganized the system of relief, and led the Gonds to despise the proffered aid, so that when the rains drove them back to their homes their constitutions, weakened by unwholesome diet, succumbed to the unhealthy season before help could reach them.

These portents have filled the minds of the people with terror; within the memory of the eldest there lives no record of such a season. Only one hope is left to them. It was but the other day that the head constable of a neighboring police-station came mysteriously, and under cover of night, to my tent. A rumor had gone abroad that one of the large and sacred rivers of India, which rises in these highlands, had again begun to flow without help of rain, and after months of cloudless weather had dried its bed. He had been to investigate, and found the tale only too true. Foreseeing the possibility of damming this sacred flow, I rode to the river the ensuing morning. It was a spot where a tributary ran into the main stream. The confluence of rivers is ever a place of sanctity to the Hindu, and the tongue of land between was covered with ancient shrines. The water was, indeed, flowing for the space of half a mile, till it lost itself in a broad bed of shingles; the heat-cracked mud below the shallow stream showed that it had only been covered within the last few hours. On following up the origin of the wonder, I found that the current originated, not in the sacred stream, but in its despised tributary, and was doubtless due to an intermittent spring. I turned to the na-

tives and asked their explanation of the mystery. At once they replied, "God and the Government." They have besieged the temples with droning chants and the ceaseless rolling of drums, but their gods have sent no relief. Now, mindful of the good work wrought two years back, they have turned their eyes to their rulers. And how are their expectations answered?

#### IV.

The Government of India has saddled itself with the responsibility of saving human life in time of famine. The humanitarian aspect of the policy is unassailable; nor can its economic aspect be called in question, where, as in the case of the districts here described, the demand is for labor rather than for land. Given a sufficiency of funds, the difficulties of carrying out this policy resolve themselves ordinarily into three—the supply of a distributing staff, the prevention of speculation, the conveyance of relief into the hands of the proper recipients. In the wilder tracts two extra difficulties present themselves—the question of locomotion in a country of great distances beset with physical obstacles, and the persuasion of the aboriginal tribes to accept organized aid. The system of relief is twofold. First, there is relief to the able-bodied, in return for which a *quid pro quo* in the shape of labor is demanded. When the returns of the revenue officials show that the existence of distress in any locality is to be apprehended, test works are started with a view to gauging the actual situation. In 1897 piece-work was introduced on relief works; the result, especially among the less civilized races, was not entirely satisfactory. This year the so-called "intermediate system" has been utilized for purposes of test and relief. On this system payment is not reckoned by the amount of work done; a fixed wage is

given for a fixed task; but if the work is not completed, fines are inflicted, and there is no minimum of wage. The task, however, is light; and the wage (calculated by the current price of that amount of the cheapest available grain which is necessary to keep a working man, woman or child in good health) is sufficiently high to have attracted the families of those who are not reduced to distress. Local inquiry and the tentative raising and lowering of the task and the wage respectively are necessary in order to establish an equilibrium. This is a matter demanding the utmost care and circumspection, so imperative is it at once to husband the resources at hand, and at the same time to avoid putting an undue strain upon the really distressed, who, if once frightened off the works, would probably refuse to return, preferring to "qualify" (by the attainment of a certain degree of emaciation) for gratuitous relief. By an ingenious contrivance it has been arranged that, as distress deepens, and the vitality of the people becomes impaired, the "intermediate system" can, by a stroke of the pen, and without dislocating the previous organization, be transformed into the "task system," whereby fines are limited, and a minimum wage is fixed. It is doubtful if the change will be found necessary; I believe that the present system, augmented by the establishment of a few infirm gangs, will be found workable till the return of prosperity. Such is the method on which the large relief works (under the direct management of the Public Works Department, but inspected and regulated by the administrative authorities of the district) are organized. These are the backbone of relief operations, at least during the open months. Each district contains several large camps, furnished with a staff, a supply of tools, a sufficiency of money to pay the workers, and a sufficiency of grain

shops to turn their wages into food. Each of these camps draws from six to ten thousand workers. The work done is one of public utility, generally the making of a road—earth-embanking, digging out cuttings, the collection and breaking of metal. The laborers are divided into gangs containing a proper proportion of "diggers" and "carriers," or "rezas." Men, women and children all have their appointed work and remuneration; the seats of the mighty are at present perplexed by the question whether the wages of men and women should, on physical grounds, be the same or different; the question, in reality, resolves itself, since hardly any woman is strong enough to dig; hence all the gentler sex "carry;" and the wage of a "carrier" or "reza" is lower than that of a "digger." A single "charge" (as such a relief work is called) may contain as many as a hundred gangs. Each gang is generally composed of people from the same village; they work well together, and families are thus kept united. Some villager of approved probity heads the gang with the title of "mate;" he draws higher pay, and keeps the people up to their work. The organization is astonishing. As one rides down the long line of "gangs," each "mate," resplendent in a red badge bearing the distinctive "gang number," rushes forward and thrusts under one's eyes the "gang roll," which shows the number of each class of workers. One selects a gang at haphazard for purposes of checking; in a moment it is lined up, class by class, along the road. Over the "mates" are the "moharrirs," each of whom superintends and pays some ten or more gangs. Over all is the "officer in charge," some well-educated and trustworthy native, who is responsible for the organization and working of the whole. A special officer is deputed to measure up the work done; another keeps the tool store. A native surgeon

is established at each camp, with hastily erected hospitals, and supplies of quinine and permanganate of potash; he superintends the children's kitchen. A body of temporary police must be organized to guard the treasure-chests. The main camp presents an animated and orderly scene. The officer in charge is forming new gangs from the latest arrivals, interrupted now and then, as the "moharrirs" ride in with reports from distant parts of the work; the tool-store is issuing picks and spades; the children, neatly numbered with tin tickets, are flocking to their meal of rice and pulse. At night the workers bivouac by the side of the road. Each family seats itself round a fire, and prepares the evening meal. For six miles or more the country is traversed by a line of flickering bon-fires. As the flames die down the workers wrap themselves in their blankets and sleep round the embers. There is nothing sordid or miserable about these camps. The people, if relieved in time, retain their energy and good spirits. The horrors of famine are not merely averted—they are concealed under a scene of animation and activity. Many trifling difficulties present themselves on these large works. The numbers of workers and the large area over which each "charge" extends demand constant and laborious inspection. The staff must be carefully selected with a view to honesty. Often it is difficult to supply sufficient copper coin to pay each individual worker. Above all, there is the question of water supply; the work may have to be extended through tracts where, for miles, there is hardly a well, perhaps only a few stagnant pools; the native's capacity for drinking water is phenomenal, especially when he is at work all day under a tropical sun. If these thousands of laborers cannot be supplied with pure water, they will have been saved from starvation only to

perish by cholera. To meet this difficulty numbers of water-carts (save for absence of the sprinkler identical with those that water the streets at home) have been imported from great distances to these remote uplands. Over the rough side roads, often over no roads at all, they bring water from guarded and disinfected sources. At stated intervals along the work neat little huts have been erected. Here the water is stored in clean metal tanks; and in each of these sits a "giver of water," a person of good caste, from whose hands all may drink, who dispenses his store to the thirsty through a long tin pipe. Each customer, in his turn, squats before the end of this pipe, and conveys the falling stream by means of his hands to his mouth, after the usual Oriental method. Thus, all can drink, and none need be defiled.

These large works are the backbone of relief. But there are some classes who cannot make use of them. There are cultivators who still have some precarious standing crops, or who fear to leave their cattle. For these, work must be provided in the village. The task of supplying it falls to the civil authorities, and is carried out by the "relief officer," or, as he is now styled, "charge officer." It is his duty to discover where such works are urgently required, and to establish a network of them sufficient to employ all who cannot leave their homes. These works have to be on a small scale (not more than three hundred are admitted on any single work), because the unlettered village authorities, to whom the organization must be largely entrusted, cannot grapple with a larger number. On the other hand, they must be many, and are necessarily spread over a large area. The task of commencing these small works is no light one. Some object of public utility in the village must be selected (the clearing of some old tank, the

deepening of the village well, the embanking of Ram Baksh's field, the collection of stones off Narayan Rao's *rabi* land); the number of workers must be calculated; a task must be prescribed, an estimate made out; funds must be made over to the village headman; forms for registers and returns must be explained; and, hardest of all, provision must be made for future employment when the present work and funds are exhausted. Then, again, there are classes unfitted by their hereditary profession for the harder forms of manual labor. There are weavers, to whom advances must be made (for no one in these distressful times can afford to buy new clothes, and trade is at a standstill); the shepherds must be set to make blankets; the produce of both may be distributed gratis among the unclad poor; and thus a double charity is done, and the work of relief becomes twice blest. The fashioners of vessels of clay or stone are employed to make platters for the "kitchen children," who otherwise would eat off leaves.

The second great division of relief is that termed "gratuitous." No labor is exacted from the recipients. It is intended for those only who, through disease or deformity, the care of many children, old age, or tender years, are incapable of doing a day's work. It is mainly distributed in three ways. First, there is relief extended to the "dependents" of laborers upon the large relief works; these are chiefly children who are maintained in large kitchens. Doles, too, are given for babes at the breast, or for some antiquated relative—some Anchises whom the stalwart son, Aeneas-like, has carried from the desolation of his ancestral home. Secondly, there are "village kitchens." These are intended primarily for children, but also for any starving wanderers who may solicit aid, or for adults incapable of doing their own

marketing and cooking. The whole country is mapped out into groups of villages, in each of which a kitchen is established under the management of the village schoolmaster, the village headman, or, if the neighborhood can boast of none capable of reading and writing, some literate "moharrir," whom the wage of a few coppers a day will persuade to reside in savage exile. These groups are so arranged that every single child, save those of the tenderest years, can walk twice a day to the central kitchen village, and twice a day consume his daily dole under the eyes of the manager. Troops of children, attended by some few anxious parents, or by the village watchman, may be seen in every direction marching to their repasts, labelled and docketed with tin tickets, on which are blazoned the name and parentage of each child, his serial number, the amount of food he shall receive, and the initials of the officer responsible for his registration. These kitchens are a most satisfactory and important item in famine-relief operations. It is the lives of the future generation that must be most carefully husbanded; and it is just these that first succumb to the pinch of starvation; moreover, it was abundantly shown in the previous famine that parents who receive money doles for their children apply them to other purposes. In times when mankind is brought face to face with crude and elemental calamity the ties even of closest relationship are broken; the mother starves the child that she may add a few ounces to her own daily ration. Thirdly, there is the elaborate organization of "house-to-house" relief, or, as it is generally called, "village relief." This is worked through the revenue officers under the civil authorities. All those incapable of work, the aged, the blind, the lame, the lepers, the great with child, are brought on to village registers, and receive a daily payment sufficient to keep



them alive. Three per cent. of the population is prescribed as an ideal limit for this form of relief; but in a country which has not yet recovered from a previous famine the numbers will be larger. In 1897 in some of the more distant aboriginal villages during the rainy season, it was found necessary to bring sixty or seventy per cent. of the people upon the rolls; and thus whole villages were practically supported by Government till the ripening of the crops put an end to the calamity. The means of conveying the money to the recipients is as follows. Each district is, for purposes of revenue collection, permanently divided into circles, each of which is provided with a revenue inspector, drawing pay at the rate of about 30*l.* per annum. Under each of these inspectors is a number of lesser officials, called *patwaries*, who keep the village maps and records. In times of famine the number of inspectors is doubled or even trebled; these officers, who are placed under the orders of the "relief officer" (or "charge officer"), bring the names of all who are deserving of village relief upon the register which is maintained in each village. The pay given is just sufficient to preserve the recipients; it is drawn from the nearest treasury by the inspectors, who either distribute it themselves once a fortnight to each village headman, or hand it over to the *patwaries* for direct distribution to the sufferers. The work of the inspector is arduous, as he has generally some seventy villages under his charge.

It may be asked whether it is not insufficient to give money in a country where prices rule at famine rate and grain is scarce. Should not Government take upon itself the importation and distribution of foodstuffs? The answer, dictated by the experience of several famines, is that private trade is sufficient to meet all demands, while Government interference is always

costly and often ends in failure. At the commencement of distress panic seizes the people; prices fluctuate wildly; the grain dealers see the chance of immense profits; corn is held up or offered at exorbitant rates. During this transition period Government does what it can by offering advances on liberal terms for the sale of grain at reasonable prices. But as soon as the country has settled down to a status of famine, and it is known that relief in money is being liberally given by Government, grain begins to pour even into remote tracts; and, as distress deepens, prices actually fall, though always ruling high. Thus importation, influenced by the laws of economy, spares the Government the almost impossible task of distributing grain in districts where it is often difficult to supply with sufficient rapidity even so portable a commodity as coin. There is, however, one exception to the rule; and this leads me on to speak of the special steps necessary for the relief of the aboriginal tribes.

The two main difficulties which render it necessary to modify the system of relief in the case of these less civilized people have already been indicated—their aversion to organization and the intractable nature of the country they inhabit. To meet the former it has been found necessary, in place of trusting to the large relief works, to institute a number of small works, so located that the people can return each night to their homes. This year centres have been chosen for grass-cutting operations, and placed under the management of the Forest Department. This is a kind of labor congenial to the wild tribes, and highly useful in a season when fodder will be terribly scarce. Some of the Gonds, however, on account of the isolation of their villages, or out of sheer "cussedness," cannot be induced to attend works. In 1897 I frequently found men who had, a few

weeks before, been able-bodied, who lived in villages but half a mile from some work where admission was easy and pay liberal, who had yet preferred to sit foodless at their doors watching the tollers, till they themselves were reduced to a state past all recovery. Their explanation of this behavior was always the same: "*Kam ne banta*," which may be translated, "We can't work," or, more properly, "We won't work." The only remedy for such is an early application of village relief, or, if available, of kitchen relief. As regards the second difficulty, I am bound to say that in 1897, though I was in one of the least accessible districts in all India, I found one small spot, and only one, where it was anything like impossible to exchange the money provided by Government for the necessities of life. But there are other reasons for paying the aborigines in grain as well as the possible insufficiency of supplies. The Gond is a lover of strong drink, and if he becomes suddenly possessed of a considerable round sum, he often proceeds upon the "bust." Moreover, he is superstitious; and if hunger has made him feel unwell, I have often found that he would spend his money in the purchase of a sacrifice, believing that the gods, thereby appeased, would restore him to health. The result generally was that the gods got but little of the sacrificial goat, while the Gond died from the effects of an ample and unaccustomed meal.

To prevent the recurrence of such accidents, Government has undertaken, not indeed the importation, but the distribution of coarse grain in lieu of payment. Substantial merchants have been persuaded to open stores of *juari* in the forest tracts, whence the forest officials distribute a daily measure (ranging from nearly two pounds downward per worker) in exchange for a headload of grass brought into the grass depot, or for a day's labor on

some form of employment. The extension of this system to village relief is, at present, under contemplation; but a liberal working of village kitchens renders this further step less imperative.

While the population is thus saved from starvation, it is less easy to provide for the cattle. Grass is scarce, and the straw from the withered crops is stunted. Something has been effected by the dépôts for grass-collecting. But it is to be feared that unless the monsoon of 1900 breaks early, these districts may share the fate of other portions of India, and the mortality among cattle may be heavy.

#### V.

Having provided for food, the authorities have to consider the still more difficult question of water. It is the failure of the ordinary water-sources that has terrified the people almost more than the destruction of their crops. The improvement of the water-supply is the task of the famine relief officer. In almost every village wells have to be deepened; in Gond villages, where there are none, new ones must be dug. The work serves as a small relief work in each village; and, the expenses being defrayed entirely by Government, there is considerable competition among the villagers as to whose well shall be deepened. Applications for well-sinking flow in with overwhelming rapidity; but the less civilized folk, who are generally the worst off, suffer in silence, or only make known their wants when the relieving officer visits their village. If there should happen to be a good well in the place, the people often try to hide its existence, showing only those wells that have dried up. It is, therefore, necessary to watch for the stream of women coming and going with their brazen water-vessels gracefully poised on their heads, and track the tell-tale procession to the water

supply. Generally, however, this proves to be merely a trickle at the bottom of some deep well, where the people must sit and wait in turn, hour after hour, till sufficient of the muddy fluid has collected to fill a pitcher. Then comes the question as to which well offers the best chance of successful excavation. Each owner of an irrigation well claims this attribute for his own, and points out how his sugar-cane or his wheat-field is doomed to wither if some aid is not accorded to him. Those who have no such interests declare that the village well, where all may draw, and always have drawn, should claim the first attention. The question is complicated by the co-existence in each community of two castes—the purer Hindus and Gonds on the one hand, the weavers on the other. No weaver may draw from the well of the Hindus lest it be defiled; nor will a Hindu drink from the hands or the well of a weaver. Thus it becomes necessary either to dig two wells or to depute a certain number of the Hindu element to give water to their less exalted fellow-villagers. The choice of a well should be made solely with reference to the chance of its affording a good supply. Low ground, near some dry river-bed, is the most promising. Wells that penetrate rock should be avoided, first, because their deepening is expensive; secondly, because the chance of finding water is small, especially where, as in this neighborhood, the common rock is black basalt. When the choice has been made, the breadth and depth of the well must be measured; an estimate must be drawn up, based on these data and the nature of the soil to be excavated. Then money for the wages of the laborers must be made over to the headman, and the methods of working and account-keeping have to be explained. Often special tools must be supplied—heavy pickaxes, crowbars, iron mallets and “jumpers.”

If the rock is hard, powder must be given, and professional well-sinkers, skilled in the art of blasting, must be despatched to the spot. Several of these are permanently employed by each relief officer. All this must be done in a country where resources are difficult to obtain. Then the work must be supervised—no easy task when it is proceeding in about a hundred and fifty villages at once. On completion it must be measured, and, if it is unsuccessful, a new attempt must be made.

Often wells are out of the question, or all attempts to find water fail. Holes must then be dug in any old tank or river-bed. But often rock is encountered, and then all that remains is to send the people for water to some neighboring village. In order that some water-sources, at least, may remain, and that the populace may not be compelled to emigrate *en masse*, every stream in which the least flow can be detected has been already carefully dammed up, either by earthwork or, more generally, by a stout brick wall. There are also some natural water-holes in which, while a large body of water is preserved, the danger of contamination arises. If the neighboring soil is fairly soft, this may be avoided by digging holes near the bank, into which the water may filter; if the people can be persuaded to use such *jhireas*, they are fairly safe. But, if the stream flows on a rock bed, such filtration is impossible, and an artificial filter must be constructed in the water itself. This is done by building up in the stream two concentric circles of uncemented brick; the intervening space is filled with rubble, and a ramp of sand or gravel must be thrown up around it. When the water contained in this cistern has been bailed out for some four days, the contents become clear and wholesome, the scum of the stagnant and often filthy water outside forming a deposit in the chinks of

brick and rubble, which is itself one of the best of filters.

Another form of employment for the people is the digging out of old tanks or "water pockets" for the use of cattle. Experience, however, has now shown that water thus laid bare over a large area rapidly evaporates; and, as the economizing of the fluid is of the highest importance, it is thus more advisable, except in certain soils, to dig *khireas*, or wells, and make the work of raising water for the cattle a form of continuous famine relief.

In this way provision is made for a starving and thirsty people. But, while Government undertakes to save life, it does not provide luxuries. The absence of a charitable relief fund in this year has robbed the operations of what was a principal feature and a heavy task in 1897. It is impossible to distribute clothes with any liberality. It will be impossible when the sowing time comes round to distribute gratuitous sums for the purchase of seed and plough bullocks.<sup>2</sup>

## VI.

Such are the main measures taken for the relief of the distress. A word about the officials who execute them, and their daily duties. Acting under the authority of the divisional Commissioner and the head of the Province, but responsible for the working of his own district, is the chief civil officer, called in these parts Deputy Commissioner. He is a member of the Civil Service, he supervises the entire organization of relief, plans and directs the network of relief centres, controls the available funds, and is the prime factor in the success of the operations. Under him are several relief officers, generally, but not always, Europeans. They are drawn from various sources; the

Civil Service, the Indian Staff Corps, the Police or the Forest Departments. It is they who have to carry out the policy of the Deputy Commissioner, who remain in the outlying parts of the district supervising the operations, and who come most closely into contact with the phenomena of famine. A relief officer must see to every form of relief operations in his charge; for, though works managed by the Public Works or Forest Departments are not under his orders, he reports upon them to the Deputy Commissioner. This, however, is only a small portion of his duties, which lie mainly in the supervision of small works, kitchens and village relief. Up with the dawn, the relief officer swallows a hasty morning meal, and leaves his tents to ride round a number of villages previously warned of his coming. In the hilly tracts it is often impossible to use a horse, and the steep slopes and bare black rock must be attacked on foot. On the upland plain, though the country is thick with large pebbles, there are generally fair bridle-paths where one can ride fast. But village inspection takes a long time; and the servants who follow on foot, carrying a bag of rupees, writing materials, and last, but not least, a basket of cold tiffin, generally come up before the work is half over. Perhaps one's arrival has to be arranged so as to hit off a village kitchen at feeding time. The numbers shown on the roll must be checked by the numbers actually present; classification must be inspected, for the amount of food given varies with the age of the child. The quality of the food must be examined, and the proper amount for a day's issue be calculated; the recent accounts must be gone through; and, finally, the stock of grain shown to be in hand must be measured—a laborious task. Then come complaints and difficulties.

The kitchen manager wants more

<sup>2</sup> This was written before the opening of the Mansion-House Fund.—H. S.

pay; the headman does not give efficient help; it is impossible to purchase condiments at the prescribed price; it is a time of famine; all men are starving and all things are dear. When the kitchen has been seen then comes the village relief. The village register, written up in square-headed Hindi characters, must be read over, the recipients answering to their names. They must be questioned to ascertain if they are receiving the proper dole. Among the Gonds this is no easy matter; an intelligent Gond cannot generally count further than twenty; his idea of money is of the haziest. Absentees must be searched for in their houses. The items of the roll must be compared with the statement of receipts and expenditure. Then, if any of those in receipt of relief appear to be fit for work, they must be shipped off to some work. Finally, the new candidates for relief are brought forward—aged folk, children whose caste forbids them to eat in the kitchen, a leper gesticulating with fingerless hands. This often necessitates a good deal of inquiry, as the native of India, even if well off, has a wonderful knack of making himself appear broken down and decrepit. Now an old lady, arrayed in her least becoming toilette, comes forward, bent double, leaning on her staff. The whole village is assembled for the function, and all know her usually upright gait; but not a face changes, where an English community would be convulsed at the attempted fraud. Something arouses suspicion; you order her to walk upright; she straightens herself, and moves off with an air of dignified disappointment. But it does not do to be too hard; it is so difficult (as I once heard it expressed) to know when a man is going to get thin. When the roll has been written up and the money paid down, there remains, perhaps, a village work to be seen. The gangs are checked, the work is measured, the

accounts squared, and fresh funds provided to carry on the operations. Then we leave the village, attended by its elders, still mourning over their withered crops, and asking for new measures of relief—the deepening of this well, the restoration of that tank. Their lamentations only end when we break into a gallop for the next village, where the same, or similar, business must be transacted. At midday comes tiffin under some shady tree, and then more villages. A trifling and finnikin sort of work it may seem, but famine relief, like life, is made up of trifles, but in itself is not a trifle. Then there is the office work, the transition of orders in vernacular to the circle officers, who seldom understand English; the correction and supervision of their work, the devising of fresh methods where those in use have proved faulty. Meanwhile, our camels have carried tent and kit to the next halting-place. At last, weary and thirsty, we see the gleam of white canvas through the evening gloom, and hurry on to where baths and cooling drinks shall compensate for the labor and heat of the day. These are pleasant moments in camp existence, but they have their price, long isolation from European society; day after day the same ceaseless drudgery, ever increasing in bulk and complication; in summer the raging heat under the ineffectual shade of canvas; after summer the tropical rains turning all the ways to mire, and making the luxury even of tents impossible.

As we enjoy the cool night air under the starlit sky, the thousand fires of some relief work twinkle out before us, or the smoke rises into the moonlight from a neighboring hamlet. There is nothing to show that we are in a place of famine. Yet, let vigilance be relaxed for a moment, and the villages would be deserted, the highways filled with hunger-stricken skeletons, and the



hyena and the vulture would be wrangling over the unburied dead. The day of petty, unheroic toll, preceded by

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many such, to be succeeded, alas! by many more, has done its work, and in a land of dearth they have enough.

H. Sharp.

## MADAME DU DEFFAND.

"There used to be in Paris," says Sydney Smith, "under the old *régime*, a few women of brilliant talents who violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers." There is no wittier description of the *Salonières*.

The Salon, as an institution, is wholly and exclusively French. The practical mind of England always want to be doing. The mind of France is more easily content to talk. In its Salons it talks to some purpose. They are the forcing-houses of the Revolution, the nursery of the Encyclopædia, the ante-chamber of the *Académie*. Here are discussed Freethought and the Rights of Men, intrigues, politics, science, literature. Here one makes love, reputations, *bons-mots*, epigrams. Here meet the brilliancy, corruption, artificiality of old France, and the boundless enthusiasms which are to form a new.

The *Salonières* have passed, like their Salons, forever. In the rush and hurry of modern life there is no time even for women to make conversation a cultivated accomplishment.

But one may well recall the lost mistresses of a lost art. For if they are too often, alas! corrupt, they are no more than any other human being wholly corrupt. When one thinks of them, one must needs think too of a tact and kindliness most womanly and most rare, of hearts not a little generous, of ideals not always base, and of a wit, tenderness, and understanding that must have made social life a witch's charm for care.

Great among them is Madame du Deffand.

Born Marie du Vichy Chamrond, she comes into the world just three years earlier than that greater than herself—Voltaire. She is of the nobility. Her father, the Comte de Vichy, has a dull noble estate in Burgundy. The Comtesse is, it would appear, a weak, colorless lady. Few details have been preserved about either of them. There is an aunt humpback, clever, and—contrary to the custom of her day—both unmarried and unconverted. Perhaps she is the *vieille tante*, whose philosophy of life Marie quotes when she is herself an old woman: "Pour supporter la vie, il fallait prendre le temps comme il vient, et les gens comme ils sont."

The child is left early an orphan, and is sent, at six years old, a pretty, shrewd creature, to the Convent of La Madeleine de Trénel, at Paris, where she is badly taught, or, at any rate, learns very little. That she is capable of learning anything is certainly not to be doubted, since the girl is always even more the mother of the woman than the boy is father of the man. But learning bores her, perhaps. Aren't there much more amusing ways of knowing all one need know than stupefying oneself over primers and textbooks, and paying attention to the weak-minded instruction of those simple nuns? The girl who is to become Madame du Deffand must have, even now, that horror of dulness, regularity and perseverance which is to be such a curse to her hereafter. "I was like

Fontenelle," she says, later, of these schooldays; "I was hardly ten years old when I began to understand nothing." It is the confession of a cleverness which, since it can't find out all, will sit down with folded hands and not bother itself to find out anything.

Marie is still a very young girl and a very pretty one, at her convent, when she alarms the nuns and her relatives (and has a wicked pleasure in alarming them, no doubt) with a profession of infidel tendencies. The priest, who is the girl's confessor, argues with her, and Marie argues with him. She is the cleverer of the two, with that logic not to be taught by books, and the pious confessor is only zealous and shocked. Marie's good aunt, Madame de Luyne, becomes so disturbed presently by her niece's unbelief that she sends the great Massillon to catechise and convert this charming heretic. And the heretic, who is a little bit awed by the fame and position of the preacher, is moved not at all by the strength of his reasoning, while the preacher—who is quite human, it appears, for all those magnificent denunciations of his, which are as a god's and will live forever—is, on his side, more impressed by the gay charm of this wilful dawning womanhood than by the naughtiness of the scepticism.

Marie finds life very dull when she is grown up, and presently leaves the convent. What *can* one do in the country, after all? The voices of Nature don't appeal to this brilliant girl. She already like the voices of the world, of homage to her talent and to her beauty, so much better. Is it to get away from the horrible *ennui* of staring at fields and woods, and the *canaille* of the starving country villages of 1718, that she is so perfectly ready to fall in with the wishes of her relatives that she should be married? She is so poor, too. She *must* marry *somebody*. She does not know any one to marry

but the Colonel Marquis du Deffand de la Lande, who is the first person, most likely, who has made an offer for her hand. One could not expect that the woman, of whom her truest friend says that her judgment on matters of conduct is almost always wrong, should, under the circumstances, refuse an eligible husband simply because she does not happen to care for him. It is in her character to be always dying for a new experience, something to amuse her, to vary routine. She varies it at one and twenty by the Marquis du Deffand.

He does not seem to be a bad sort of man, this Marquis. Perhaps he is, from the first, something of the nonentity he is to be for future generations—overshadowed always by his brilliant wife, rather stupid, rather indifferent, and dully philosophic. Or it may be instead that, just at first, while his novelty has not worn off, Marie finds him positively interesting, is pleasantly amused with her experiment, and troubles herself to be as entertaining and as delightful as she and a few of those gifted social contemporaries of hers alone know how.

There are but the barest records remaining of her childhood and youth; and of those early days of her marriage, none. One must fill in the blanks from what is known of a later Madame du Deffand, and then one guesses what a frank, witty, outspoken, imperious, impossible wife the Marquis has made the mistake of choosing. How long is it before she begins to find him a little bit monotonous? He does not do anything objectionable, it would seem. He is certainly not unkind. His only fault, perhaps, is that he has not taken into consideration the impetuous self-indulgence of his wife's character, her entire want of self-control, or the most elementary sense of duty. She finds him a "tiresome companion," and leaves him. In all the history of ill-assorted

marriages one will hardly find so candid and simple a reason for a separation.

She goes to Paris, throws herself into the quick life there, and satisfies her soul—or, at least, deadens the melancholy that even now must sometimes possess it—with pleasures. She visits everywhere; such a beautiful, witty Marquise carries her passport in her face and her intellect to almost any society. That queer separation, about which everybody is talking, only lends her an additional charm. It is so *bizarre*! The Marquise herself has the very good taste not to allude to it; and, no doubt, takes care that it is only behind her back other people shall discuss it, either. She is still not more than two or three and twenty, very beautiful, daring and imprudent, alone in a society where a woman needs a protector, if ever a woman did, very much sought after, very much flattered, very gay, very delightful. She goes to little suppers at Court—that vile and gorgeous Court of the Regent, where one would give anything and do anything for the companionship of a witty woman, who would relieve the awful satiety which follows unbroken pleasures and bring to those heated rooms and those jaded minds a fresh humor, a new spirit, a piquant story. There are other little Royal suppers, too, more private, to which Madame also goes presently.

It is on the testimony of one man alone that she is, for a brief fortnight, the object, and the willing object, of the Regent's degrading passion. But when one reflects that the man who tells the story is her sincere friend and confidant, and remembers the shamelessness of that society in which she shines, the statement seems but too likely to be true. It does not degrade the Marquise in the eyes of her friends. Most of the friends are not themselves in a position to be greatly shocked at

such irregularities. All Paris is still at her feet when she retires for a while to the Chateau de la Rivière at Bourdet, and begins to give those clever little suppers which are presently to make her name, and the whole interest of her life.

As the Marquise is not well off, it seems thoughtful of her grandmother to die presently and leave her a little fortune. The first delicious novelty of those supper parties and of Bourdet has worn off. Madame is looking about for a new sensation. Suppose she tries a reconciliation with the Marquis! There could hardly be a better moment now that she has become comparatively rich. This woman's heart is always frank and generous, and alien to many of the pettler vices. Has she a feeling somewhere—far down in it, too, that she has treated her husband—well, suppose one says rather cavalierly, and now she has an excuse for making amends, will make them? She rushes into her scheme in the most characteristically impulsive, hot-headed fashion. The pair have agreed on a six months' novitiate, which the Marquis is spending at his father's house. And Madame breaks through it impatiently, receives the gay compliments of all Paris on the reunion, and drags the Marquis, as it were, home at once. What is the good of delaying one's happiness? Prudence? Forethought? The words are not in her vocabulary. The two live in a "beautiful friendship" for quite six weeks. At the close of that time, Madame, at her end of the table, becomes ever so little *triste* and *distracte*; looks out of the window and sighs; responds to the Marquis's well-meant efforts at conversation with a fine melancholy; is more absent-minded still the next day; frankly ennuied a third; a little tearful a fourth; and so gently and despairingly wretched at last, that, as a gentleman, the only thing the Marquis can do is to return

to his father. Isn't it like the scene in a little French comedy? They do not quarrel. Quarrelling is so *bourgeois*. They have, even in this very difficult relationship, the most exquisite tact, finish, *politesse*—and as for duty and self control, no one can expect to find these in a mocking little *lever de rideau*. After the parting, Madame dissolves into floods of the most bewitching tears. There is mention of an old lover whom she has had to displace to make way for the Marquis. It is all quite complete. The inimitable *Parisienne*, who plays the heroine—the dull husband—that suggestion of some one else in the background. All Paris laughs out loud. Nothing could appeal more completely to the light-hearted cynicism of that inconsistent age. They did not disagree—you understand. But they were so consummately bored! And Paris laughs afresh till it can laugh no more.

To console her new loneliness, Madame visits a great deal presently at Sceaux, where the Duchesse du Maine (who says she likes society because everybody listens to her, and she doesn't listen to anybody), has her "galères du bel esprit." Here is Voltaire, lean, brilliant, bitter, and Made-moiselle de Launay, not yet married to Monsieur de Staal. Here comes, possibly, Madame d'Épinay, and certainly Madame de Lambert. La Mothe and the Abbé de Polignac talk together in this corner. Here the "divine Ludovise," the granddaughter of the great Condé, holds her little court. And there, brilliantly ignorant and enchantingly naïve and frank, Madame du Deffand is making the acquaintance of that supreme egoist, the President Hénault. There is hardly a woman in the company who has a shred of reputation left her, nor one who is not perfectly witty and delightful. It cannot surprise anybody who knows the punctiliously careful immorality of

this age, when vileness is hedged about with so much form and etiquette and decorum, as to be horribly confused in men's minds with virtue, that Madame du Deffand should think that the best way of clearing her honor—which really has suffered a little from her futile attempt to be reconciled to her husband—is to set up "ce qu'on appelait son ménage avec le Président." When she goes, later, to stay at the Eaux des Forges, she and the President exchange long letters filled with minute details about their health, and with sentences that show that Madame is not a bit blind to her new friend's defects. Perhaps he really is now, as he certainly is later, a friend only. Perhaps even in this topsy-turvy world of unpurified France—what wonder that its evil can only be washed out with blood?—the most charitable conclusion is still the least likely to be wrong. The Marquise, at any rate, is never a wholly vicious woman. She is at this time three and thirty. What she says of herself many years later is now, as then, the real key to her character, "Je m'ennuyais; de là toutes mes sottises."

She gets tired of Sceaux, as it is her doom to get tired of everything. Why should she bother herself to illuminate somebody's else's salon? She is brilliant enough, alone, to light one of her own. She has already given a few very gay little supper parties, after her return from Forges, at her lodging in the Rue de Beaune, and welcomed there Voltaire and his Madame du Chatelet, Hénault and Newton. Their success has stimulated her ambition. Sceaux is more irksome than ever when she goes back to it—as she still does prefunctorily sometimes—although d'Al-embert, that fickle, womanish genius, whom Madame protects and loves not a little disinterestedly presently, is now of its company.

The time, of course, is not long in

coming before she breaks with Sceaux entirely. She takes apartments in the Rue St. Dominique, in the Convent St. Joseph—apartments which have nothing conventional about them: one may be quite sure—and, in the room once occupied by Madame de Montespan, starts those “Soupers de Lundi” which become the rage.

This is, or should be, the happiest time in Madame’s life. Her social success is brilliant. She is in the splendid prime of her womanhood. She is always either entertaining or being entertained. “I was at supper ce soir . . . chez Madame de la Vallière, demain . . . aux Beauveau, hier chez le Président.” Everybody wants her, must want her. She is so amusing, so outspoken, so *méchante*. And still so *bizarre*! When her husband comes to die, she goes to take farewell of him as of a dear friend. No one but a Frenchwoman, and a Frenchwoman of this extraordinary period, could survive such a situation. She holds his hand, very likely, and apologizes from a quite frank heart for having been—so whimsical. How much or how little remorse there may be in her secret soul, God knows. She flings herself into the full tide of life again, and forgets.

Is it only that she is affected by a more than usually passionate fit of ennui that a day comes when she suddenly abandons her social gatherings, the suppers, the wits, with a shriek, as it were; hides her eyes from the lights and the glitter of the brilliant Paris she has loved, and takes refuge in her brother’s house in the country? Voltaire pursues her with Madrigals, and her lesser friends with a thousand persuasions to return. But she is deaf to all alike. A horrible fear has overwhelmed her. With what a torture of doubt and terror the suspicion grows daily nearer certainty! Her mind is a great deal too clear and straightforward to permit much self-deceit. It

must need all the courage of the woman to whom boredom is the supreme evil to face the fact that she is going blind.

There is no wonder, with this doom before her, that her solitary heart has a sudden dreadful eagerness for affection, for some one to cling to, to depend on. In her brother’s house, as governess to his little boys, there is a certain Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, poor and clever, born in ignominy, young, proud, passionate and charming. It is only natural that the two brilliant women should take a fancy to each other. Apart from the cruel fate, daily getting nearer, which the Marquise has to expect, she is now fifty-five years old, and must, in any case, be in need of companionship. Are my brother, the Comte, and my sister-in-law, the Comtesse, a little bit too dull and correct for this woman, whose life has been neither? Mademoiselle interests her, anyhow, more than any other person in the house. A stain on her birth? Why, that is quite correctly romantic, and exactly like the beginning of a novel. (Madame is devoted to novels—they are so little trouble to the intellect to read.) In an ambiguous position in a rich man’s house? Delightful! Impulsive and uncontrolled? So much the better. Mademoiselle has already arranged to leave the Marquis de Vichy’s service; and is living at Lyons upon twelve pounds a year when she receives Madame du Deffand’s offer of a home in the Convent St. Joseph, and an annuity of four hundred livres.

The Marquise goes back then, in 1753, to her Paris, and to her little suppers in the Rue St. Dominique, in spite of her affliction, which she has accepted with not a little fortitude and philosophy. “I am blind, Madame,” she writes to the Duchesse de Luynes. “I am praised for my courage, but what should I gain by despair?” In the spring of 1754 Mademoiselle de Lespinasse comes to Paris, and for ten years



helps her benefactress to entertain the most brilliant society of the age.

One can but hope that the Marquise finds her new venture, for a while, satisfactory. The marvel is not that these two undisciplined natures disagree at last, but that they do not disagree from the first. Madame's character is, one knows, quite frank, selfish and ill-regulated. Mademoiselle's belongs to another history. They fall into that old, old mistake very likely—which makes it so commonly impossible for women to live together—they *won't* leave each other enough independence of opinion and action. When the Marquise finds, at last, that her companion has started a rival Salon—in Madame's own room, and at an earlier hour than Madame holds her own—the final quarrel bursts into fire. The bonds of affection must have been often weakened by minor disagreements before this incident snaps them forever. There is a fine stormy scene. Mademoiselle threatens to take poison—does take just enough to make herself and everybody else uncomfortable. They part. Mademoiselle takes with her half the allegiance of many of Madame's court—and all the faithless fidelity of d'Alembert.

It is not a little painful to think of the old woman—she is now nearly seventy—blind and baffled, left sitting alone, with how many dreadful idle hours to think over the desertion of this dear friend, and mistrust the faith of that. Hénault proposes marriage to the Lespinasse, it is said. All the philosophers are against this old Marquise—either because she won't accept their philosophy, or because philosophers, too, are but men, and prefer the grace of youth to the cleverest old age. But Madame is not to be crushed. Society is still breath to her body, light to her blind eyes, life to her soul. She plucks up a spirit. She has still some faithful friends; her nightly gathering of celebrities; and then the intimacy of one

of the wittiest Englishmen that ever lived.

Look into her Salon at this time—on a Sunday evening, perhaps, somewhere in the small hours. For all the late desertions, here is a company so uniquely brilliant, that, as one watches it, one understands what Talleyrand means when he says that no one could conceive what a delightful thing life could be unless he belonged to the French aristocracy before the Revolution. Here is Horace Walpole, smart and gouty, with his fluent bad French and his indefinite sense of humor. Here is the President, very clever, very deaf, and not yet openly false. Here are the Neckers, my Lord Bath, Gibbon, George Selwyn, Lord Carlisle, the delightful Duchesse de Choiseul, the Duchesse de Luxembourg ("very handsome, very abandoned, very mischievous"), possibly Charles Fox, and a dozen minor celebrities. What a feast of epigram is here! On whatever subject these people talk, they talk brilliantly. Lord Bath finds that they know more about the history of England "than we do ourselves." They evolve couplets, quatrains, *caractères*. Every other word is a *bon-mot* almost. These lions don't all roar together and drown each other as the British lions do. French wit is still the most graceful, the most subtle, the most delicate, the most tactful, the most considerate wit in the world. This company has the perfection of good manners, if it has no other kind of perfection. There is, perhaps, no wonder that with the strong dawn of a utilitarian age such an institution as the Salon should fade forever. Those hard people whose only business it is to act have long blotted out the class whose chief business it was to talk.

From her armchair, quite blind and very farseeing, Madame leads that matchless company and conversation with the easiest grace. She scarcely

ever leaves the house in the daytime now. At night, unless she is entertaining at home, she is always at a party elsewhere, or at the opera, the theatre, or Versailles. She has the habit of never getting up until six o'clock in the evening—like the wicked nobleman in a story-book. In the mornings an old soldier from the Invalides comes to read aloud to her. She keeps Wiart, her secretary, busily employed; writes by him innumerable letters to Horace Walpole when he goes back to England.

Madame's relations to this man are, it would seem, not a little pathetic. In the ordinary acceptation of the word she is not, perhaps, in love with him. She is many years his senior. But then, too, she is dreadfully alone in the world, with the saddest need of human affection and the saddest lack of it in her life. Her letters are filled with that impulsive warmheartedness in which there is no kind of dignity. "I want you," she says, in effect. "I may make myself ridiculous by such an affection; but what do I care—what have I ever cared—for that?" And when he responds with that quiet prudence and carefulness for which one can but respect him—"You!" she says, "you! Why, you are a man of stone, of ice!—in a word, an Englishman!" And, at last—"Pouvez-vous ignorer? mais . . . je me tais."

She does not, indeed—it is not in her character—subdue herself at all satisfactorily for more than a few days. The feelings of her undisciplined old heart come bubbling up through her accounts of the Du Barri or the Dauphiness Marie Antoinette, through her shrewd opinions of the books that have been read to her, and her notes on Salons and suppers. Horace is the one passion of her life of which she does not live long enough to be cured.

As her years advance, that fatal ennui, which is her curse, gathers its

forces to overwhelm her. Books bore her now. They are so long and so trite and so like each other! Throw them away. For this, too, is vanity. Her old friends are dead. She has outlived many even of her old acquaintances. The zest of an enemy or two is wanting soon. When they tell her the Lespinasse is dead, she only says, "If she had died sixteen years earlier, I should not have lost d'Alembert." The President, too, has gone the way of all flesh. Oh, what a doom to sit alone amid the ruins of yesterday's feast with the other guests departed, and jaded memories of the banquet for all one's comfort! "I have no passion of any kind," writes the Marquise to Walpole, "hardly any taste for anything; no talents; no curiosity . . . *que faut-il donc que je fasse?*" And when he replies in attempts at consolation—"I thank you for your good advice," says she. "I am old, deaf, blind. I wish I could take it; but that cannot be." It is the acme of hopelessness.

Even the society to which she clings palls upon her at length. As she sits in that old *tonneau* of hers, the wit falls on her ears, flat, stale and unprofitable. How well she knows the tricks of expression and manner which gild dullness even, or make so little cleverness seem so much. To despise the world to the full, one must be a worldling. Oh God! what a death before death, to see the vanity and emptiness of the life one has chosen, and yet to have no hope beyond it. This woman is quite without religion. She has tried to be *dévoté*, and failed. She is sceptical even of scepticism. Call in the guests, then; multiply the suppers, laugh, talk, jest, that one may escape a little that "blank stare of the grave." Anything is better than those blind, sleepless nights of dreadful retrospect and shuddering anticipation. In the dead of them the blind old woman sits up and tries to occupy her brain mechanically

by making verses. In the morning there will be at least life, stir, movement, the preparation for the company of the evening. But the nights—Not all the precepts of all the preachers are so awful a sermon as the latter end of this Marquise.

In the July and August of 1780 she complains of being more than usually feeble and languid. Her friends, Madame de Choiseul and the Duchesse de Luxembourg, come often to see her, and do, perhaps, the very little any human creature can do for her now. Her companion, Mademoiselle Samadon, is quite dutiful and uninteresting. Her servants have a passionate attachment for her, not founded on the virtues and stability of her character, nor yet hard to understand. On August 22, 1780, she writes her last letter to Horace Walpole. "I have not enough strength now even to be afraid of death," she says; "and, except that I shall never see you again, I have nothing to regret."

From that day she never rises from her bed. She has no illness, hardly any bodily suffering. But she is tired to her soul. The anteroom is full of inquirers who have been the *habitués* of those brilliant suppers. But what can these people do for her now? A little while before her death she hears Wiart weeping by her bed. "You love me, then?" she says, with a pitiful astonishment that any human creature *can* care for what must have been troublesome and a burden too often. When he asks her if she suffers, she replies, "No, no." She sinks at last into lethargy, and from lethargy very gently into death. That supreme weariness, called life, is finished.

How shall one judge the character of such a woman? She is the princess of the fairy tale, who is given at her birth all the gifts of the gods save one—the power of turning the others to account. All her friends—and she has many—

speak of her warm and generous heart, her instinct which is almost genius, her ready wit and tact, her clear, honest insight, her bold and independent judgment. In a very artificial age she is quite unaffected and downright, and retains to her last hours an extraordinary *naïveté* and freshness. If she could have disabused herself of the idea—an idea common in all the French upper classes before the Revolution—that life is intended to be an amusement, this Marquise might have been great, too. But, to escape *ennui* she marries in haste, forfeits her honor, debases her soul, commits a thousand daily meannesses, wastes her powers, and ends a fine example of her own aphorism, that "Happiness is the philosopher's stone which ruins those who seek it."

As for her mind, it is one with which all but the very solemn will have, at least, some sympathy. Madame hates metaphysics, morals and philosophy. She likes to jump at conclusions (and always jumps at the right ones) instead of arriving at them solidly by the stupid beaten track of learning and experience. She loves anecdotes or a gossip book of memoirs—only it must be gossip. History? Well, one is obliged to read a little history, because it helps one to know men, which is "the only science that excites my curiosity." She is dreadfully bored by "*Clarissa Harlowe*," which is ever so much too long, says Madame, though she is almost the only critic of her day who finds that out. Buffon she thinks of an insupportable monotony, and "*Télémaque*" wearisome to death; hates "*Don Quixote*," and does not find anything in the vivid imagination of "*Gulliver*" to appeal to her particularly common-sense old mind. There is, at least, no humbug about Madame's opinion's. She yawns dreadfully over Milton, as many other persons have yawned over him without the courage

to say so. She has a very un-French insight into the weakness of her own nation, and estimates it—gay, bright, shallow, delightful—quite soundly. Nor has she the slightest hesitation in observing that that famous Jean-Jacques everybody is raving about is disagreeable to her; that she has never seen anything more contrary to good sense than his "Emile," or to good manners than his "Héloïse," and nothing in the world quite so dull and obscure as his "Contrat Social."

She has the very good sense, considering the position of all her class, not to be at all fanatical for liberty, which, after all, says she, and as if she could see into that wild future, is not to be found in democracy, where one has a thousand tyrants in place of one. "I always hated the people," she says again; "and now I detest them." Well

for her, perhaps, that she does not live to see that day when the people sit in dreadful judgment upon such utterances as these. Her letters are as candid and impulsive as herself. When she has a great deal to say, she says it; and when she has nothing to say, she stops. When she feels hopeless, she writes hopelessly; and when she feels scandalously, she writes scandal. But she also makes that famous old *régime* live once more. She is herself an embodiment of its spirit and a type impossible to any other age or nation. In her one sees its mad thirst for pleasure; its feelings after truth; its fine principles and its faulty practice; its wit, spirit, humor; its profligacy, selfishness, despair. And with her something of the charm that made it delightful, and of the candor that sweetened its corruption goes into darkness forever.

S. G. Tallentyre.

Longman's Magazine.

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### GREEN BUSHES.

The green bushes when first I loved you,  
When we met and my heart approved you,  
Tossed the gold and the scarlet high,  
Gold and scarlet went drifting by.

Ochone, the wind and the weather!

Days when you and I were together;

Much we heeded the leaf on the tree:

'Twas hearts' springtime to you and me.

The green bushes when we were married  
White rose and the red rose carried,  
When you drew me your threshold o'er,  
Rose and white for our wedding floor.

Ochone, the days that are over!

I beloved, and you my lover,

Little we cared what the world might say,

You and I on our wedding day.

The green bushes grow thin and shiver,  
You and I we are lovers ever;  
Cheek to cheek and heart to heart,  
Still true lovers that none can part.

Ochone, winter goes sighing,  
 Love in a world of care and dying;  
 Ah, forget that I made you sad,  
 Yet remember I made you glad.

The green bushes grow gray and vernal,  
 Spring comes back and Love is eternal;  
 In your arms come kiss, forgive me:  
 Had you ever the heart to grieve me,  
 Ochone?

Pall Mall Magazine.

*Katharine Tyan.*

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### JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.\*

Several years ago, at the moment when Mr. Chamberlain quitted the ranks of the Liberal party to enter the admiring circle of the Conservatives, I watched him one evening in one of the Belgrave Square palaces. He was standing, surrounded by many of the handsomest and most elegant gentlemen of the aristocracy, and graciously accepting their very respectful homage. It was a strange spectacle; and I suspect that Chamberlain himself, though giving no external evidence thereof, enjoyed it all immensely. His physiognomy thoroughly indicates his character, not striking nor distinguished, but full of energy, intelligence, obstinacy; the physiognomy, in short, of a merchant, not of a statesman, of a shrewd man, not an intellectual one. The inevitable monocle in his eye serves to conceal its expression, and the short, turned-up nose gives a common cast to features otherwise fine and regular. In the last few years he has changed more in appearance than his age would justify, and he is tortured, it is said, both with gout and neuralgia. Surely, one of these afflictions might have sufficed! Chamberlain dresses well—"too well," one of my friends, an ex-vice-roy, whispered in my ear that evening—and is never

seen without an orchid in his button-hole, a flower culled from those famous hothouses which the Conservatives threatened to burn down only a short time ago, when he was so hated by them as to be considered little better than anti-Christ. It has been said, and probably with truth, that Chamberlain left the Liberal party on account of his jealousy of Gladstone, and of his irritation at the mastery which the latter never failed to exercise over his colleagues. Another cause of his defection was the presence of Lord Rosebery, just then at the beginning of his promising career in the Liberal ranks, also of Vernon Harcourt, and, among the Home Rulers, of that great genius, Charles Stewart Parnell, in whom Chamberlain must undoubtedly have recognized an invincible superior. If these were his real reasons, he ought surely to feel satisfied now, since no one in Lord Salisbury's cabinet dare venture to contradict or thwart the powerful Colonial Minister, who is, in fact, if not *de jure*, the actual head of the Government. Many a distinguished man has been minister to the colonies, notably Lord Carnarvon and the first Lord Lytton, but no one has ever made of this subordinate office the throne of *Suprema Lex* that it is made by Joseph Chamberlain. And with whom lies the

\* Translated for The Eclectic Magazine by M. W. L.



fault? Let us endeavor to settle this question, since the problem is an interesting one; and it is a phenomenon of even greater interest to see Robert Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury, fallen under the dominion of the merchant of Birmingham. In the Conservative party, at the moment of Chamberlain's entrance into it (as indeed later, and even up to to-day), there was no one equal in force of character and depth of intelligence to himself. The only person who might have ventured to command him was Lord Salisbury, but, as the facts have since clearly shown, Chamberlain was perfectly sure of his ability to overrule the illustrious head of the Tories as easily as he overrules and subordinates so many lesser personages. A friend of mine, in speaking to me of Lord Salisbury, once said: "He is a cannon of large calibre, but he either misses fire or shoots wide of the mark." This is probably Chamberlain's opinion also, and it makes him determined to manage this "cannon of large calibre" himself. And the facts show that he has judged correctly, when one considers his triumphal success. Let posterity condemn him if it will; I believe him to be a man to whom it matters but little what may be said of him after his death. He is strong and calous, with a large dash of cynicism in his composition, and to a politician of this type the judgment of history is of no moment, and fame but a carnival masquerade, to the sound of a blatant trumpet. The great Napoleon after his Egyptian campaign said: "If I should die tomorrow, I should be given only half a page in a universal dictionary." To Chamberlain I believe it would be a matter of indifference whether he got half a page or a whole one. What he cares for is to lead others. Had he appeared fifty years earlier, would he have succeeded in this? I do not believe it. For, in the first fifty years of the nineteenth century the world sought

after and admired qualities vastly different from his own; while nowadays it is precisely such talents as his which succeed best; by which remark I certainly do not mean to pay a compliment either to him or to the times. In a nobler or more upright epoch than the present, a great party like the one which calls itself the Conservative would have rejected with scorn the Radical turned Tory. Instead, it has received him with open arms, and paid assiduous court to him; indeed, the victory of the Tories at the elections of 1895 would not have been possible without his permission—had he not felt sure, that is, of being included in the ministry.

Chamberlain has been equally fortunate in the opportunities with which fate has presented him, and in his capacity to make use of them; in the mediocrity of the men acting with him, as well as of those opposed to him, and in his ability to master the former and intimidate the latter. Fortunate has he also been in respect to the present indifference of the English people on the subject of religion, for, in the past, the whole nation would have regarded with horror the entrance of a Unitarian into an office of the government. But his most marvellous piece of good fortune has been the appearance of Irish autonomy on the scene, precisely at the moment when he conceived the desire to enter the Conservative camp. Without the agitation for Home Rule it would have been very difficult for him to make the *saut périlleux* with the assurance of being well recompensed, and of being able to assume among the Tories the same exalted position he had held among the Radicals, if not, indeed, a more exalted one still. Later, Chamberlain's good star so willed it that, in the year which is just ending, the grave illness (terminating fatally) of the Prime Minister's faithful life-companion preoccupied and saddened Lord Salisbury, deeply at-

tached to his wife, to the point of causing him to resign, more and more each day, the guidance of the ship of state into the hands of his colleagues. To me it seems that the Queen of England would have done well to say to Lord Salisbury, "Either turn Mr. Chamberlain out of your cabinet or resign your own post to him." So long as he is permitted to exercise the full powers of the Government, it is but just that he should also assume the full responsibility. Perhaps, had the Sovereign thus acted, matters in the secret *dossier* of the Colonial Minister would not have kept secret so long. I believe the Tory party would have made a better figure, and would have deserved better of the country, if it had not allowed itself to be intimidated by Chamberlain; what is done, is done, however; and, at this moment, the merchant of Birmingham finds himself the master of the situation. But Chamberlain denies that he has become an Opportunist, or in any way changed his views; according to him, it is the Conservative party itself that has seconded all his wishes, and in this assertion there is a grain of truth—though not the whole truth. As two negatives make an affirmative, perhaps also two desertions constitute fidelity! The Conservatives, and especially their central organ, the Primrose League, received the Liberal ex-minister with hysteric joy; the whole of its aristocratic society fell on its knees before him, and all shouted "Chamberlain," as one might shout "Christ." Imperialism had gained thereby, Home Rule had indisputably lost, but what no one seemed to perceive was that the aristocratic party stood harnessed to the triumphal chariot of the deputy from Birmingham, and has remained thus harnessed up to the present hour. It is a singular spectacle, and, as I have said, far from a noble one. It will be a chapter little honorable in the history of England should it terminate in

the delirious triumph of an unjust war and the consequent apotheosis of Chamberlain. It is he who has incited and driven the whole nation into this war in the Transvaal, and well may he call it, as the Empress Eugenie called the war of 1870, "*Ma guerre à moi.*" Had Chamberlain remained a simple Syndic of Birmingham, with the sole ambition of turning out screws and ruling its municipal council, this struggle in the Transvaal would never have taken place. The war has been conceived, and forced upon the nation, by the Colonial Minister alone. Lord Salisbury, late in the day, and after a long and significant silence, accepted the responsibility of it, in his speech at Guildhall some time ago. The Premier naturally repelled the attacks of the French Chamber of Commerce, but whoever has attentively followed the action of Chamberlain, both before and after the epoch of the Royal Commission upon Rhodes and the Jameson raid, can have no doubt of the intimate relations existing between the former and Chamberlain. The Commission broke off this work suddenly, without allowing any light to drift in upon Rhodes's obscure proceedings, and at each smallest appearance of danger to him the President of the Commission intervened and closed the mouth of the witness. We have been witnesses to similar disgraceful stratagems in Italy, also! During the first two days of the examination Cecil Rhodes, it is said, was extremely nervous, but afterwards, thoroughly reassured when he saw how matters were proceeding, he resumed his usual appearance of stolid indifference. These accounts are not mere suspicions nor idle tales; they are truths which clearly emerge from the reports of this comedy of a commission, or committee, of inquiry, of 1897.

Later on, indeed only a few months ago, the Chartered Company of Africa,

finding itself in great financial embarrassments, was bought by the Government, of which Chamberlain is one of the most conspicuous members, and the price paid seemed to many too great. Every one knew well that Chamberlain held a considerable number of shares of this Company, and a timid interrogation in regard to the transaction was ventured upon in the House of Commons. But Chamberlain replied curtly, when questioned, that he had not negotiated the sale to the State, and had not been present when the vote was taken, and there the matter dropped, and the State and the Nation were obliged to rest satisfied with this audacious excuse. In the past life of the nation nothing was more vehemently inveighed against by all parties than an act of a statesman that might seem to accrue to the advantage of a private chartered company, but, although this transaction had all the appearance of such an arrangement, no further notice was taken of it, in spite of the fact that nothing similar of so glaring a nature had occurred since the days of Sir Robert Walpole. Chamberlain, as an eminent English author wrote to me a few days ago, has carried with him into political life the standards and modes of belief of an unscrupulous *commis voyageur*. He boasted one day, in one of his speeches, of belonging to the *Gentlemen's* party, but no true gentleman would have made such a boast. A trader may possess shining qualities,—great audacity, great shrewdness and intelligence—but these are not the only qualities required in a political leader. A gentleman (truly a simple-minded one!) having written to Chamberlain to know if it were true that he had always cherished the desire and the intention of going to war with the Transvaal, the latter replied, on October 16th last: "I fear that there will always be found those who attribute bad motives to my actions. Tennyson said that

every man attributes those motives to others which would have actuated himself under similar circumstances." This was his sole reply, and any one who can expect from him a direct answer to a direct question knows him but little. Chamberlain is a trickster, but his knavery does not wear an elegant and smiling mask, as did that of Disraeli. He does not possess the talent, unrivalled for a politician, of taking refuge in exquisite and airy phrases which mean nothing. He never speaks boldly and openly; his replies are either equivocal or directly brutal. He is easily angered, and one can see by his face that he does not possess the self-control which is one of nature's most precious gifts to a born gentleman. But his uncouth manners, his cynicism, his business finesse have completely captivated both English society and the English government, and we witness the strange spectacle of cultivated men like Mr. Arthur Balfour, for instance, turned into mere puppets in his hands, voluntarily relinquishing in favor of his schemes their own political beliefs, as well as their personal integrity. He has carried with him to the Treasury bench the manners and mode of speech that formerly served his purpose in administering the municipal government of Birmingham. When he is sincere he is vulgar, and his comparison of President Kruger to a sponge that needed *squeezing* is a fair sample of his eloquence. I can never believe that the House of Commons at Westminster would have supported him in the days of Palmerston or Melbourne—those days when orators quoted Greek and Latin in their speeches, certain of being understood by at least the greater part of their audience. I uphold that no seed can grow unless it fall on the ground that is fitted to receive it, and the Great Britain which endures, and, indeed, frequently applauds Chamberlain, is no longer the Great Brit-

ain of Canning, of Wellington, nor of the first years of Gladstone, for Disraeli's doctrines have permeated the life of England throughout its highest spheres as a pernicious fever penetrates into, and predominates over, a district. I have not space here to enter into particulars in regard to that phenomenal Venetian Jew who governed and led in the leash the entire aristocracy of England.

Another time, perhaps, I can treat the subject more at length, and endeavor to explain the causes which rendered possible the dominion acquired by Disraeli over a nation whose ideals and character were so directly the opposite of his own. Never has there been seen a more marvellous spectacle, and, stranger yet, that influence continues, and, indeed, is still growing, fostered by that singular association known as the Primrose League, so called from a supposed fondness of Disraeli for the modest little blossom of the primula. In spite of his real genius, Disraeli had a passion for *réclame*, for false show, for luxury, for glare and glitter. This is evident in all his speeches, and all his novels as well, and he has succeeded in engrafting this taste upon the taciturn and reserved English character. The first sign of this mania in the nation was shown when Disraeli was allowed to transform an old and illustrious monarchy into a new and "Brummagem" Empire! After this first step the rage for pomp pervaded the whole country, and it is the cause why this truly great and noble nation has become puffed up with the pride of riches, and is never weary of proclaiming loudly her superiority to all the rest of the world, though surely vanity is no more edifying in a nation than in an individual. This change which, without doubt, is the work of Disraeli and the plutocracy, in great part Jewish and commercial, has prepared the way for Chamberlain, who

is ever engaged in beating up recruits for the cause, and who, without the idealism of Disraeli, is valner, more cruel and less scrupulous; indeed, one may almost say he has no scruples. At the time of Disraeli's ascendancy the country was governed principally by an old aristocracy of elevated sentiments; now it is ruled by financiers and speculators, who make that same old aristocracy dance, whatever tune they choose to play. There are signs that the country is tired of Lord Salisbury, who still remains faithful to many of the best customs and ancient traditions of the state, and that it would prefer to remain under the sole guidance of the Birmingham merchant. Lord Salisbury has too many scruples, is too honorable, too dignified for the new epoch, and it is painful to see such a man become the echo of, and the apologist for, one of Chamberlain's stamp. It seems incredible that the Premier should stoop to repeat the fiction of the war's being waged for the benefit of the Outlanders—the emigrants who went to the Transvaal to work, or to make fortunes, according to the good or ill luck they might encounter there. To say that the war has been brought about because that element of the population has not the right to vote at the elections, is a pretext too flimsy to impose upon even the besottedly ignorant. The English who live in Italy have no right to vote there; wherein, then, does Italy less offend than the Transvaal? And why do the Outlanders remain in a country where they are outraged and insulted? Certainly, it seems to me that England must invent a more plausible excuse than this in order to cover up her bellicose and ambitious designs in South Africa. The proprietor of the Conservative paper, the Morning Post, himself a noted Tory, is chancellor of the Primrose League, and for months past that paper has covertly insinuated that Chamberlain

is the only statesman of the day who is up to the level of the imperialistic policy. Now it has taken to blaming, more or less openly, the present Prime Minister, and one may be reasonably sure that the opinions expressed by the *Morning Post* are those of the majority of that party which, with an audacity almost sublime, calls itself the Conservative. And thus Chamberlain gains support and finds apologists wherever the Imperialists predominate. The *Figaro* of November 19th last publishes an interview with Stanley, who, born an American, has become the most furious of Tories, in which, after expressing his admiration for "that great man called Cecil Rhodes," he constitutes himself the mouthpiece of Chamberlain, and absolves him from all responsibility for the war, for the reason that he was not in favor of Jameson's raid. As proof of this, he asserts that Chamberlain sent a despatch to Jameson, which the latter put into his pocket without reading, and that this despatch forbade him to enter the Transvaal. Could any proof be less convincing? Might not Chamberlain and Jameson have agreed together that the despatch should be received and not read? And even had Chamberlain not approved of the raid, it does not follow that he did not want the war; it only proves that he *was* aware of the designs of both Rhodes and Jameson. Nevertheless, I hold the opinion of Mr. Stead, proprietor of the *Review of Reviews*, namely, that Chamberlain was aware of Jameson's plan, and entirely approved of it, but was in doubt as to its timeliness, because, occurring at that moment, it precipitated events, laid bare his own projects, and retarded the execution of those plans which he now seeks to carry out by means of a war, into which he has plunged the whole English nation. That he is the sole person responsible for its issue, no one who has read his despatches

and his answers before the Committee of Inquiry can, for an instant, doubt. The war is without excuse, and is bound to end ingloriously for the reason that, when a nation, notoriously rich and powerful, and able to increase its resources by enormous loans, goes to war from motives of cupidity solely with a people relatively poor, small in numbers, and devoid of external support, no victory gained by the greater at the expense of the smaller nation can be dignified or noble.

The most illustrious thinkers of the day, such as Herbert Spencer, John Morley, Frederic Harrison, have vehemently protested against the madness which draws away the regular army, as well as the reserves, from home, to plunge them into the depths of South Africa, in order to serve the material interest of the Chartered Company. But their protests pass unheeded, for the reason that it is easy to intoxicate a people with a beverage that gratifies their vanity and their blood-thirstiness, but hard to make them listen to the counsels of wisdom and human justice. Chamberlain carries on the work begun by Disraeli, but has brutalized and vulgarized it, and the result is the conflict in the Transvaal. The really fine qualities of the English are being lost and forgotten. When the people greeted Kitchener with frenzied enthusiasm, they altogether forgot the most glorious traditions of their past, for Kitchener had violated the sanctity of a tomb, and insulted the relics of the dead. In the present crisis the English are suspicious of all those who are opposed to them, and assert that they are bought with Boer gold; they suspect treachery and cowardice in every quarter, but they tamely submit to the falsifications of the reports by the War Office, and the censorship of the telegraphic despatches—dealings which, in former days, would not have been tolerated, so repugnant are they to the



well-known bold and open character of the English people. The reign of Queen Victoria has been marked by a long succession of wars, of which not one was, in my opinion, necessary or unavoidable. Nor was any one of them an internal war, for neither the English citizen nor the English peasant knows anything of the real agonies and horrors of a war within his own borders. He has never suffered personally by seeing his house burned, his children starving, his fields devastated, his babies killed by flying shot and shell. He has never seen in his country, or his city, a battle or a siege; he does not comprehend, therefore, the fearful wrong he commits when, listening to the persuasive voice of the politician, he unconcernedly lets loose the infernal agencies of war upon a distant country and people. This is the Nation's excuse, and at the same time the inexorable condemnation of those who, for personal interests, mislead and pervert, by appealing to their most brutal instincts and unscrupulously abusing their ignorance, a people naturally generous and of kindly and humane impulses. Nor is all this, as many would have us believe, without interest to Italy and the Italians, so long as England continues the course she has hitherto pursued of endeavoring to draw Italy also into Imperial ventures in

*Nuova Antologia.*

Africa. At this very moment England is sending to Rome her own political agent in Egypt (the attractive and congenial diplomat, Rennell Rodd), with the object of engaging the Italian in dark and dangerous ventures against the Negus Negesti. "Save me from my friends," should now be Italy's motto. For many years the friendship of England has been more than a doubtful good to Italy, for she has always tried to push her into expensive and useless enterprises for her own advantage. If England really loves Italy, why not give her the island of Malta? This would be a solid proof of affection, and, perhaps, no more dangerous gift for England to make than that of Heligoland to Germany. That act of inconceivable folly was but ill-paid for by the German gift of some useless lands in the interior of Africa.

Finally, the moral of this short study for my Italian readers is this: Do not wish for the English an easy conquest in the Transvaal, for this would certainly mean the rise of Joseph Chamberlain to the highest post in the Government. And do not lend an ear to the insidious propositions which the English Government will make to endeavor to persuade you to follow her in her costly, brutal, and aggressive march toward universal empire.

*Ouida.*

## FOGS AND THEIR TEACHING.

"The gun on the Castle will pierce the fog better than all the other lights round."

This was the assertion of the lookout-man on the coast at Dover one thick night during the late meeting of the British Association. In the experience of the old Coastguardsman,

who had kept watch on the same guards for many seasons, the flash of the light-loaded evening gun outshone in hazy weather all other lights in the town. He had thought the matter out after his own fashion, and had come to the conclusion that by virtue of the explosion the flash was flung towards

the observer, and, on this account, appeared brighter. While he was still speaking the clock struck, and, with service-like precision, a dull flare opened out on the heights, fairly eclipsing, for the moment, any of the gas lamps, either single or massed—for the town was illuminated—that tried to penetrate the heavy night.

Without entering into any consideration of the old seaman's theory, we may state, as an instructive commentary, that where the fog lay thickest the gas lamps were utterly quenching the usually dazzling arc lamps of the Electric Light Company, which was in keenest competition that week with the older form of illumination in the town. The same fact has been inferred, if not irresistibly brought home, on occasions of grave moment. When the electric light was first established at Dungeness the *Trinity* yacht, *Galatea*, went ashore close to the light, those on board being unable to see it. Again, in 1870, the *Bast* was wrecked close to the powerful electric light at Lizard Point. Again, in 1892, the *Elder* went ashore within a short distance of the electric light of St. Catherine's Point, Isle of Wight; while the terrible calamity of the Drummond Castle took place in close proximity to the electric light of Ushant, which, according to the evidence of the survivors, could not even be glimpsed.

Unquestionably, a true fog is largely impervious to the rays from the more refrangible end of the spectrum; and thus it will often be found in our London streets that the old-fashioned and much-abused yellow-burning gas lamps will hang out a warning red beam in a dense gloom, through which the actinic rays of the modern electric arc cannot penetrate at all.

But there is another aspect of the dominating gun-flash on Dover Castle which is at once important and hopeful. Its rays, though coming from a

point enormously further off than that of any other visible lights around, yet came from a greater elevation, and this might suggest that they could penetrate the fog simply because the fog was shallow. Regarded in this way the phenomenon would correspond with our everyday experience that the sun is brightest and photographically most active when well overhead, but loses power and penetration on a rapidly-increasing scale as he climbs down the sky, and so shines through the ever-gathering thickness of low-lying atmospheric strata. Have we sufficient evidence, then, that dense fogs, when fairly lying on the ground, are commonly of very limited extent in vertical height? I would answer this most important question unhesitatingly in the affirmative.

It has been noticed from Greenwich Observatory, on days when densest London fogs have prevailed, that the tops of the loftier buildings will stand out above the opaque fog-curtain, and that the sky will be seen to be practically clear at but a little height above the housetops. I have myself noticed identically the same condition of things—only at closer range—from the Golden Gallery of St. Paul's; and again in a more distant but more comprehensive view from the top of the North Tower of the Crystal Palace. But the same fact is observable away from towns, and even out at sea. It has come within my own experience during continuous observations on the Maplin Light-house, while the sailor will often find the upper yards and topmasts of his vessel standing out well above in the clear, even when so thick a fog is on that it is impossible to see across the deck.

But the matter admits of strict mathematical reasoning. In a downright "London particular," of the true pea-soup type, a street lamp is but barely visible at about five yards; from which

It would follow that were the dense fog layer anything like fifty or sixty yards in depth even the light of the sun would be entirely extinguished, and mid-day would be as pitchy dark as a moonless and starless midnight. It is never thus, however. The equally typical, but infinitely less intolerable, dark day, when the cloud canopy lies at some distance overhead, leaving the streets fairly free for purposes of respiration, is of another order; but my experience is that this canopy will, in a general way, have its upper limit somewhere between 2,000 and 3,000 feet aloft. But, regarding the graver visitation of the true ground fog, it hardly seems too much to hope that means may be devised of removing an obstacle so easily surmounted. It has been asserted that, where there is a free wind passage through a town, fog will lie straight over and around such a passage. A remarkable and continuous highway exists right through London, in the line of Oxford Street and Holborn, which, when followed up in either direction, may be considered to extend from Uxbridge all the way to Stratford. It is very questionable, however, whether the central parts of this line are not far more liable to dense fog than, say, the poorer, equally crowded, but higher, locality northward of the Pentonville Road.

But be it noted that a very distinctive feature of the true town fog is its sharply-defined boundary. If the air be still, as is almost always the case, the traveller by an up train along any line of rail will probably notice that he plunges into the fog bank with a surprising suddenness. If then the choking cloud lies, like a true isolated cloud, compact, continuous, and well defined, with the additional characteristic that its depth is very shallow, it might seem reasonable to hope that by some artificial disturbance atmospheric equilibrium might be so far affected that the

entire cloud could be made to rise, if not to disperse.

Only those who are accustomed to make voyages into cloudland, and above it, clearly realize how, on dark days, the sun is commonly pouring down its heat incessantly and intensely close above the heads of earth-bound mortals. The upper fringe of the cloud stratum may, indeed, be seen vanishing into the sky, through the day hours, with ceaseless energy, suggesting that there are forces within reach, of a giant power, if they could but be lured to lend their aid. One method, at least, has been long talked of, namely, the disturbance of the air by the impulse of explosion. Rather more than forty years ago, *i.e.*, shortly after Crimean times, when it was a favorite practice to hold reviews on a grand scale on Southsea Common, with much heavy firing, the writer remembers it being confidently asserted among the officers that such cannonades generally brought up wind or change of weather. This, indeed, is a doctrine very generally received, and attempts have been made to connect big battles with consequent storms; so that were there but the germ of truth in this it would be no extravagant idea that even a London fog might be borne up and away on the back of an eddy, say, produced by a well-ordered salute on Primrose Hill.

But besides the mere heating and rarefying effect of the sun, there is the unknown and unexploited might of his electric energy, and to what extent this is always playing, or ready to play, a potent part, perhaps few meteorologists would be bold enough to say. A curious record may, however, here find a place, whatever be the scientific value attaching to the theory based thereon. A few years since a letter appeared in one of our scientific journals, pointing out that on the island of St. Thomas the seasons had completely changed their character in thirty years.

Rain had been short in quantity, owing to cloud not resting in the island; for though the customary rain clouds would come up, they now passed by without pause or fall, discharging themselves only in the ocean. The explanation suggested by members of the local Agricultural Board was that, since the introduction into the island of telegraphic and fencing wires, these seemed to "act as conductors," diverting and dispersing the clouds out at sea.

That a London fog is sometimes made to "move on" must be a familiar fact to any observant sojourner within twenty miles of London, perhaps particularly on the West. A low current, in this case from the East, will set the entire fog layer rolling, or rather creeping, and out and away it travels in a transient stream, bidding every place it visits note how it is passing, partly by a murkiness strangely out of place in open country, but still more by that particular smell and savor which, I submit, is wholly unmistakable.

The cost of a day's genuine fog in Town can be estimated in different ways. About a dozen years ago, *i. e.*, just before the electric light had seriously interfered with the street illumination by gas alone, the calculation in *£. s. d.* worked out thus:—Statistics furnished by one chief company showed that 35,000,000 cubic feet in excess were consumed on a single day of fog. This was computed to be a quantity sufficient for a year's supply of gas to a town of 10,000 or 12,000 inhabitants. Adding to this the extra supply demanded, at the same time, of two other Metropolitan companies, the total excess of gas amounted to 150,000,000 cubic feet, or, put in another way, the cost of the day's fog in gas to London could not be put at a less figure than

Then, as to the cost in health, we £7,000 or £8,000.

have a statement in the *Lancet* from a Health Officer, who is prepared to take the lenient view that, in spite of a few days' discomfort, people, after a fog, live on pretty much as before. He is ready to admit that, to counterbalance the bad effect of mechanical irritation, there is possible good to be derived from inhaling carbonaceous matter, by reason of such matter being a disinfectant, while, as the result of actual measurement, there is shown to be present all the while pretty much the normal amount of oxygen. For all this, the writer is convinced that the mischief wrought goes far beyond streaming eyes and smarting nostrils. There are other products in the baneful air besides the particles of simple soot, sulphurous ammoniacal acid, and organic particles which, when added to the usual accompaniment of a lowering of temperature, must tell materially against the infirm or aged.

But this question has been approached in yet another way. Professor Oliver, in a preliminary report to the scientific committee of the Royal Horticultural Society a few years back, details the result of scraping twenty square yards of the roofs of glass houses at Kew and also at Chelsea, which had been carefully washed down previous to a visitation of fog. In both cases the weight of deposit was about the same, thirty grains per square yard, or six tons per square mile. Proceeding to analyze the deposit collected at the more densely-inhabited locality, there was found about forty per cent. of mineral matter to thirty-six per cent. of carbon, while the analysis yielded five per cent. and 1 1-2 per cent. of sulphurous acid and hydrochloric acid respectively. There was also a considerable proportion—viz., fifteen per cent.—of hydrocarbons, to which was attributed the familiar oleaginous character of fogs as we know them.

It is impossible to omit in any mod-

ern enquiry as to the nature of mist or fog the classical researches of Mr. Aitken, to whom we are indebted for the discovery that, in the chemist's laboratory at least, no visible or cloudy vapor can form unless there be the presence of dust motes to serve as nuclei around which such vapor can condense. In other words, particles of water vapor will not combine of themselves to form visible mist or cloud so long as the air is free from particles of dust. An experiment illustrating this point is equally simple and beautiful. Two similar glass receivers are provided, one of which is filled with air in its normal condition, the other with air which has been previously strained through cotton wool. Steam is now admitted equally into the two receivers, when it is found that the vessel containing unfiltered air immediately becomes cloudy, while the other remains transparent, the pure air within it becoming merely supersaturated. So far, the experiment is conclusive and eminently instructive. It goes without saying, however, that it is one thing for a chemist to perform a platform experiment and another when Nature takes over the work in her own way and in her own vaster laboratory. It may be a question whether the dense and extensive fogs which form copiously in mid-ocean, where air is presumably freest from dust particles, may not, at least in part, follow some other law. Unquestionably the presence of water at a different temperature from the air lying over it is a fruitful and constant cause of fog, and it is easy to see how the tidal waters of Father Thames may frequently be appreciably warmer than the night air, say, in early winter. In this case the river might be giving off vapor with a supply too great for the demands of air at lower temperatures, and a precipitation of fog must be the result. During a midnight balloon voyage in autumn over the North of

Kent, the writer and his companions were, for a while, deceived by what appeared in the moonlight to be the proximity of the sea. On obtaining a wider view, however, it was soon discovered that the phenomenon was due to a sea of dense mist overhanging the Thames, and confined, in the still air, within sharply-defined limits. Mr. Glaisher tells of a very similar experience, when, between five and six o'clock on a September afternoon, he observed from his balloon clouds forming and following the whole course of the Thames upwards from the Nore, the fog everywhere brooding over the surface of the river, and extending but little beyond its sides. The special interest attaching to this account is the fact that the tide had, at the hour in question, just reached its flood, and the entire bulk of warmer water had come up from the sea.

Mists of a similar nature will, however, sometimes creep across open country in the stillest night, under the action apparently of light air currents, created by slight local variations of temperature. Mr. Dines has described an occasion when he witnessed such a mist creeping through a gap in a hedge to seek refuge under the lee of a neighboring copse.

One noteworthy characteristic of the pea-soup order of town fog is its extreme dryness. Hygrometric instruments have long ago established the fact that fogs differ greatly in humidity, some being essentially wet, others sensibly dry, and every one is familiar with the fact that the smoky town fog is often of this latter class. Put in other language, the air during a yellow fog appears commonly far from saturated with moisture. Applying rigid investigation to this phenomenon, Professor Frankland found the humidity of many London fogs to be no greater than eighty per cent. Thus, it was clear that there must co-exist with the



aqueous particles a considerable proportion of comparatively dry air. Proceeding to actual experiment, the Professor established the fact that drops of water subjected for some time to the action of smoke became coated, as it were, with a protective covering that diminished the natural process of evaporation. Thus, we have to conceive that in the early stages mist, from whatever cause arising, forms around sooty particles born of myriad chimneys, and impedes the escape of smoke, which thus becomes entangled, and in turn coats the mist particles themselves with its own peculiar deposit of dark-yellow greasy compound. This compound confines each droplet of moisture, at the same time giving its distinctive color to the gathering fog, and cutting off only too effectually the light and heat of the sun.

When we desire to look at the sun it is necessary to darken his rays, and also to largely cut off the intensity of their heat. This object may be achieved by taking a piece of clear glass and holding it for a few seconds over a smoky flame, such as that of a candle. By the time we have thus coated the glass we have in actual fact carried out a process similar to the part which smoke plays in a London fog. There is no danger in such a fog in looking one's hardest at the noonday sun.

We may here regard one mitigating circumstance in the effect of a smoky atmosphere, whether in the London streets or elsewhere. Such an atmosphere may have a protecting influence, shielding the ground and reducing the fall of temperature. It has, at least, been confidently asserted that smoke, pure and simple, while blowing over a field, may suffice to protect a crop which would otherwise suffer from frost. The argument is a simple one. Whenever vapor condenses, a large amount of latent heat is set free, and on this account it comes about that the

temperature of the ground at night time cannot generally fall below the dew point. Should a temporary lowering of temperature occur, the necessary consequence would be a further condensation of moisture, attended with immediate release of more latent heat. Any cause, therefore, that tends to prevent the dew point of nightfall sinking below freezing point will guard the surface of the earth from frost. If, then, the presence of smoke in London winter skies tends in any measure to reduce the intensity of cold at night, this, at least, may be claimed as one small blessing to be thankful for.

Certain it is that smoke will continue to assert itself in the air of the streets, and even to increase with the growth of chimneys, so long as open fireplaces and coal fuel are in vogue. The smoke-consuming domestic fireplace remains a myth, and the use of stoves, as adopted on the Continent, as far away as ever. As things are, the only way in which a householder can aid in reducing the smoke nuisance is by learning to mend his fire more scientifically. Among the manufacturing districts there is a common saying, which, at least, is true enough—that the best smoke consumer is a good stoker.

That as far as London is concerned the frequency of its fogs may be partly due to the peculiarity of its natural surroundings, has been the opinion of several authorities. According to some meteorologists, the neighborhood of the Essex marshes on the East, and the Harrow Weald on the North, suffices to give prevalence to the mists which, entrapping and collecting the floating particles of soot, soon develop into stifling fog. According to another view, the visitation has its true origin in the surrounding hills—Highgate, Hampstead and Harrow on the North, Putney and Wimbledon on the West, Clapham and Sydenham in the South. Down the slopes of these hills the colder air is

supposed to flow towards the town and river, where it meets with warmer air at the point of saturation, and the formation of fog is the inevitable result.

Plausible and strictly scientific as such reasoning is, it may be hard to persuade ourselves that the noble valley on which London stands was thus designed by Nature for the production of aught so foul as fog. Go backward two thousand years. Conceive the houses removed. Grasp the lie of all the land, as the balloonist can when he

sails overhead in clear weather, or simply take a "Favorite" 'bus at Charing Cross, and mark its course along the Strand, and the steady rise, mile after mile, northward by Chancery Lane and across Holborn, northward yet past the Angel and the Agricultural Hall to the limits of the Holloway Road, and say, where in England could you traverse so fair a river valley, were it not for the bricks and mortar!

*John M. Bacon.*

### COUNT TOLSTOI'S NEW ROMANCE.\*

Whoever has once ranked with the greatest writers of his age has a penalty to pay. He may solemnly have abjured, at a later period, all the errors of his youth, denounced the vanity of literature in general, and strenuously maintained that brain-labor is inferior in nobility to manual labor; but the day comes when nature is too strong for him. An essential quality of his mind having once impelled him to observe the great pageant of the world and to reproduce, through the medium of art, its manifold and ever-changing aspects, he has ultimately to listen to the inner voice, and relapse into the sin of literature. Such is, at the present moment, the case of Count Tolstoi. He had long denied himself the kind of writing which had won him the admiration of the whole world of letters. He had renounced his vocation as an imaginative writer, an historical conjurer, a painter of society, and that supreme analyst of souls to whom we were indebted for "War and Peace" and "Anna Karénina." A book had become to him a weapon merely; he confined himself to the composition of controversial treatises from which he banished, as far as possible, all literary artifice. Nor have we any reason to suppose that his apostolic

zeal has diminished, his faith in the value of his moral and social teaching wavered, or his opinions changed. They have merely assumed once more a romantic form, and spontaneously organized themselves into a work of art. It is, therefore, from the artistic point of view that we propose to review this new work of an artist who has resumed his true calling. Tolstoi's ideas are well known, and there is no occasion for discussing them here. How it is that these ideas have clothed themselves in a narrative form and been embodied in human characters, whose thoughts and feelings they express, how the author of "Resurrection" has remained the author of his first romances with all his original endowment, and how the long struggle which has been going on within him has modified his own point of view and left its traces upon his new creations,—such are the questions which assail the critic in presence of this new literary event. . . .

"Resurrection" is a study in moral responsibility. A young man of high family, Nekhludov, is juryman at the Court of Assizes. Among the prisoners is a woman of the streets,—one Maslova, who is accused of poisoning. This creature, soiled by years of vice,

\*Translated for The Eclectic Magazine.

who has at last brought herself within reach of the criminal law, Nekhludov had once known as a pure and innocent girl. He had loved, seduced, and abandoned her, and her fall and her desertion by him had been the determining cause of her life of shame. Her entire infamy was thus, in a manner, the work of Nekhludov. It was his own crime which was brought home to him by a startling combination of circumstances, and his responsibility was undeniable. Recalled to a sense of duty by this brutal warning, Nekhludov resolves then and there to atone for his fault by entering upon a new life, in which his conduct shall be shaped by the laws of absolute morality, without reference to the conventional codes and opinions of his world. Maslova is sentenced to hard labor for life, and Nekhludov undertakes to follow her to Siberia. In reality, the verdict was an unjust one. She was innocent of murder, and the man resolves to get her sentence reversed, or, failing that, to obtain her pardon. He will also marry Maslova if he can obtain her consent. He will thus have rescued, from the gulf in which it had been submerged, one human soul, bringing it back to the light by degrees and restoring to it the sense of personal dignity. For his own part, he who had thus far wallowed in selfishness will shake off his moral torpor; he who had been imprisoned in falsehood will break his own chains. We are invited to behold the saving of two souls—a twofold resurrection. One can easily see the capabilities of such a plot, if developed in all its breadth and scope by so powerful a writer as Tolstoi. The moral crisis to which our attention is invited takes place in the soul of a man whose eyes have been opened suddenly, and whose whole view of life is absolutely changed, through the complete regeneration of his heart.

What strikes us first in this new novel of Tolstoi's is that he has lost nothing of his old remarkable breadth and fulness of treatment. And here we may take occasion once again to explain exactly what we mean, and to defend Tolstoi against the unfortunate championship of some of his own friends. We need not concern ourselves about the din they raise by their vain and noisy admiration, but they must not be allowed to misrepresent his ideas. According to these fanatics, what gives the tales of Tolstoi their peculiar breadth and freedom is the fact that he disdains what is called regular, balanced and harmonious composition, and is thus delivered from that tyranny of an artificial rhetoric which gives so starved and mean an air to the composition of the rest of us. Here, in short, is a literature which is no literature. It is unnecessary to point out the childishness, not to say crudity, of such a judgment. However it may differ in some respects from ours,—though much less even so than is ordinarily supposed,—the rhetoric of Tolstoi is none the less rhetoric. It would not be difficult, either, to analyze its methods, or to point out their mere artificial side. But, independently of these methods, there are certain faults which mar the effect of Tolstoi's finest works, and which are conspicuous in this last book also. There is a prolixity of narrative, there are repetitions and digressions, a loose relation of the characters to one another, and an overwhelming mass of details, of which many are entirely superfluous. These are not the things which produce that impression of *life* which we receive from the romances of Tolstoi. On the contrary, they divide and disperse our interest—and, let us say it quite deliberately, they bore us. We are sensible of these defects in the second, and even more so in the third part of "*Resurrection*,"

where the development of abstract ideas and theoretic discussion generally encroach unduly upon the action—to retard and clog it. It is not these faults which make the book admirable; but it is a fine book in spite of them. Tolstoi is to be praised for the quality of his mind, not for his lapses in art.

Tolstoi's greatest claim to distinction lies in the fact that he possesses at the same time, and in an eminent degree, gifts which usually preclude one another. As a poet, he has imbibed and infused into his works a deep inspiration from external nature. This nature he loves for its fecundity, its opulence, its eternal youth, not alone for the beauty of its visible pageants, but for the lessons which men may read in them. In "Resurrection" there are some of the very best descriptive bits which Tolstoi has ever produced. Unforgettable in their freshness are those idyllic scenes which describe the sports of innocent youth in the spring meadows, and the mysterious agitation occasioned by those sounds which herald the breaking up of the ice on April nights. Even when he is developing an abstract proposition or observing social phenomena, Tolstoi is perpetually haunted by reminiscences of the natural world. Thus he is never divorced from his environment, but moves in an atmosphere of absolute reality.

Tolstoi is a connoisseur in souls, and no writer of our day has gone further in the line of psychological penetration. He knows how to convey with rare exactitude the different tones in which the same spirit will express itself at different times. His Nekhludov, when he goes to his aunt's house, in order to finish his student's thesis in the tranquillity of the country, is the typical young man at that delicious but too brief moment when his soul is all purity, generosity, enthusiasm. He knows nothing of life beyond his

own dream of it; sees nothing of the world save the ideal picture which exists in his own imagination. He has no notion that his ideal can ever be defaced. He can therefore live with the graceful Katucha, who is something more than a servant—almost a lady—and think of her merely as a companion, young and innocent like himself. He suspects nothing wrong in the mutual attraction which draws them to one another. Why, moreover, should not Katucha be his wife some day? Two years pass—two of those youthful years which are so full of incident, so decisive in the formation of character—and now Nekhludov has mingled with the world and become another man. He has lightly adopted the maxims current in a wealthy, idle, dissipated society. He is passing through that period of conceited folly when "the natural man," intent upon satisfying his own youthful instincts, hushes the voice of the spiritual man. At this period he sees Katucha once more, and now she represents to him a mere transient gratification. And yet, because the sweet emotions of old, though modified by experience, are still astir in the depths of his being, Nekhludov is conscious during that Easter night, when he goes with Katucha to the midnight mass, of a profound and enduring love for the girl. This is why, when he sees again, after a long separation, her whom he thought he had completely forgotten, he becomes so deeply agitated, why the past revives with such startling vividness.

Unlike those writers whose native aptitude for the study of the inner life and skill in the analysis of emotion often seem to unfit them for the representation of human activity under its social aspect, Tolstoi is, to say the least of it, no less remarkable as a painter of manners than as a psychologist. The chief defect in most of the pictures of social life which are at

present produced in France and elsewhere is that they are the work of literary men who have deliberately made themselves a class apart—and, therefore, see society from the outside only. When the mere man of letters undertakes to describe the manners of the aristocracy, one is always conscious of an effort to understand the ultra-refinement of that way of life. On the other hand, when he attempts to describe rustic life and the manners of the people, we feel the glaring incapacity of the townsman, whose brain is deformed by excessive intellectual labor, to fathom those simpler modes of living which appear to him little short of barbarous. But Tolstoi is on a level with those whom he depicts. Himself a nobleman, he has lived familiarly with gentlemen, dignitaries, all those who are privileged by birth and fortune. As a landed proprietor he has also lived among peasants, interested himself in their condition, investigated their ways of life, pitied their misery, and become passionately desirous of ameliorating their condition. The picture of the return of Nekhludov to the estate which he has inherited from his aunts is realistic in the best sense of the term, and profoundly affecting. He is aghast at perceiving, for the first time, the poverty and nakedness of the place. And the peasants, on their side, are equally amazed. Old men and children, gossips and village orators, all cluster about this extraordinary landlord, who wants to know what the moujiks have to eat. Equally natural and justly conceived seems to us the peasant attitude when Nekhludov proposes to divide the estate among his tenants. Do not fancy that they fall into ecstasies, and accept with enthusiasm the gift that is tendered them. It would argue a very slight acquaintance with the nature of the Russian peasant, or, indeed, of the peasant anywhere. For the very

reason that he toils hard for small gains, that his brain is dull and sluggish and he has often been duped, the peasant's first impulse is always one of distrust. He rejects what is contrary to his habits and any proposition where he suspects a hidden snare. He received his bias so many ages ago! Relations *grow up* between one class and another; interests become identical, or incompatible; actions speak for themselves, and are answered in like manner. The society represented in the pages of Tolstoi—a society bearing a living likeness to our own—is made up of this complicated system of relations, reactions, correspondences.

The relation that subsists between men born upon the same earth and under the stars that shine for all, subject to necessities and evils, and to a final end which is absolutely the same for all, ought, of course, to be a brotherly relation. There should be a bond of universal fraternity between human beings, all eager to help one another, and ready to take their share of a common burden. This is Tolstoi's central thought and main inspiration. It is this essentially religious principle which gives to his work, as a writer, its unity, meaning and scope. Here is one who does not describe for the sake of the description, nor analyze for the gratification of a vain curiosity. He is neither the neutral for whom human life is merely the material on which his art is exercised, nor the soulless moralist who receives a certain pleasure from all the stains and deformities which he discovers in this poor world of ours. Quite the contrary. An impassioned tenderness directs unwearied research and imparts to its results a peculiar significance. This it is which exalts and ennobles the realism of Tolstoi. This it is which so prolongs the perspective of the picture he draws for us, and causes his words to re-echo indef-



nitely in the souls of men. The accent of passion is just as noticeable in the last as in any of Tolstoi's previous romances; but it is curious to note how the development of his ideas, the thirty years which he has devoted to the study of social questions, and seemingly also his own increasing years, have modified the methods of Tolstoi's art. Here is where "Resurrection" differs from the great books of years ago. In those novels, though the author's tendency toward certain doctrines was plain enough, especially to the sympathetic reader, the study of manners was always close, and the analysis of emotion delicate. Most of all, Tolstoi excelled in depicting that mixture of good and evil whence it results that if we seldom find an entirely virtuous man, perfection in vice is quite as exceptional. There is nothing of all this in "Resurrection," where the author is swayed by the most violently preconceived ideas. On the one side are the sinners, who are precisely the men and women ordinarily described as good sort of people; on the other side, the suffering and oppressed—a whole population of victims. Rarely, indeed, has a heavier indictment been brought against existing society. Rarely, indeed, do we find in the social satirist more fire, more conviction, more energy—more zeal and wrath. It is the pamphlet invading the romance. It is hatred employed in the service of pity. And it is this violence and acrimony which give to the satire in question its literary charm.

The privileged classes of this world—all those who derive any benefit whatsoever from the existence of a social hierarchy—supply Tolstoi with instances which he depicts in a manner to remind one of Juvenal, d'Aubigné, Swift or Rousseau. It is a long procession of characters, of which some are altogether odious, others only gro-

tesque, sinister, laughable, deplorable or silly. We have the rich and powerful of this planet, vaunting their own wealth and authority, as thieves gloat over their stealings, their greed, their cruelty. We have petty tradesmen with smug faces, grocers, butchers, fishmongers, pastry-cooks. We have gentlemen's coachmen, equally smug, with their fat thighs and great display of big, square buttons. For the comfort of self-satisfied, careless, heartless beings like these, humanity's uncounted millions are doomed to suffer. But in order to keep the vast majority of the race in a condition of servitude, instruments are necessary, and these instruments are called social institutions. The author of "Resurrection" directs his attack more particularly against the so-called administration of justice. His vignettes of magistrates, judges, lawyers, incised and bitten with vitriol, must be set beside the Tame Cats of Rabelais. The magistrate is a functionary: hence his idea of justice is that of a business which will bring him in an income—a career where he expects promotion. The magistrate is also a man with passions, weaknesses, whims and vices. All these he brings with him to the bench, thus introducing elements which compromise, falsify and defeat the ends of justice. The president of the Court of Assizes is a profligate, who has received on the morning of the trial a note from a Swiss governess who had lived with him at one time, giving him a rendezvous for that evening; accordingly his one anxiety is to get through the sitting as quickly as possible, that he may be on time for the appointment. One of the judges has had a most unpleasant domestic scene in the morning, and is very much afraid that he shall find no dinner at home. Another is ill, and has said to himself that if the number of steps he takes between his bed and his closet proves

to be divisible by three his catarrh will be cured by the remedy he is trying. He found that he was going to take twenty-six steps, so he cheated a little at the last moment and took twenty-seven. His substitute in the court is a natural fool, whose folly has been enhanced by a university education and a certain degree of success with women. The clerk of the court is a Liberal—a Radical even; but this does not hinder his holding a place under government and saving something out of a salary of twelve hundred roubles. There is not a soul, up to the "pope" who administers the oath, who does not degrade his office by making it minister either to his personal vanity or his greed of gain. Lawyers, tradesmen, pettifoggers, advocates and jurists alike, are all in a conspiracy to stifle justice with technicalities and defeat the ends of morality by processes which are strictly legal. Add a dozen jurymen, who make answers which contradict their real opinion to questions which they have not understood. For the enforcement of the sentences thus pronounced you have an army of officials, great and small—governors, ministers, generals, under-officers, inspectors, keepers and the drivers of convict-gangs. There are scores of such figures, all drawn with a master touch, images of folly, selfishness, knavery, impudent vice or unconscious cruelty.

Over against the executioners we have the victims. Indignation is confronted by pity. Who can ever forget the jails, the dungeons, the convict-prisons that Tolstoi has depicted? He has brooded over the details of their physical misery and their moral anguish, and his eyes are still wild with horror of the sight. Grating of keys, clanking of chains, cracking of whips, and the sound of blows, quarrelling of women, rating of wardens, curses of prisoners, sobs, moans, insults, cries

of pain and cries of rage, all rise in a confused clamor, as from some circle of the Inferno. First it is the prison where Maslova is confined, with its filthy corridor, the close packing of the prisoners in its pestiferous halls, the gratings which cut them off from communion with the world. Then come the melancholy stages of the Siberian journey; the human herd so brutally driven, without regard to cold, fatigue or famine, or those who fall by the way. Certain specially sinister episodes vary the monotony of the lugubrious drama. Such is the case of the carriers, who are accused of no crime, but who are kept in confinement on account of some irregularity in their papers. Men are seen one day seemingly in good health, who fall next morning to answer the roll-call. Nekhludov had a talk one evening with a man in a silk neckerchief, and the next evening he recognized the same man in the room set apart for the dead. And among these folks so ingeniously tortured, confined, subjected to a system of absurd constraint, corrupted by ignoble associations which kill the soul before the body, there are innocent persons! One might almost suppose, if we are to believe Tolstoi, that the majority are innocent. There is nothing to compare with the awful vision which he conjures up, save some of the most atrocious pages of Dostolewsky.

If iniquities like these are indeed tolerated in the existing state of things, no wonder there are many individuals fired by an ardent desire to overthrow it. One of the most curious parts of "Resurrection" is the study it affords of that army of revolutionists of whom Tolstoi gives us a great number and variety of types. Simonson is a theorist. He has theories about everything, including marriage, which he considers immoral, because the busyness of having children diverts the at-

tention from the creatures already in existence, who are in need of help. He has theories also about all the details of practical life, about food and dress, and the best methods of heating and lighting dwellings.

Nabatov is your jolly revolutionist. Arrested, liberated, arrested again and transported, his spirits are all the higher for these varied experiences. Under all circumstances he is the same active, intrepid, good-humored soul. Markel, the working-man, became a revolutionist at the age of fifteen, because on a certain Christmas-tree the children of the poor got only small and worthless gifts, while those of the rich had all sorts of wonderful toys. Marie Pavlovna is the virgin revolutionist, and Emilie Rautzev is made one by the might of her wifely love.

The bitterly satirical picture of "respectable" society, side by side with the infernal horrors of the convict-prison, constitute frame-work and background to the adventures of Nekhludov and Maslova. On them Tolstoi has lavished all his vast resources of psychological invention. Impulsive, undecided, accessible to the most contradictory influences, ever ready for change and prone to extremes, Nekhludov's is essentially a weak and timid nature—one of those cowards, who, when they have once let themselves go, rush blindly on, until the impulse which they are following is exhausted. In his early youth he had been fascinated by the sociological theories of Herbert Spencer and Henry George, and the heaven had continued to work beneath the smooth and polished exterior of the man of the world. The result appears in the hour when the crime of Nekhludov is brought home to him. In the ardor with which he embraces the thought of a complete and splendid reparation there is a large admixture of pride. He is car-

ried away by the thought of the strange example he is about to set—the eccentricity of the deed he has resolved to do, the defiance of conventionalities, the boldness of braving public opinion, the insolence of listening to the voice of his own private conscience only. The difficulty of his undertaking is revealed to him on the day when he learns, from conversation with Maslova, how low she has fallen whom he proposes to save. He had hurried to the assistance of an unfortunate, expecting an outburst of gratitude. He finds himself in the presence of a besotted creature. But the difficulty of the sacrifice binds Nekhludov all the more to his work of redemption, and awakens within him, by slow degrees, a right feeling concerning it. It is only fitfully at first, and by a strong effort, that he can realize emotions of tenderness and pity. But by and by they become habitual with him, and the springs of sympathy with human suffering are opened wide within his soul. Such is the progressive change for the better which takes place in the character of Nekhludov. The stages of Maslova's conversion are noted with equal skill, from the day when she firsts solicits Nekhludov, in the mere hope of getting money for a drink. Her feeling of hatred for the man who had been the first cause of her degradation is the earliest symptom within her of an awakening conscience. The novelist's art is shown in making the woman a sort of enigma, and involving in mystery the transformation which takes place within her soul. Can the girl who was once Katucha continue obdurately to hate her first love, unmoved by the spectacle of his repentance and self-devotion? Only at the last, when she refuses to accept an all but impossible sacrifice, does her sublime renunciation reveal the fact that her hate had been but another form of love,—and that the

only true love of the unfortunate creature's life.

But as we reach the end of this mystical Calvary we are irresistibly reminded of two other lovers whose very similar story was told us long ago in a far simpler fashion. Des Grieux joins the company of archers who are escorting to Havre de Grâce the cart where the girls who have been sentenced to transportation sit huddled together on a few armfuls of straw; and among them he recognizes his dear mistress of bygone days. But in what a condition! "Her linen was torn and soiled, her once delicate hands were roughened by exposure. The whole charming personality which had once commanded the worship of the world was there, but reduced to an unspeakable state of dejection and demoralization." But when he had sworn to her that he would never leave her, that he would follow her and make her fate his own, "the poor child burst out into such a passion of love and grief that I almost feared for her life." They go to America, and, "insensibly through an intercourse ever calm and serious, they learn to appreciate the beauty of a virtuous love." This was how they said things in France in those old days when literature consisted in the simple expression of clear ideas. Since then romanticism has been with us and sanctified the courtesan. It then emigrated to Russia, became imbued with mysticism and dissolved in pity, and fortified itself by theories on the excellence of suffering and the virtue of expiation. It required all this infinite elaboration to produce a character like Maslova.

Can it be said, then, that Tolstoi, great artist though he be, has actually won the extraordinary wager which he once undertook to lay? Has he not rather confessed by implication that it cannot be won, since he has recoiled from the logical dénouement of his

story, which would have been the marriage of Nekhludov and Maslova? The truth is, that sins differ both in character and degree. There are those which can be expiated by repentance, though not effaced from the memory. On the other hand, there are stains so deep and durable, involving so complete a vitiation of the entire being, that all the waters of the sea would not wash them out. Of this latter kind was the defilement of Maslova. Jesus pardoned the Magdalene; but Jesus was God, and we are but men, and poor men at that. Jesus also invited the Magdalene to follow Him, which is by no means the same thing as restoring her to a place in an organized society. No society can exist without the frame-work that holds it up; and this is what Nekhludov, absorbed as he is in his humanitarian dreams, too readily forgets. Those whose chains he so rashly proposes to break understand the truth dimly, though they understand it better than he, and they warn him beforehand that he will fail.

"I am a prostitute," Maslova says to him, "and you are a prince," thus reminding him that there will always be a gulf between them, let him do what he will. The peasants among whom he proposes to divide his lands all have an impression that in thus acting he is merely doing his duty in the station to which he has been called. More selfishly, but not altogether unreasonably, speaks the governor of the prison:—"You really must not go nosing about everywhere in this way! It is not, if you'll excuse my saying so, your business!" And when we hear another official observe, "I have duties to perform which have been entrusted to me on definite conditions, and I must justify the confidence reposed in me," we are constrained to admit that even though an official, he speaks the language of a man of honor. In his pursuit of an

ideal of absolute justice, Nekhludov overlooks one of the main conditions of the problem: namely, that he himself is but one part in a whole, and that he cannot act independently of the universal order. Born at a certain epoch in the development of humanity, he has obligations to those who came before him, and whose cumulative efforts have made him what he is. They cannot, of course, relieve him of the higher obligation to soften the lot of the disinherited, and to diminish, as far as in him lies, the sum of human suffering; but in assuring him his place in the world they have also given him a mission which he cannot disallow.

Tolstol himself has somewhere told the story of a certain episode in his own life where his logic failed and left him in the lurch. Passing through one of the gates of Moscow, he saw a grenadier come down from the Kremlin, and brutally drive away a beggar seated under the arch:—

"I waylaid the soldier, and asked him if he knew how to read.

"Of course I do. Why?"

"Did you ever read the Gospels?"

"I have."

"Did you ever read the passage about feeding the hungry?"

*The Revue des Deux Mondes.*

"I then quoted the text, with which he seemed familiar, and he also seemed troubled and at a loss for a reply. At last, however, a gleam of intelligence came into his eyes, and he turned upon me, saying:

"Did you ever read the military regulations?"

"I had to acknowledge that I had never done so.

"Then don't say another word,' said the grenadier; and he walked away, shaking his head violently."

It is the same with us. We read the Bible, but we neglect to complete our information by reading the military regulations. Until the day when their authority is abolished, certain elementary propositions will remain unanswerable. The judge who goes forth to breathe the balmy air of a fine spring morning, instead of fulfilling his duty by administering the law, the warden who opens the prison doors on the pretext that he cannot deprive a human creature of its freedom, and, in fine, whoever, soldier or citizen, deserts his post, whether in the army or in life, is a defaulter—and no fine words can alter the fact.

*René Doumic.*

### LADYSMITH AFTER THE SIEGE.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." If this was true for those who endured the hardships of the siege of Ladysmith, it was no less true for those who, from outside, watched with alternations of renewed assurance and bitter disappointment the repeated attempts of the gallant force under Sir Redvers Buller to penetrate the screen of invisible foes which divided them from their goal. At Pietermaritzburg

the tension was extreme. Ladysmith is no further from Maritzburg than Southampton from London, and the ties that bind them together are much closer; for, in so small a community, everybody knows something about everybody else. A large portion, possibly one-third, of the manhood of Natal was at the front, in the Natal Volunteers or in the Colonial Irregular Corps. Many of these were in Lady-



smith, the rest with the relieving force. There was hardly a family in the Colony which had not the direct interest of the life or liberty of a son, a brother, or a father at stake.

Maritzburg had received a large accession to the number of its inhabitants. Refugees, who had been driven from their homes in the northern part of the Colony, had found a haven there. A number of ladies—officers' wives who had been living with their husbands at Ladysmith before the war—had been compelled to leave, almost at an hour's notice, just before the investment began. Many of them had remained at Maritzburg, hoping to rejoin their husbands after a brief interval. The brief interval grew into weeks and months, and still relief seemed so close at hand that it was not worth while moving. Communication was possible, but very uncertain. Letters were despatched by native runners, and arrived—sometimes. When the weather was sunny, and the press of military work not too great, a brief message could be sent by the heliograph. Such communication was sometimes worse than none at all. A curt undated heliogram came to tell a wife that her husband was dangerously ill. She could do nothing; she could not go to him, or send him anything. She did not even know the nature of his illness. She could only wait till the next gleam of sun should bring more news—better, or the worst. It was torture to be so near and yet so helpless; and they were most wise, as well as most helpful, who gave their time and energies not to brooding over their own sorrows, but to visiting the hospitals, relieving impoverished refugees, or making a comfortable home for convalescents.

The days and the weeks passed. Colenso, Spion Kop, Vaalkranz, each sent its flood-tide of wounded officers and men to fill the hospitals at Mooi River and Maritzburg, and the hospital ships

at Durban. The ambulance wagons were a daily sight, waiting at the station for the arrival of the hospital train, or galloping through the streets with their team of eight mules. The weeks and the months passed, and the question began to be asked: How much longer could Ladysmith hold out? Had they food? Had they ammunition? Would dysentery and enteric leave enough men to man the defences? Sir George White, *splendide mendax*, allowed none but the most cheerful accounts to reach the outside world, and, though it was impossible not to suspect an intention to discourage the enemy, it was not till after the relief that we knew to what straits they had been reduced. The casualty list had reported a grievous tale of deaths from sickness, but the garrison had carefully and courageously concealed the weakness of the survivors. It is probable that the Boers, good as their information generally was, were deceived on this point. At any rate, no pains were spared to mislead them. After the Boer attack of January 6th on Caesar's Camp and Waggon Hill an officer of the Imperial Light Horse was sent with a flag of truce to deliver their dead to the Boers. He was a fine, strong man, who showed no signs of the privations of the siege. It so happened that the Boer officer who met him had known him well at Johannesburg, and naturally they conversed. "How is it," said the Boer, "that you are as fat as a pig? We have been told that you are all starving in Ladysmith." "Starving," said the officer, "why, we are rolling in plenty. This is what most of our men are like," and he called up one of his men who had not yet lost an abnormal degree of corpulence, and exhibited him for the edification of the astonished Transvaaler.

At last the relief came. Kimberley and Paardeberg had prepared the way,

but there was little expectation of immediate good news from Ladysmith. At nine o'clock in the morning on St. David's day cheers were heard from the printers of one of the newspaper offices, and the news spread like wildfire. Maritzburg, usually calm and undemonstrative, was wild with joy. Flags fluttered on every house. Crowds marched up and down cheering and singing "God Save the Queen." The Governor emerged from the seclusion of Government House, and, with his Ministers, addressed the crowd from the Legislative Assembly. Girls' schools paraded the streets waving Union Jacks. Some enterprising tradesman had prepared ribbons with the inscription "Relief of Ladysmith," in gold letters, and before the day was out every straw hat in the town was decked with one of these. Bicycles and rickshaws, whites, Kaffirs and Indians, horses, dogs and cats, all were decked with red, white and blue. Two little boys had harnessed a Newfoundland dog, clothed in Union Jacks, in a toy cart, and drove him up and down the road. Some excited patriots spread the *Vierkleur* flag of the Transvaal on the ground and trampled on it, but better feelings condemned this superfluous insult. Shops and banks closed at once; Natal is always ready for a holiday. In this case it got two, for the day on which the news was received was made a holiday by general consent, and the next day was formally proclaimed so by the Governor.

Every one was anxious to visit Ladysmith as soon as the way was open, and the military authorities gave passes with a sparing hand, lest the throng of new arrivals should increase the difficulties of revictualling the starving town. Lord Dundonald and his cavalry entered Ladysmith on Wednesday morning, February 28th. Sir Redvers Buller and the first of the infantry entered on Thursday. During Saturday and Sunday several of the besieged,

and some who had visited the town since its relief, began to arrive at Maritzburg, bringing very gloomy accounts of the state of affairs there. It was a "city of the dead." There was no movement in the streets, no life or enthusiasm in the half-starved garrison. Men by the roadside were so exhausted and listless that they hardly raised their heads to look at the troops entering the town. They were pale and bloodless from want of food, sun and exercise. The contrast between them and the relieving force was striking. Buller's soldiers had had hard work, exposure and terribly severe fighting, but they had been well supplied with good food. They were robust, full-blooded, mud-stained, sun-baked, ragged. The weak had fallen sick, the wounded had been sent to the base. Those who remained were strong, confident, war-hardened, an exact opposite to the pale and listless spectres of Ladysmith.

This was the impression produced on those who first entered Ladysmith. It was, perhaps, not exaggerated; but a very few days sufficed to bring about a considerable change. I arrived there on the morning of Tuesday, March 5th—five days after Sir Redvers Buller's entry. There was then plenty of movement in the streets; wagons and carts, relieved and relievers, horsemen and men on foot, were passing in every direction. There were many thin and haggard faces to be seen, from which the worn and anxious look had not yet vanished; but the prevailing tone was cheerful. A few days of good food will work wonders for half-starved men. They had learnt to walk about the streets in daylight, and on a week-day, without the ever-present apprehension of a possible shell, and without the thought in the back of their minds of what would happen when the provisions were at an end.

The journey to Ladysmith was full

of interest. Dawn had broken as we approached Frere, and, steaming slowly over the improvised timber bridge, we could see dimly the futile tracery of the fallen girders. A little farther on the discredited armored train reposed peacefully in a siding. At Chieveley the station was full of men in dirty khaki or shirt-sleeves, crowding to buy the Maritzburg papers. On the platform lay the shattered remains of the station safe. At Colenso, the terminus for the time being, there was plenty of movement. The Governor, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, had arrived by special train half an hour before, and was breakfasting in a tent in preparation for the ride to Ladysmith. Laden wagons were standing ready for despatch, with bales labelled "Lady White's present—Jerseys." The station buildings had suffered severely from shells, and when the place was reoccupied a dead horse was found in the Parcels Office; but rapid repairs had been effected, and little sign of injury remained. It was otherwise with the bridges. One span of the road bridge had been blown up, and one end of the displaced girder was still supported on the pier, while the other rested in the bed of the river. It had been replaced by a temporary structure of timber, strong enough to carry wagon traffic. The railway bridge, the best part of a mile lower down the river, had been more thoroughly smashed. The piers still stood, but all five girders had completely fallen. Preparations for a temporary bridge on piles were visible, but they had not advanced far. A foot bridge, near the level of the river, was ready for use by the following Thursday.

After crossing the road-bridge, I turned to the right, to follow the line of the railway to Pieters and Nelthorpe, in the direction, speaking generally, of Sir Redvers Buller's final advance; and at once I found myself among the low,

bare, stony kopjes, which gave its strength to the Boer position in face of Colenso. Along the crest of each little hill was a trench, with its breast-work of heaped-up earth and stones, the larger stones being often so arranged as to leave loopholes. On the reverse slopes of the hills were countless shelter-huts, half burrowed under the ground, half walled with piled stones, generally roofed with corrugated iron. Some small detachments of British troops were in occupation, and had made themselves comfortable in the deserted huts. The whole face of the country bore the marks of all this scratching and digging and burrowing, as though some prehistoric race of underground dwellers had taken up their abode there. What struck the eye most was not trenches or shelters, but the mess. Every where the hillsides were strewn with empty tins—biscuit tins, beef-tins, tins of every description. Enormous biscuit-tins were the most conspicuous. Their white metal shone and glistened in the sun, and for miles dotted the red-brown rocky slopes with specks of light. For six or eight miles from Colenso the litter was unending. There were bottles, straw, paper, cartridge-wrappings, broken wagons or carts, occasionally dead bullocks and horses, painfully evident to more senses than one. Here and there was a deserted Kaffir hut. A platelayer's cottage, with its tiny garden nestling in a little clump of trees, had, by some happy accident, escaped uninjured in the desolating flood of war. On the other hand, a small farmhouse, a mile from Pieters Station, was a complete wreck. Windows and furniture were smashed, and doors broken open; rotting saddles, locks of doors, fragments of furniture and the inevitable empty tin cans strewed the ground on every side.

Besides the all-pervading litter, there were more definite traces of the fight-

ing that had taken place. Two of the railway bridges, over small spruits, still had their walls of sand-bags, showing where the men, on their way to storm the hill on the left of the Boer position, had to run the gauntlet of rifle fire from the heights behind. As I approached Pieters, riding over the hill on the west of the railway, the ground was marked here and there with the scars of bursting shells, and fragments of the shells themselves were to be seen in many places. Saddest signs of all were the little stone enclosures which marked the graves of those who had fallen. At the head of each grave stood, generally, a wooden cross, made from the wood of a cartridge-box, in one case still bearing the label, "Lee-Metford, 303." The names of those who rested beneath were written on the cross, or the letters were formed by empty cartridge-cases stuck into the ground, base upwards. Sometimes the dead man's helmet was placed upon his grave.

For the first few miles from Colenso there were scattered detachments of British troops. After that, until I came almost within sight of Ladysmith, the country was absolutely deserted. Except for one or two stray Kaffirs and a construction-train puffing out from Ladysmith with gangs of workmen to repair the line, I hardly saw a living creature. It was difficult to believe that 40,000 men had passed a day or two before.

At Pieters the railway has emerged from the labyrinth of hills which barred for so long the passage of our troops, and runs for some miles along the left side of a great amphitheatre of level ground. At Nelthrope the hills close in again, and the line keeps very near the right bank of the Klip River, until more open ground is reached at Intombi. As I rode along the path beside the railway my attention was attracted by pits and diggings in the

sand of the river bank. Evidently sand-bags in great numbers had been filled here; for full bags were lying piled beside the railway line, and half-filled or empty bags lay by the diggings. A little farther on was a large encampment of huts, constructed of branches and sacking or other rags. The huts had evidently been inhabited very recently, probably by natives, but they were entirely deserted now. For half a mile or more along the river bank the workings continued; I was puzzled to conjecture their object. The Boers had not, so far as I was aware, used sand-bags for their fortifications; and the British had had no opportunity of working here. But the explanation was apparent when I reached the narrowest part of the valley and saw the remains of the great dam which the Boers had endeavored to construct. At this point the river bed lies between steep banks, perhaps some seventy yards apart, rising to a height of fifteen or twenty feet above the ordinary water level. From the top of these banks the hills on either hand rise in a steep slope, interrupted on the western side by the cutting which gives a passage for the railway. Across the river bed the Boers had, with infinite labor, constructed a barrier of sand-bags. A wooden tunnel, with a sluice, provided a passage for the water of the river.

The base of the dam was of considerable breadth, and a line of rails had been run on to it to carry down sand-bags from the railway. On the upper side of the dam a wall of sand-bags had been built up much higher than the rest, probably as a protection from shell-fire, and had reached a height of some fifteen feet above the water. The western half of the dam was intact; but towards the eastern bank of the river a breach had been made, probably by the heavy rain storms which fell a few days before Ladysmith was

relieved. The number of bags already placed in position was enormous. To complete the dam to an effective height it would have been "staggering." That great importance was attached to the undertaking was evident from the amount of time, labor and money expended upon it. The dam was visible from Caesar's Camp, and our guns there were able to shell it at a range of 4,000 yards, but even under this fire the work was continued with unabated vigor, and the heavy artillery from Umbulwana always paid special attention to the Caesar's Camp guns when they were turned in this direction.

Various theories were propounded as to the object of these gigantic labors. The favorite view was that it was an attempt to submerge Ladysmith; but this can hardly have been possible. The river level at Ladysmith is said to be forty-five feet above the level at the dam, and the banks there are high, perhaps twenty feet. To flood any part of Ladysmith itself it would have been necessary to build a dam at least sixty-five feet high; and, though I am no engineer, I venture to express a doubt whether it would be possible to build a stable dam of that height with sandbags, unless it were on a base of enormous breadth. It is possible that the Boers intended, not to drown Ladysmith, but to flood the caves in the river banks in which many of the inhabitants took shelter. This, though a less formidable undertaking than flooding Ladysmith, would still require a dam of most portentous dimensions. Neither of these objects could be attained without first overwhelming the neutral hospital camp at Intombi; but this possibly might suggest itself to the originators of the scheme as a recommendation rather than as an objection.

Another theory was that the Boers intended to take a leaf out of the history of the Israelites. It might be to their advantage to regulate the depth

of water at the drifts of the Klip River, and of the Tugela below the point where the Klip River joins it. The dam would enable them to do this. If they wished to cross themselves, they would be able to hold back the water; if the enemy wished to cross, they could let it down in full flood. As a matter of fact, there was no fighting at any point where this power of regulation would have been useful; but that could not be foreseen.

A fourth, and more cynical view, represented it as a contractor's swindle on a large scale; alleging that whatever might have been the object held out to the simple-minded and unsuspecting Boer, the real object was to put money into the pocket of a contractor who had no intention of completing the work, or, indeed, of making it serve any purpose except his own.

After passing the dam the path lay along the railway line itself. It was often obstructed by the broken telegraph wires. Parties were at work repairing them, and communication had already been restored; but for some days after the relief there was delay in the transmission of private messages, owing to the great pressure of work. It was not long before the tents of the Intombi Camp came in sight. On the right frowned the steep escarpments of Bulwana, on the sky-line of which it was just possible to see the outline of the emplacements for the big guns. On the left rose Caesar's Camp and Waggon Hill, their lower slopes clothed with scrub, and beyond and behind the camp could be seen Ladysmith itself, the Convent Ridge, and some of the houses on the highest ground. The camp occupies a considerable space of bare, level ground between the railway and the Klip River, a site selected by General Joubert and accepted by Sir G. White for the neutral station which they agreed to establish for the reception of any non-



combatants from Ladysmith who might wish to find safety there, and for the sick and wounded. It was useful, but it was depressing in the extreme; and those who were so unfortunate as to be condemned to spend weeks or months there blessed the day of their deliverance with a fervor which can be imagined but not described. Enteric and dysentery had filled the camp to overflowing. More than 2,000 sick had been there at one time. For the devoted and overtasked staff of nurses it was a physical impossibility to do all that was necessary. Some of them succumbed. The medical comforts ran short. Horse-tea—"Chevril," they called it—took the place of beef-tea; puddings made from starch or violet powder had to represent rice and arrowroot. Even interest in their surroundings was forbidden to the unfortunate inmates. They had to give up their field-glasses on entering the camp lest the neutral ground should be made a point of observation.

There can be little wonder that, under these conditions, the deaths were terribly numerous, and that convalescence, if it came, advanced with a slow step. The first convoy that entered the town after the relief brought ample supplies of food, medical comforts and drugs for Intombi, and when I was there nothing was wanting in this respect; but the general air of gloom and depression still remained. It would hardly be extravagant to apply to it the description of a still more ghastly region. There

*Pallentes habitant morbi . . .  
 . . . et malesuada fames ac turpis  
 egestas,  
 Terribiles visu formæ, letumque labos-  
 que,  
 . . . mortiferumque adverso in lim-  
 ine bellum.*

It was with a breath of relief that I turned my back on Intombi. The three remaining miles were soon covered,

and, crossing the Klip River by the "drift," I entered Ladysmith with the feelings of Childe Roland when he approached the Dark Tower. And yet it is commonplace enough; certainly not "without a counterpart in the whole world." There are two main streets, parallel to one another, and minor streets at right angles to them. There is a Town Hall, an open Market Place, and due provision of places of worship. The houses are small, seldom of more than one story; and each stands in its own little garden. Trees are plentiful, and the roads wide. In all this it imitates Maritzburg, which, in general plan and appearance, might have been used as a pattern for the newer and smaller town. We have heard much of the exceptionally bad situation of Ladysmith from a military point of view; but in this, too, it follows the capital at a respectful distance, for Maritzburg lies equally in a basin, and is commanded by higher hills at a shorter range.

The visible effects of the bombardment were surprisingly slight. The Town Hall had afforded a conspicuous target, and one side of the clock tower had been shot away; but in this case, as in most others, the damage visible on the outside of the building gave no measure of the destruction within. A hundred pound shell, if it descends upon a corrugated iron roof, punches a neat round hole which you would hardly notice unless rain called your attention to it. Once safely inside it bursts, and if it does not blow out the side of the room, it makes most effectual hay of the contents. This is one reason why the effects of almost daily bombardment for four months are apparently so insignificant. Another reason is that the houses are not close together. Compared with an English town, or even with an English village, the space occupied by gardens, roads and open

ground is very great, and that covered by houses relatively small. Hence a large proportion of the shells pitched upon vacant ground, and exploded harmlessly, or buried themselves in the earth. One corner was pointed out to me as a very favorite resort of the shells. Apparently they were aimed at the balloon, which attempted, with indifferent success, to conceal itself in a hollow. A large number had fallen on this plot of ground—half an acre, perhaps, in extent—but a house which stood at one corner of it was untouched except by a single fragment of a burst shell which had pierced the roofing of the veranda.

Bomb-proof shelters were, of course, built or excavated, but these were naturally not conspicuous. There were many of them in the river bank, where they were easily constructed. At the Gordon's Camp an Indian was permanently on the watch with his eye glued to a telescope. Long Tom was fired with black powder, and when the watchman saw the puff of smoke, which showed that the gun had been discharged, he called out, in a high, drawling voice, "Bulwa-a-ana La-ang T-a-a-a-m." Twenty-three seconds elapsed between the firing of the shot and arrival of the shell, and this gave plenty of time for every one within hearing to reach shelter. The Indian, with the composure of his race, sat unmoved at his lookout, and was never hit. Elsewhere a bugle call was the danger signal. At one cavalry camp, I was told, the horses got to know this bugle quite well, and when the call sent the men running to shelter the horses would show their uneasiness by stamping on the ground and tossing their heads. As a rule, both horses and cattle were very little harmed by shell-fire. Herds of oxen and troops of horses and mules used to be sent to graze wherever grass could be found within the circuit of our defences. The Boers

often shelled them without much effect. If a shell burst near the horses, they would trot twenty yards with tails and ears up, sniff the air for a moment, and then go on grazing. The oxen, on the other hand, took no notice whatever.

My time in Ladysmith was so brief that I could not visit the line of defences; still less the Boer positions. From the Convent Ridge it was possible to see almost the whole of the circuit held by the defending troops, and to realize its enormous extent. It was fifteen miles round. The whole perimeter was not occupied by continuous entrenchments. For instance, the open plain on both sides of the Klip River between Caesar's Camp and the Helpmakaar Post was hardly defended by any forts or entrenchments. The open nature of the ground, and the fact that it was entirely commanded from the neighboring positions, rendered this unnecessary. But, even so, the whole available force of infantry was not more than enough to hold the defences; and the only reserve which could be sent to reinforce any threatened point was the cavalry, which, as cavalry, had almost ceased to exist. The horses were in more miserable plight than the men. I shall never forget the pitiable appearance of a string of cavalry horses coming back from watering. They were living skeletons; and, after seeing them, I was quite able to believe the story that was told of the "flying column" sent out from Ladysmith to follow up the retreating Boers. The order was given to trot. They trotted for ten minutes and nine horses died. After that the column ceased to attempt to fly.

In the mess at which I was hospitably entertained there were seven officers. Five of them had been in Ladysmith during the siege, and all those five had been wounded since the beginning of the war. The conversation

turned naturally upon the siege, and its incidents and privations. The general opinion seemed to be that mule was better than horse, and that both were better than trek ox. The absence of vegetables and fruit had been severely felt, and it was an agreeable novelty to me to see the enthusiasm evoked by boiled potatoes. Had the length of the siege been foreseen at the beginning, it would have been possible to grow vegetables; but no one had expected to be shut up for four months. When Captain Lambton told his sailors in October to prepare to eat their Christmas dinners in Ladysmith, he was laughed to scorn. Tobacco, too, had been a great deprivation. Some enterprising persons had tried smoking tea, but it was not a success. For the last week of the siege the daily ration had been reduced to one and a quarter biscuits and a quarter of a pound of meat. The biscuits were, as a rule, good, except that sometimes they were made from sour meal, and then they produced disorders of the bowels. There were very few of those who had been through the siege who did not show signs of emaciation. The Imperial Light Horse were in better case than most others, and prided themselves on being so. Their post had been an outlying one, and they had foraged for themselves at night with skill and enterprise.

During the siege there had been an almost entire absence of outside news. In the earlier days of Buller's advance the movements of the relieving force were heliographed into the town, and published in orders. When the day of reverses came, nothing was said, with the natural result that rumor created disasters far worse than anything that had actually happened. The strangest stories were repeated and believed, not only about the course of the war; for instance, that Russia was at war with Japan. I cannot give a better idea of the isolation of the garrison than by

quoting a question asked me by a distinguished officer some weeks after the relief: "What is this that I see so many allusions to in the papers; something about an Absent-minded Beggar?"

There would be much to say of the graver aspect of the siege—of heroic courage and patient endurance, of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty at the cost of health or of life. Something there would be, too, of traitors and malcontents in the camp, of lights flashing by night, and mischievous tongues discouraging the waverers. Strange and dramatic incidents were not wanting, as when Steevens's midnight funeral procession was followed to the burial place by the relentless eye of the Boer searchlight, or when Colonel Hamilton, in the fight of January 6th, fired his revolver at the Boer General at fifteen yards' distance. But to begin upon these matters would take me too far.

I slept one night at Ladysmith, and in the afternoon of the following day I rode back to Colenso. This time I took the longer and easier road by Onderbroek, and found there no trace of the solitude which prevailed at Pieters. The red dust that lay thick upon the road was seldom at rest. Ambulances and empty wagons were rumbling slowly down to Colenso. The Natal Carbineers, with horses and men fine-drawn but hard, were setting out on their way to Highlands to rest and recruit. I passed on the road a battery, some detachments of cavalry, and an infantry regiment trudging through the dust towards Ladysmith; another regiment was bivouacking for the night on a bit of level ground below the road, and the thin, blue smoke was already rising from the camp fires. The intervals were filled by endless strings of bullock wagons. At the steep hill that leads down to the level ground near Colenso some accident had caused a block, and the wagons were standing

still in continuous line for half a mile or more.

The sun had almost set as I drew near the river, and purple thunder-clouds hung heavy over the Drakensberg. From beneath their torn and angry masses shafts of light, blood-red and lurid, darted over the embattled

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crag. But above and beyond these symbols of strife lay infinite depths of quiet sky, shaded from palest azure to ethereal green, holding out, as it seemed to me, a fair promise of the future, when the storm and suffering of the present should have passed away.

*H. Babington Smith.*

## A DEMOCRATIC DECREE.

### I.

Exactly at noon on the day before that fixed for the marriage of Queen Theresa of Nerumbia to her second cousin, Ernest, Hereditary Prince of Landberg, Captain Klunst, the chief of police of the capital city of Rosenstadt, was ushered into the private apartment of Count von Schönstein, the Queen's Principal Minister of State. He had come to Schönstein's residence in the Birnenstrasse by appointment; and the Count, though his furrowed countenance wore a look of deep gloom, received him graciously, and motioned him to a chair. Klunst sat down in silence, and waited with some impatience till the Minister, having carefully tied the papers on the table in front of him into a neat bundle, at length commenced the conversation.

"Well, I have seen the Queen," he began, in a low tone.

"Yes, your Lordship?"

"And it is useless trying to move her, worse than useless. She has thoroughly made up her mind, and is even prepared to accept my resignation if I persist in my refusal to have the monstrous decree I spoke to you about yesterday in readiness for her signature immediately after tomorrow's ceremony."

"But," said the other, "it is madness—sheer madness."

"So I represented to Her Majesty, Klunst, though not, of course, in those words. I pointed out that many of the prisoners she is so anxious to release are members of secret revolutionary societies—men and women who aim at the subversion of the constitution and the overthrow of the throne, whose freedom would even place Her Majesty in personal danger."

"It is true, my Lord."

The Count shrugged his shoulders.

"The Queen thinks not," he said, grimly.

"But what arguments did Her Majesty put forward?"

"None. She is a woman, and she does not argue. It almost makes one wish Nerumbia had adopted the Sallé Law. I'll tell you what she did say, though. She hinted that my ideas are old-fashioned, and stated pretty plainly that, in her opinion, most of our political prisoners, as she pleases to call them, are the victims of police plots."

"Monstrous!"

"Just so."

"How can Her Majesty entertain such a notion?"

"I don't know, unless it is that she has been reading some of the French newspapers. But the origin of the evil

is of no consequence. She dismissed me with an instruction to draft the decree, and to commence it with a preamble to the effect that Queen Theresa is—really, I can hardly bring myself to speak the terrible words—is determined that her marriage shall inaugurate a new era.”

“A new era?”

“Yes, an era of—mark this, Klunst—absolute liberty to every one of her subjects.”

“Absolute liberty—in Nerumbia!” The captain laughed ironically.

Schönstein leaned back in his chair.

“I have explained the situation,” he said, “and, so far as I can see, only a miracle can avert us from disaster.”

“Ah!” Klunst drew a long breath, then he remarked, slowly: “I have something startling to reveal to you, my Lord Count—something that perhaps—though not a miracle—may, after all, lead Her Majesty to reconsider the position.”

“What do you mean?” asked the Minister, eagerly.

“I mean, your Lordship, that we have discovered the existence of the most diabolical plot ever conceived.”

“Yes, yes. What is it? Speak man—speak.” Schönstein half rose in his excitement.

“It is a plot to murder—”

“Not the Queen?”

“No; but the Prince, the bridegroom, tomorrow.”

“The Prince. Good Heavens! Where? How?”

“In the Cathedral, at the commencement of the marriage service.”

## II.

“Details,” said Schönstein, after a brief, intense pause; “details.”

Klunst bowed.

“They are precise, my Lord. Among those who have been given passes into the Cathedral is a certain Duchesse de

Malville, who is supposed to be a member of the French nobility.”

“Yes; I recollect the name. She obtained her ticket through one of Her Majesty’s ladies-in-waiting.”

“Whom we need not speak of, your Lordship, for she is merely an innocent dupe. She knows nothing of the supposed Duchesse’s true character and antecedents.”

“You, Klunst, are better informed?”

“Yes,” said the other, simply. “This woman, whose real name is Adèle Lèront, is an anarchist of the most dangerous type, young, fascinating, and—worst of all—sincere. She is utterly careless of her life, and is, no doubt, gratified at having been chosen by her fellows for the deadly work projected for tomorrow.”

“When was she so chosen, Klunst?”

“At a meeting held last night, a meeting at which the police were represented. The scheme of the crime was then discussed; and, to put the matter shortly, it was decided that, as the wedding party walked up the central aisle, the woman should spring forward and stab Prince Ernest to the heart.”

The Count received all these particulars with the utmost calmness, giving no further sign of emotion than an occasional bite of his iron-gray moustache. Now he merely asked meditatively:

“Why should they wish to assassinate the Prince rather than the Queen?”

“I cannot say, your Lordship, unless it is that the clothes worn by a man afford less protection to the heart than those of a woman. Or it may be that they think an attack on the Prince is less likely to be anticipated than one on the Queen.”

“Ah! well; in any case the effect would be the same. Theirs is, of course, an international organization, and it is only the rank of the victim they care about. The Prince is a ruler of a larger country than ours, and his



murder could not fall to terrorize Europe. But, now, what do you propose to do?"

"To arrest this woman, my Lord."

"And on what evidence?"

"The evidence of my officer; Sauber his name is. He obtained admission to the meeting disguised as a—"

"Never mind that, Klunst; I am quite aware of your methods. But have you no other witnesses?"

"No; though we can trace this woman's history for some years past, and prove that she has been in the habit of expressing the most revolutionary opinions."

Schönstein was silent for a moment. Then he said, decisively:

"The case is not strong enough."

"Not strong enough, your Lordship?" The captain looked surprised. "Why, any court—"

"Not strong enough for the Queen, I mean! She will simply believe the whole affair to be an invention of the police; and, so far from abandoning her projected folly, will actually glory the more in its accomplishment. I know Her Majesty's disposition, Klunst."

"What is to be done, then?"

"At present, so far as you are concerned, nothing—absolutely nothing."

"I must not proceed with the arrest?"

"Certainly not."

"But, my Lord—"

"I have no time for further discussion," interrupted the Count. "I wish to be alone now. I have much to occupy me. You have my instructions; if I find it necessary to vary them you shall be duly notified."

With which he rose, and Captain Klunst, mystified, and not a little annoyed, had no course but to take his departure.

### III.

Left to himself Count von Schönstein sat for several minutes trying to

arrive at a solution of the most difficult problem with which he had ever been confronted. This was briefly how to utilize the plot revealed by the chief of police in such a way as to overrule the headstrong will of the young Queen. To arrest the would-be assassin, and endeavor to convict her on police evidence would, as he had at once seen and explained to Klunst, in all probability produce an exactly contrary effect on Her Majesty's mind to that he desired. What other action, then, could he take? For once the Minister felt non-plussed; he could not find an answer to the question. And yet, on his finding an answer depended his future career, for he had taken up such a definite position in the matter of the suggested amnesty that he would be bound, should this be carried out, to resign his office. He was a patriot according to his lights, and he honestly believed the Queen's design both foolish and dangerous. But he was also a strong and ambitious man, who hated to be thwarted, even by his royal mistress, and who could not contemplate with equanimity relinquishing the political power which was so dear to his soul.

What if he were to do nothing, beyond, perhaps, warning Prince Ernest at the last moment of his danger, and affording him police protection? If the Queen saw the man she loved actually attacked, and at such a time, she could hardly fail to experience an overwhelming revulsion of feeling. But the Count, daring as he was, hesitated to take a course fraught with so much risk, more especially as he liked Prince Ernest, and believed that, later on, when love's first frenzy had somewhat abated, he would find in the Prince a powerful ally in opposing the democratic tendencies of Queen Theresa. No, no, the Prince's life must not be endangered.

He had come to this inevitable con-

clusion when his private secretary entered from an adjoining room, placed a budget of letters on the table, and retired. Schönstein opened one, two, three of these communications, and glanced at their contents without interest. Out of the fourth, however, fell a photograph, and he took it up with a half-start. It was not accompanied by any note, but was signed, "Very truly yours, Arnold Farrington." "A remarkable resemblance," murmured the Count, "really remarkable." He struck a small bell which stood on the table, and his secretary re-entered the room. The Count handed him the photograph, and began abruptly:

"Farrington, the leading actor in that English theatrical company, which has been in Rosenstadt for the last fortnight, has sent me his photograph, Müller. You've seen him, of course?"

"I have, my Lord."

"Good—isn't it?"

"Exceedingly."

"Did it ever strike you, Müller"—there was a hardly perceptible tremor in Schönstein's voice—"that Farrington is extremely like some one we both know very well?"

The secretary looked at the photograph carefully for a few moments, saying, at last:

"Well, my Lord, I never noticed it before, but I think you must refer to Prince Ernest."

"Yes, yes; not only are the two astonishingly alike, but they are of the same height and build. I wonder now"—he broke off abruptly—"when do these English actors leave us, Müller—do you know?"

"Their last performance is fixed for tomorrow evening, my Lord."

"Ah! Well, Müller, I was present at the play they gave two nights since, and at its conclusion I sent for Mr. Farrington and complimented him on his acting. It is, no doubt, in consequence of that interview that he has

honored me with his photograph. I should like to thank him for his courtesy personally. Perhaps, too, I may give him some little souvenir—actors, I have heard, are fond of souvenirs; but, in any case, I want you to send a note to him—you can easily find out where he is stopping—and ask him to come here and see me after lunch, say at three o'clock. Let the note go at once by special messenger."

Herr Müller bowed and left the room. The Count threw himself back in his chair, drew a deep breath, gave a low whistle, and muttered slowly to himself:

"At last I think I see a way, dangerous and difficult, too, not to say terribly expensive; but still a way. If only this English actor has sufficient pluck and impudence—and his countrymen, generally, are lacking in neither of these characteristics—then I—I believe I can give Her Majesty an object-lesson she will never forget, and, at the same time, save both Nerumbia and myself."

#### IV.

That afternoon, probably for the first time in his life, Arnold Farrington was positively astounded. The Count made him a proposal so extraordinary that, but for the heavy monetary bribe with which it was accompanied, the actor would have esteemed the matter a huge joke. As it was, he hesitated, and raised one objection after another, to each of which, however, the Minister was ready with an answer. The upshot was that, having satisfied Schönstein, he left, taking with him, with many misgivings, a portrait of Prince Ernest of Landberg, a ribbon of the order of the Gray Eagle, and a draft for a large sum on the Secret Service account of the Nerumbian treasury. Whatever happened, he could, at least,

congratulate himself on having obtained payment in advance.

A little later Von Schönstein and the chief of police were again in conference.

"Klunst," said the former, commencing the conversation, "before we go any further, I want to be assured that what you told me this morning of the intended assassination of the Prince is absolutely true."

"That is so, my Lord. I have questioned and cross-questioned my officer, and he is ready to swear to the accuracy of the most minute detail of his story."

"There is no doubt, for instance, that the attack is planned to take place during the procession of the wedding-party up the aisle at the beginning of the service?"

"None whatever; on that point, as on all others, Sauber is quite positive."

"Good! Then I have arranged this affair at last."

"I am to arrest the Duchesse?"

"No, no; I told you before how futile such a step would be. Come, you shall hear everything; but, by heaven! Klunst, should a word ever pass your lips—"

"You may rely upon my discretion, my Lord."

"Well, I suppose I may, especially since your interests, as well as mine, are involved. Let the Queen have her way, and unloose this disreputable horde of criminals, and there can be little doubt that, provided she is not meanwhile assassinated, her next step will be to abolish the police, which would abolish you, Captain Klunst." The Count smiled grimly, and went on without waiting for a reply: "On the other hand, let the Frenchwoman's attack be duly made, and Her Majesty dare not, simply dare not, outrage public opinion and—and my opinion—by proceeding with her ridiculous decree."

"But I—I do not understand, my Lord. You cannot mean that we are to allow the attack to be made?"

"I do, though, Klunst."

"I am lost in perplexity, your Lordship. Have you consulted Prince Ernest about this? Is he ready to take the risk?"

Schönstein twirled his moustache; he was quite enjoying the mystification of the chief of police.

"No" he said slowly, "I have not consulted the Prince, nor at this stage do I propose to do so. It is quite unnecessary."

"Unnecessary?" The word came involuntarily from the captain's lips.

"Entirely. The Prince will not be exposed to any risk whatever."

Klunst's face was a study; but he said nothing.

"Simply because," the Count resumed, "the attack will not be made on him at all."

The chief of police fidgeted nervously in his chair, but speech was still beyond his powers.

"It will be made," said the other, in a low voice, "on a gentleman who has agreed to enact the part of bridegroom for the passage up the aisle only—Mr. Arnold Farrington, the great English actor, who is visiting us just now."

He paused, and at last Klunst managed by a gesture to signify his desire for further information. The Count was quite ready to gratify him.

"Briefly," he explained, "this is how matters stand: It has been arranged, as you know, that Prince Ernest is to wear tomorrow the uniform of a Captain of Hussars, with one decoration only, the ribbon of the Order of the Gray Eagle. Well, Farrington has in his theatrical wardrobe the requisite uniform, and I have lent him my decoration. Farrington bears a strong resemblance to the Prince, and, with a little make-up, it would be next to impossible, in the dim light of the

Cathedral, to distinguish between the two men. You follow so far?"

"Ye-es," gasped Klunst.

"H'm! It has also been arranged that Prince Ernest is to await the Queen immediately inside the great door of the west end of the Cathedral, when, after kissing his bride's hand, he, with the rest of the party, will at once move up the aisle. This part of the program, however, the Prince will carry out by deputy, for his carriage—you know he and I are to proceed to the Cathedral together—his carriage will be unavoidably delayed."

The chief of police wiped his moist brow.

"But, my Lord," he murmured, "if this Englishman should be killed?"

"There is no fear of that. He is going to wear a coat of mail underneath his uniform. The only risk he runs is the really slight one of detection, for which he has been well paid. But now, Klunst, I wish you to note carefully your share in this transaction. First of all, the so-called Duchesse must be watched, and should she, by any chance, leave the city, the fact must be at once communicated to me."

The captain bowed assent.

"Her movements are under observation," he remarked.

"Now, for yourself, then. You will post several officers in plain clothes near the central aisle of the Cathedral, and will, of course, be yourself among them. The moment the attack is made, Farrington will fall, and it will then be for you and those of your men who are not engaged in arresting the woman to surround him before the Queen has time to intervene, and carry him quickly to the vestry at the south of the altar. There you must immediately get rid of the men, and an instant later the Prince and I will join you. The Prince, whom I shall have meanwhile taken into my confidence, will then himself go into the Cathedral, ex-

plain to the Queen in a hurried whisper that he was not wounded, but had merely fainted with excitement, and the interrupted ceremony will be proceeded with. So shall we save Nerumbia."

"Your instructions are difficult to give effect to, my Lord," said the chief of police, gazing at Schönstein admiringly; "but I will do my best."

"Till we meet tomorrow, then, Captain Klunst, farewell."

"Farewell, my Lord Count—till tomorrow."

"We are to commence a new era then, you know," added the Minister, with a laugh as the other rose to go.

"Ha! ha! a new era!" echoed Klunst, closing the door behind him.

## V.

It was the season of winter, and the next day proved cold and gloomy. Nevertheless, long before the hour of one, at which the wedding was to take place, the streets of Rosenstadt were gaily decorated with flags and bunting, and were thronged with crowds of merry-faced citizens who had turned out to do honor to the occasion. Arnold Farrington noted all this as he lay back among the cushions of a closed carriage, listening dreamily to the pealing bells, and wishing his adventure well over. It had been the publicly expressed desire of the Prince of Landberg to be permitted to proceed to the Cathedral quietly, so that Farrington was not worried by any inconvenient demonstrations *en route*. Arrived at his destination, however, he grew somewhat anxious, for here he had to encounter the Burgomaster, explain that the Count von Schönstein had been detained for a few minutes, and submit to be escorted up the stone steps of the Cathedral, and so through the great door at which he was to await the coming of the Queen. He dis-

mounted from the vehicle, and his fears were immediately set at rest. The hours he had devoted to his make-up had brought their reward; the obsequious officials who stood bowing before him had evidently not the slightest doubt as to his identity with the Prince. He entered the Cathedral just three minutes before one; and as he gazed at the richly-dressed personages who thronged the vast nave, speculated calmly as to the precise position of the woman who was to attack him.

On the stroke of the hour, cheers from without announced the advent of the young monarch, and, at the same moment, the Count and the Prince of Landberg alighted unobserved at a small door at the other end of the building. Schönstein's only ground for uneasiness was over; he had told his story to the Prince in such a way as to gain His Serene Highness's assent to the steps taken for his safety, and for Nerumbia's safety, and for the safety of the Count. Together they entered an unoccupied vestry, and awaited events with confidence.

The mighty organ pealed forth; the procession must have started up the aisle. Another moment, and—unemotional man as he was—the Count's heart began to beat wildly. If the deed should cause a panic? But no, no; Klunst was a reliable officer; he would prevent anything of that sort!

Some seconds passed; but nothing seemed to have happened. Then the organ ceased, and the two men in the vestry distinctly heard the resonant voice of the archbishop beginning the marriage service.

Schönstein's brow grew moist, his lips parched; he had comprehended the terrible truth. The attack had not been made. The passage up the aisle had been accomplished in safety! He could find no words in which to reply to the dismayed look of inquiry cast upon him by the astonished Prince.

There was a noise at the outer door, and Captain Klunst, his face blanched, his limbs trembling, stood before them.

"My Lord Count," he panted, "what is to be done? This woman Lèront, this anarchist, has failed us. She is not in the Cathedral." He paused for breath.

"Go on," muttered Schönstein, feebly. "She has escaped?"

"No, no; her lodging was too carefully watched for that to happen. But she must have found out that we were watching her. She has simply kept indoors. That is all."

"All!" echoed the Count.

"All!" cried the Prince, excitedly. "It is not all. Why—why, good heavens, Count!—while we three are standing here, Theresa—the Queen—my Queen—is being married to an English actor!"

The Count groaned; but could offer no suggestion. He and Klunst looked at one another blankly. The tension was becoming unbearable.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

The cry came from within the Cathedral, and was followed by a stampede, and the shouts of the excited people rushing for the great west door of the building. Another moment, and into the vestry burst the man who had raised the alarm—Mr. Arnold Farrington.

"I—I had to do it," he gasped, addressing the Count. "Why, they were actually marrying me to the Queen, and I—I have a wife in England. There is nothing like a cry of fire to clear a place quickly; and, goodness knows, in this suit of mail I was hot enough to do the thing realistically. No one will be hurt, the exits are too good. By Jupiter!" he added, "here comes Her Majesty!"

For answer, the Count, who, in the presence of a pressing danger, had recovered himself, seized Farrington by the arm and hustled him out of the vestry into the street. His carriage



was still waiting, and the two men jumped in.

"I have failed to save Nerumbia," said the Count, hastily; "but there is yet time to save myself."

"And me, I hope," remarked Farrington. "I guess I'd better get away from this country of yours as soon as convenient, Count."

"Like fury to the railway station," cried Schönstein to the coachman.

Thus abruptly did the Count von Schönstein bring his political career to an end. A more pliant Minister was immediately appointed in his stead, who, at the conclusion of the deferred marriage-ceremony on the following day, presented for the Queen's signa-

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ture a decree giving immediate liberty to all prisoners throughout the realm. Whether this will lead to the direful results anticipated by the Count, time alone can show. It has since come to the knowledge of the chronicler of these events, however, that the Duchesse de Malville, *alias* Adèle Lèront, was allowed by the demoralized police to make good her escape, and also that at present Queen Theresa is well and happy. At the same time, there are said to be matters connected with Her Majesty's first attempt at matrimony as to which she in vain seeks enlightenment from her prudent and far-seeing spouse, Ernest, Hereditary Prince of Landberg.

Adam R. Thomson.

## SUMMER IN THE FOREST.

At the end of the third week in June we know without the almanac that spring is over; nowhere in England, perhaps, is one more sensible of the change to full summer than in that warmest corner of Hampshire within the angle of land formed by the Solent and Southampton Water.

The cuckoo calls less and less frequently, and the nightingale has ceased singing. The passionate season is plainly over for the birds; their fountain of music is running dry. Voices are harsher and color deeper than in May and early June. One of the commonest sounds in all the open woods and along the lanes is the curious musical note of the young blackbird. It is like the chuckle of the adult, but sharper, and is the hunger call of the young bird as he sits concealed in a bush or on the ground among the corn or weeds; when he has been left unfed for a long time he emits this shrill

note at intervals of ten to fifteen seconds. It may be heard distinctly two or three hundred yards away. The cornfields and waste weedy grounds are everywhere splashed with the intense scarlet of poppies. Summer has no rain in all her wide hot heavens to give to her green thirsty fields, and has sprinkled them with the red fiery moisture from her own veins.

The great unkept hedges are now in the fulness of their mid-summer beauty. After sunset the fragrance of the honeysuckle is almost too much; standing near the blossom-laden hedge, when there is no wind to carry the odor away, there is a heaviness in it which makes it like some delicious honeyed liquor which we are drinking in. The honeysuckle is, indeed, the queen of the "melancholy flowers" that give out their odor by night. But during the day, when its smell is faint, its pale, sickly blossoms are hardly no-

ticed, even where they drape the hedge and are to be seen in masses. Of the hedge-flowers the rose alone is then looked at, its glory being so great as to make all other blooms seem nothing but bleached or dead discolored leaves in comparison. He would, indeed, be a vainly ambitious person who should attempt to describe this queen of all wild flowers, joyous or melancholy; but substituting flower for fruit, and the delight of the eye for the pleasure of taste, we may in speaking of it quote the words of a famous old English divine, used in praise of the strawberry. He said that the Author of all things could doubtless have made a better fruit if He had been, so minded, but doubtless He never did.

I esteem the rose not only for that beauty which sets it highest among flowers, but also because it will not suffer admiration when removed from its natural surroundings. In this particular it resembles certain brilliant sentient beings that languish and lose all their charms in captivity. Pluck your rose and bring it indoors, and place it side by side with other blossoms—yellow flag and blue periwinkle, and shining yellow marsh-marigold, and poppy and cornflower—and it has no lustre, and is no more to the soul than a flower made out of wax or paper. Look at it here, in the brilliant sunlight and the hot wind, waving to the wind on its long thorny sprays all over the vast disordered hedges; here in rosy masses, there starring the rough green tangle with its rosy stars—a rose-colored cloud on the earth and summer's bridal veil—and you will refuse to believe (since it will be beyond your power to imagine) that anywhere on the earth, in any hot or temperate climate, there exists a more divinely beautiful sight.

If among the numberless cults that flourish in the earth we could count a cult of the rose, to this spot the vo-

tarles of the flower might well come each midsummer to hold their festival. They would be youthful and beautiful, their lips red, their eyes full of laughter; and they would be arrayed in light silken garments of delicate color—green, rose, and white; and their arms and necks and foreheads would shine with ornaments of gold and precious stones. In their hands would be musical instruments of many pretty shapes with which they would sweetly accompany their clear voices as they sat or stood beneath the old oak trees, and danced in sun and shade, and when they moved in bright procession along the wide grass-grown roads, through forest and farm-land.

In this low, level country, sheltered by woods and hedgerows, we feel the tremendous power of the sun even before the last week in June. I love to feel it above all things, to bathe in the heat all day long; but at noon I have sometimes found it too hot, even on the open heath, and have been forced to take shelter in the woods. It was always coolest on the high ground among the pines, where the trees are exceptionally tall and there is no underwood. In spring it was pleasant to walk at this spot on the thick carpet of fallen needles and old dead fern; now, in a very short time, the young bracken has sprung up as if by miracle to a height of four to five feet. It spreads all round me, an unbroken sea of brilliant green, out of which rise the tall red columns of the pines supporting the dark woodland roof. One could not very well sit down among this waist-deep bracken, and it was a weariness to wade in it. I found it more agreeable to pass through it and down into the oak wood on the farther side, where I could pick my way through the undergrowth of holly, thorn and bramble, and find open spaces to sit and stand in. Here, more than in the open, it is felt during the

last ten days of June that spring is over, that it is full summer. Bird songs are few and not loud; the wren, wood wren, and willow wren being almost the only singers. A family party of jays, the young birds not long out of the nest, screamed at me for a few moments, then became silent. Then I disturbed a pair of green woodpeckers—these, too, with young out of their breeding-hole, but unable to fly; and the parent birds, half-crazed with anxiety, flitted round me from tree to tree, and clung to the bark with wings spread and crest raised, their loud laugh changed to a piercing cry of anger that pained the sense.

All the passion and music had gone out of the bird and into the insect world; the oak wood was full of a loud, continuous hum like that of a distant threshing machine; one unbroken deep sound composed of ten thousand thousand small, fine individual sounds, but diffused and flowing like water over the surface under the bushy tangle. The incredible number and variety of blood-sucking flies makes this same low, hot part of the forest as nearly like a transcript of tropical nature in some damp, wooded region as may be found in England. But these forest flies, even when they came in legions about me, were unable to spoil my pleasure. It was delightful to see so much life—to visit and sit down with them in their own domestic circle. Their mosaic vicious stabs, amused rather than hurt me.

In other days, in a distant region, I have passed many a night out of doors in the presence of a cloud of mosquitoes, and when in my sleep I have pulled the covering from my face they had me at their mercy. For the smart they inflicted on me then I now have my reward, since the venom they injected into my veins has proved a lasting prophylactic. But to the poor cattle this place must be a very purga-

tory, a mazy wilderness swarming with minute, hellish imps that mock their horns and giant strength, and cannot be shaken off. While sitting on the roots of a tree in the heart of the wood, I heard the heavy tramping and distressed bellowings of several beasts coming at a furious rate towards me, and presently half a dozen heifers and young bulls burst through the bushes; and catching sight of me at a distance of ten or twelve yards, they suddenly came to a dead stop, glaring at me with strange, mad, tortured eyes; then swerving aside, crashed away through the underwood in another direction.

In this wood I sought and found the stream that has been well named the Dark Water; for it is grown over with old ivied oaks, and with brambles and briars that throw their long branches from side to side, and the nearly hidden current in the deep shade looks black; but when the sunlight falls on it the water is the color of old sherry from the red clay it flows over. No sooner had I sat down on the bank, where I had a little space of sunlit water to look upon, than the flies gathered thick about and on me, and I began to pay some attention to individuals among them. Those that came to suck blood, and settled at once in a business-like manner on my legs, were some hairy and some smooth, and of various colors—gray, black, steel-blue, and barred and ringed with bright tints; and with these distinguished guests came numberless others, small, lean gnats mostly, without color, and of no consideration.

When the guests got too numerous I began to slap my legs, killing one or two of the greediest at each slap, and to throw their small corpses on the sunlit current. These slain flies were not wasted, for very soon I had quite a number of little minnows close to my feet eager to seize them as they fell. And by and by three fiddlers, or

pond-skaters, perhaps "sagacious of their quarry from afar," came skating into sight on the space of bright water; and to these mysterious, uncanny-looking creatures—insect ghosts that walk on the water, but with very unghost-like appetites—I began tossing some of the flies; and each time a fiddler seized a floating fly he skated away into the shade with it to devour it in peace and quiet all alone by himself. For a fiddler with a fly in his possession is like a dog with a bone among other hungry dogs. When I had finished feeding my ghosts and little fishes I got up and left the place, for the sun was travelling west and the greatest heat was over.

Now is the time of day when our most majestic insect begins to show himself abroad. He is, indeed, a monarch among hexapods, with none to equal him save perhaps the great death's head moth; and in shape and size and solidity he bears about the same relation to pretty bright flies as a horned rhinoceros does to volatile squirrels and monkeys and small barred and spotted felines. This is the stag-beetle—"stags and does" are the native names for the two sexes; he is probably more abundant in this corner of Hampshire than in any other locality in England; and among the denizens of the forest there are few more interesting. About four or five o'clock in the afternoon, the ponderous beetle wakes out of his long siesta, down among the roots and dead vegetable matter of a thorny thicket or large hedge, and laboriously sets himself to find his way out. He is a slow, clumsy creature, and very bad climber, and small wonder when we consider how he is impeded by his long-branched horns when trying to make his way through a network of interlacing stems.

As you walk by the hedgeside a strange noise suddenly arrests your

attention; it is the buzz of an insect, but loud enough to startle you; it might be mistaken for the reeling of a night-jar, but it is perhaps more like the jarring hum of a fastly-driven motor-car. The reason of the noise is that the beetle has with great pains climbed up a certain height from the ground, and in order to ascertain whether he has got far enough, he erects himself on his stand, lifts his wing-cases, shakes out his wings and begins to agitate them violently, turning this way and that to make sure that he has a clear space. If he then attempts to fly—it is one of his common blunders—he instantly strikes against some branch or cluster of leaves, and is thrown down. The tumble does not hurt him in the least, but so greatly astonishes him that he remains motionless a good while; then recovering his senses, he begins to ascend again. At length, after a good many accidents and adventures by the way, he gets on to the topmost twig, and, after some buzzing to get up steam, launches himself heavily on the air and goes away in grand style.

Hugh Miller, in his autobiography, tells of the discovery he made of a curiously striking resemblance in shape between our most elegantly made carriages and the bodies of wasps, the resemblance being heightened by a similarity in coloring seen in the lines and bands of vivid yellows and reds on a polished black ground. This likeness between insect and carriage does not appear so striking at this day owing to a change in the fashion towards a more sombre color in the vehicles, their funeral blacks, dark blues, and greens being now seldom relieved with bright yellows and reds. The stag-beetle, too, when he goes away with heavy flight, always gives one the idea of some kind of machine or vehicle, not like the aerial phaeton of the wasp or hornet, with its grace-

ful lines and strongly contrasted colors, but an oblong ponderous armor-plated ear, furnished with a beak, and painted a deep, uniform brown.

Notwithstanding his lumbering, blundering ways, when the stag is abroad in search of the doe you may see that he is endowed with a sense and faculty so exquisite as to make it appear almost miraculous in the sureness of its action. The void air, as he sweeps droning through it, is peopled with subtle intelligences which elude and mock and fly from him, and which he pursues until he has found out their secret. They mock him most, or, to drop the metaphor, he is most at fault, on a still, sultry day when not a breath of air is stirring. At times he catches what, for want of better knowledge, we must call a scent, and in order to fix the direction it comes from he goes through a series of curious movements. You will see him rise above a thorny thicket, or a point where two hedges intersect at right angles, and remain suspended on his wings a few inches above the hedge-top for one or two minutes, loudly humming and turning by a succession of jerks all round, pausing after each turn, until he has faced all points of the compass.

This failing, he darts away and circles widely round, then returning to the central point suspends himself as before. After spending several minutes in this manner, he once more resumes his wanderings.

A slight wind makes a great difference to him; even a current of air so faint as not to be felt on the face will reveal to him the exact distant spot in which the doe is lurking. The following incident will serve to show how perfect and almost infallible the sense and its correlated instinct are, and at the same time what a clumsy, blundering creature this beetle is.

Hearing a buzzing noise in a large, unkept hedge, I went to the spot, and

found a stag trying to extricate himself from some soft fern fronds growing among the brambles in which he had got entangled. In the end he succeeded, and, finally gaining a point where there was nothing to obstruct his flight, he launched himself on the air and flew straight away to a distance of fifty yards; then turned and commenced flying backwards and forwards, travelling forty or fifty yards one way and as many the other, until he made a discovery; and, struck motionless in his career, he remained suspended for a moment or two, then flew swiftly and straight as a bullet back to the hedge from which he had so recently got away. He struck the hedge where it was broadest, at a distance of about twenty yards or more from the point where I had first found him, and running to the spot I saw that he had actually alighted within four or five inches of a female concealed among the clustering leaves. On his approaching her she coyly moved from him, climbing up and down and along the branchlets, but for some time he continued very near her. So far he had followed on her track, or by the same branches and twigs over which she had passed, but on her getting a little further away and doubling back, he attempted to reach her by a series of short cuts, over the little bridges formed by innumerable slender branches, and his short cuts in most cases brought him against some obstruction; or else there was a treacherous bend in the branch and he was taken further away. Where he had a chain of bridges or turnings, he seemed fated to take the wrong one, and in spite of all his desperate striving to get nearer he only increased the distance between them. The level sun shone into the huge tangle of bramble, brier, and thorn, with its hundreds of interlacing branches and



stringy stems, so that I was able to keep both beetles in sight; but after I had watched them for three-quarters of an hour the sun departed, and I too left them. They were then nearly six feet apart; and seeing what a labyrinth they were in I concluded that, strive how the enamored creature might, they would never, from the stag-beetle point of view, be within measurable distance of one another.

Something in the appearance of the big beetle, both flying and when seen on the ground, in his wrathful, challenging attitude, strikes the rustics of these parts as irresistibly comic. When its heavy flight brings it near the laborer in the fields he knocks it down with his cap, then grins at the sight of the maltreated creature's amazement and indignation. However weary the ploughman may be, when he homeward plods his way, he will not be too tired to indulge in this ancient, practical joke. When the beetle's flight takes him by village or hamlet, the children, playing together in the road, occupied with some such simple pastime as rolling in the dust or making little miniature hills of loose sand, are suddenly thrown into a state of wild excitement, and, starting to their feet, they run whooping after the wanderer, throwing their caps to bring him down.

One evening at sunset, on coming to a forest gate through which I had to pass, I saw a stag-beetle standing in his usual statuesque, angry or threatening attitude in the middle of the road close to the gate. Doubtless some laborer who had arrived at the gate earlier in the evening had struck it down for fun and left it there. By-and-by, I thought, he will recover from the shock to his dignity and make his way to some elevated point, from which he will be able to start afresh in his wanderings in search of a wife. But it was not to be as I thought, for next morning, on going

by the same gate, I found the remains of my beetle just where I had last seen him—the legs, wing-cases, and the big, broad head with horns attached. The poor thing had remained motionless too long, and had been found during the evening by a hedgehog and devoured, all but the uneatable parts. On looking closely, I found that the head was still alive; at a touch the antennae—those mysterious hair-like jointed rods, toothed like a comb at their ends—began to wave up and down, and the horns opened wide like the jaws of an angry crab. On placing a finger between them they nipped it as sharply as if the creature had been whole and uninjured. Yet the body had been long devoured and digested; and there was only this fragment left, and, torn off with it, shall we say? a fragment of intelligent life!

We always look on this divisibility of the life-principle in some creatures with a peculiar repugnance; and, like all phenomena that seem to contradict the regular course of nature, it gives a shock to the mind. We do not experience this feeling with regard to plant life, and to the life of some of the lower animal organisms, because we are more familiar with the sight in these cases. The trouble to the mind is in the case of the higher life of sentient and intelligent beings that have passions like our own. We see it even in some vertebrates, especially in serpents which are most tenacious of life. Thus, there is a recorded case of a pit viper, the head of which was severed from the body by the person who found it. When the head was approached the jaws opened and closed with a vicious snap, and when the headless trunk was touched it instantly recoiled and struck at the touching object.

Such cases are apt to produce in some minds a sense as of something unfamiliar and uncanny behind nature

that mocks us. But even those who are entirely free from any such animistic feeling are strangely disturbed at the spectacle, not only because it is opposed to the order of nature (as the mind apprehends it), but also because it contradicts the old fixed eternal idea we all have that life is compounded of two things—the material body and the immaterial spirit, which leavens, and, in a sense, recreates and shines in and through the clay it is mixed with; and that you cannot destroy the body without also destroying or driving out that mysterious subtle principle. Life was thus anciently likened to a seal, which is two things in one—the wax and the impression on it. But you cannot break the seal without also destroying the impression any more than you can break a pitcher without spilling the liquor in it. In such cases as those of the beetle and serpent, it would perhaps be better to liken life to a red glowing ember, which may be broken into pieces and each piece still burn and glow with its own portion of the original heat.

The little summer tragedies in nature which we see or notice are very few, not one in a thousand of those that actually take place about us in a spot like this, teeming with life at midsummer. A second one, which impressed me at the time, had for its scene a spot not more than eight minutes' walk from that forest gate where the beetle, too long in cooling his wrath, had been overtaken by so curious a destiny. But before I relate this other tragedy I must describe the place and some of the creatures I met there. It was a point where heath and wood meet, but do not mingle; where the marshy stream that drains the heath flows down into the wood, and the boggy ground sloping to the water was overgrown with a mixture of plants of different habits—lovers of a dry soil and of a wet soil—heather

and furze, coarse and fine grasses, bracken and bog myrtle; and in the wettest spots there were patches and round masses of rust-red and orange-yellow and pale gray lichen, and a few fragrant shining yellow stars of the bog asphodel, although its flowering season was nearly over. It was a perfect wilderness, as wild and peaceful a desert as one could wish to be in, where a man could spy all day upon its shy inhabitants and no one would come and spy upon him.

Here, if anywhere, was my exulting thought when I first beheld it, there should be adders for me. There was a snakiness in the very look of the place, and I could almost feel the delightful thrill in my nerves invariably experienced at the sight of a serpent. And as I went very cautiously along wishing for the eyes of a dragon-fly so as to be able to see all round me, a coil of black and yellow caught my sight at a distance of a few yards ahead, and was no sooner seen than gone. The spot from which the shy creature had vanished was a small, circular, natural platform on the edge of the bank, surrounded with grass and herbage and a little dwarf, ragged furze; the platform was composed of old, dead bracken and dry grass, and had a smooth, flat surface, pressed down as if some creature used it as a sleeping place. It was, I saw, the favorite sleeping or basking place of an adder; and by-and-by, or in a few hours' time, by cautiously approaching from another side, I should be able to get a good view of the creature. Later in the day, on going back to the spot, I did find my adder on its platform, and was able to get within three or four yards and watch it for some minutes before it slipped gently down the bank and out of sight.

This adder was a very large (probably gravid) female, very bright in the sunshine, the broad, zig-zag band an

inky black, on a straw-colored ground. On my third successful visit to the spot I was agreeably surprised to find that my adder had not been widowed by some fatal accident, nor left by her wandering mate to spend the summer alone; for now there were two on the one platform slumbering peacefully side by side. The new-comer, the male, was a couple of inches shorter and a good deal slimmer than his mate, and differed in color: the zig-zag mark was intensely black, as in the other, but the ground color was a beautiful copper red; he was, I think, the handsomest red adder I have seen.

On my subsequent visits to the spot I found sometimes one and sometimes both; and I observed them a good deal at different distances. One way was to look at them from a distance of five or six yards through a magnifying binocular, which produced in me the fascinating illusion of being in the presence of venomous serpents of a nobler size than we have in this country. The glasses were for pleasure only. When I watched them for profit with my unaided eyes I found it most convenient to stand at a distance of three or four yards; but often I moved cautiously up to the raised platform they reposed on, until, by bending a little forward, I could look directly down upon them.

When we first catch sight of an adder lying at rest in the sun, it strikes us as being fast asleep, so motionless is it; but that it ever does really sleep with the sun shining into its round, lidless, brilliant eyes is hardly to be believed. The immobility which we note at first does not continue long; watch the adder lying peacefully in the sun, and you will see that at intervals of a very few minutes, and sometimes as often as once a minute, he very quietly changes his position. Now he draws his concentric coils a little closer, now spreads them more

abroad; by-and-by the whole body is extended to a sinuous band, then disposed in a form of a letter S, or a simple horseshoe figure; and sometimes the head rests on the body and sometimes on the ground. The gentle, languid movements of the creature changing his position at intervals are like those of a person in a reclining hot bath, who occasionally moves his body and limbs to renew and get the full benefit of the luxurious sensation.

That the two adders could see me when I stood over them, or at a distance of three or four yards, or even more, is likely; but it is certain that they did not regard me as a living thing, or anything to be disturbed at, but saw me only as a perfectly motionless object which had grown imperceptibly on their vision, and was no more than a bush, or stump, or tree. Nevertheless, I became convinced that always after standing for a time near them my presence produced a disturbing effect. It is, perhaps, the case that we are not all contained within our visible bodies, but have our own atmosphere about us—something of us which is outside of us and may affect other creatures. More than that, there may be a subtle current which goes out and directly affects any creature (or person) which we regard for any length of time with concentrated attention. This is one of the things about which we know nothing, or, at all events, learn nothing from our masters, and most scientists would say that it is a mere fancy; but in this instance it was plain to see that always after a time *something* began to produce a disturbing effect on the adders. This would first show itself in a slight restlessness, a movement of the body as if it had been breathed upon, increasing until they would be ill at ease all the time, and at length they would slip quietly away to hide under the bank.

The following incident will show that they were not disturbed at seeing me standing near, assuming that they could or did see me. On one of my visits I took some pieces of scarlet ribbon to find out by an experiment if there was any truth in the old belief that the sight of scarlet will excite this serpent to anger. I approached them in the usual cautious way until I was able, bending forward, to look down upon them reposing unalarmed on their bed of dry fern; then gradually putting one hand out until it was over them, I dropped from it first one, then another piece of silk so that they fell gently upon the edge of the platform. The adders must have seen these bright objects so close to them, yet they did not suddenly draw back their heads, nor exert their tongues, nor make the least movement, but it was as if a dry, light, dead leaf or a ball of thistledown had floated down and settled near them and they had not heeded it.

In the same way they probably saw me, and it was as if they had seen me not, since they did not heed my motionless figure; but that they always felt me after a time I felt convinced, for not only when I stood close to and looked down upon them, but also at a distance of four to eight yards, after gazing fixedly at them for some minutes, the change, the tremor, would appear, and in a little while they would steal away.

Enough has been said to show how much I liked the company of these adders, even when I knew that my presence disturbed their placid lives in some indefinable way. They were, indeed, more to me than all the other adders, numbering about a score, which I had found in the neighborhood. For they were often to be found in that fragrant, sequestered spot where their home was; and they were two together, of different types, both

beautiful, and by observing them day by day I increased my knowledge of their kind. We do not know very much about "the life and conversation" of adders, having been too much occupied in "bruising" their shining, beautiful bodies beneath our ironshod heels, and with sticks and stones, to attend to such matters. So absorbed was I in contemplating or else thinking about them at that spot that I was curiously indifferent to the other creatures—little lizards, and butterflies, and many young birds brought by their parents to the willows and alders that shaded the stream. All day the birds dozed on their gently swaying perches, chirping at intervals to be fed; and near by a tree-pipit had his stand, and sang and sang when most songsters were silent, but I paid no attention even to his sweet strains. Two or three hundred yards away, up the stream on a boggy spot, a pair of peewits had their breeding-place. They were always there, and invariably on my appearance they rose up and came to me, and, winnowing the air over my head, screamed their loudest. But I took no notice, and was not annoyed, knowing that their most piercing cries would have no effect on the adders, since their deaf ears heard nothing and their brilliant eyes saw next to nothing of all that was going on about them. After vexing their hearts in vain for a few minutes the peewits would go back to their own ground, then peace would reign once more.

But even at that spot, sacred to the adders, I was at times compelled to pay attention to some other creature. One day, finding that my people were not at home, I turned disappointed away, but had not gone twenty yards before the sudden loud scraping cry of a snipe came from the bog a little distance away, as if a miniature wild horse had snorted in alarm among the myrtle. This strange, startled cry was

repeated half-a-dozen times at short intervals; then the snipe rose from a small open spot among the heather, and, going to the place, I found three young snipe sitting quietly, close together, on the smooth, wet ground. They were in the downy stage, their color a rich deep golden chestnut, powdered on the back with snow white, the powdered and unpowdered patches forming a symmetrical pattern. The snipe is the only bird I am acquainted with, the downy young of which is actually more beautiful than the adult in its perfect plumage. After admiring them for a couple of minutes I hurried away, so as not to keep the anxious mother too long from the sight of such pretty little ones.

One day, shortly after the snipe episode, I was surprised and a little vexed to find that the peewits had left their own ground to come and establish themselves on the bog within forty yards of the spot where I was accustomed to take my stand when observing the adders. Their anxiety at my presence had now become so intensified that it was painful to witness. I concluded that they had led their nearly grown-up young to that spot, and sincerely hoped that they would be gone on the morrow. But they remained there five days; and as their solicitude and frantic efforts to drive me away were renewed on every visit, they were a source of considerable annoyance. On the fourth day I accidentally discovered their secret. If I had not been so taken up with the adders I might have guessed it. Going over the ground I came upon a dead, full-grown, young peewit, raised a few inches above the earth by the heather it rested on, its head dropped forward, its motionless wings partly open.

Usually at the moment of death a bird beats violently with its wings, and after death the wings remain half open. This was how the peewit had

died, the wings half folded. Picking it up I saw that it had been dead several days, though the carrion beetles had not attacked it, owing to its being several inches above the ground. It had in fact no doubt been already dead when I first found the old peewits settled at that spot; yet during those four hot, long, summer days they had been in a state of the most intense anxiety for the safety of these dead remains! 'This is to my mind not only a very pathetic spectacle, but one of the strangest facts in animal life. The reader may say that it is not at all strange, since it is very common. It is most strange to me because it is common, since if it were rare we could say that it was due to individual aberration, or resulted through the bluntness of some sense or instinct. What is wonderful and almost incredible is that the higher vertebrates, "unlike some social hymenopterous insects, have no instinct to guide them in such a case as I have described, and no inherited knowledge of death. To make of Nature a person, we may see that, in spite of her providential care for all her children, and wise ordering of their lives down to the minutest detail, she has yet failed in this one thing. Her only provision is that the dead shall be speedily devoured; but they are not thus removed in numberless instances; a very familiar one is the sight of living and dead young birds, the dead often in a state of decay, lying together in one nest; and here we cannot but see that the dead become a burden and a danger to the living. Birds and mammals are alike in this. They will call, and wait for, and bring food to, and try to rouse, the dead young or mate; day and night they will keep guard over it and waste themselves in fighting to save it from their enemies. Yet we can readily believe that an instinct fitted to save an animal from all this vain excitement and labor



and danger would be of infinite advantage to the species that possessed it.

Two days after I found the dead peewit the parent birds disappeared; and

a little later I paid my last visit to the adders, and left them with the greatest reluctance, for they had not told me a hundredth part of their unwritten history.

Longman's Magazine.

W. H. Hudson.

## LUCRETIUS ON LIFE AND DEATH.

(Versified in the metre of the "Rubaiyat.")

Globed from the atoms falling slow or swift  
I see the suns, I see the systems lift  
Their forms; and even the systems and the suns  
Shall go back slowly to the eternal drift.

Those blue and shining seas in delicate haze  
Shall go; and yonder sands forsake their place;  
And where they are, shall other seas in turn  
Mow with their scythes of whiteness other bays.

Behold the terraced towers, and monstrous round  
Of league-long ramparts rise from out the ground,  
With gardens in the clouds. Then all is gone,  
And Babylon is a memory and a mound.

Where is the coolness when no cool winds blow?  
Where is the music when the lute lies low?  
Are not redness and the red rose one,  
And the snow's whiteness one thing with the snow?

Death is for us, then, nothing—a mere name  
For the mere noiseless ending of a flame.  
It hurts us not, for there is nothing left  
To hurt: and as of old, when Carthage came

To battle, we and ours felt naught at all,  
Nor quailed to see the invading ruin fall  
On all our quiet homes, nor heard our fields  
Shaken beneath the hordes of Hannibal,

But slumbered on and on, nor cared a jot,  
Dead to the stress, and tumult, though the lot

Of things was doubtful to which lords should fall  
The rule of all—but we, we heeded not—

So when that wedlock of the flesh and mind  
Which makes us what we are, shall cease to bind,  
And mind and flesh, being mind and flesh no more,  
Powdered to dust go whistling down the wind,

Even as our past was shall our future be.  
Others may start and tremble, but not we,  
Though heavens be darkened with the dust of earth,  
Or all the earth be sunk beneath the sea.

Anglo-Saxon Review.

*W. H. Mallock.*

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## WOMEN'S CLUBS IN AMERICA.

In the month of June of the present summer the Palais de la Femme in Paris will be alive with congresses of women, philanthropic, educational, religious, scientific and commercial. Through an unfortunate accident, this Salle des Conférences is, at the last moment, deprived of the assistance of one of the most important and unique associations of the present century, "The General Federation of Women's Clubs of the United States," with sub-federations in thirty States, 1,200 individual clubs, a membership of 150,000 and honorary members from London, Glasgow, Cambridge, Montreal, Paris, Havre, Berlin, Brussels, Cairo, Moscow, Austria and Roumania. Arrangements have for many weeks been completed, a full program has been drawn up, and representative guests have been invited. At first the session was to take place in September, and, later, to suit other interests, the date was changed to the 28th and 29th of June, with a grand banquet on the 30th.

Since that, however, the Executive in Paris has been obliged to request a session as early as the 18th. This date conflicts with the regular Biennial Conference of the Clubs in Milwaukee on the 4th to the 9th of June. As Madame Pegard in Paris finds it impossible to give an audience later than the 18th, and as the Biennial is an immovable feast, the Federation has most reluctantly, and with universal regret, been compelled to abandon the Paris meeting.

This representation of women is in its origin and development no less wonderful than in its aims and achievements. Though not the first to initiate the movement of women towards club life, the United States has shot far ahead of other nations in organization and work. While their sisters in Britain enjoy their club in their own way, as a restful luncheon or tea-room, warmed up by an occasional lecture or discussion on a public question, its membership, well fenced by society bar-

riers, American women regard theirs as beehives of educational, scientific and commercial activity. The elements of tradition and climate, always powerful in the formation of character, are particularly so under the stimulus of new influences in fresh surroundings. The American woman is not fettered by past centuries. She is braced by a bright and invigorating climate. She has long given up the theory of being a competitor with her brother. She is his associate, his compeer. The men, with a chivalrous, almost Quixotic gallantry, have set her upon a pedestal, and maintain the idolatry. Little wonder if she thinks a lot of herself. Her success in the Woman's Department of the Chicago World's Fair was what she herself calls an "eye-opener" to the universe, and she forthwith re-invested that capital to enormous advantage. What that success amounted to at the time the world hardly realized, and has now almost forgotten. It was nothing revolutionary, nothing subversive of the old order of things. It was the concentration of organization, administration and sustained courage. It was a revelation of wide tolerance, broad horizon, and the unexampled belief which women have in each other. It was a surprise to the world, and all the more so that it was achieved by no special prophet from the wilderness, by no peculiar messenger from heaven. It was conceived, initiated, undertaken and carried through by essentially womanly women. It was an expression of very womanly sentiment. The best workers in that wonderful department were the best type of womanhood—the mothers, the home-makers, the housekeepers of the country. And the American women are a nation of housekeepers. To be a success, a cook-book, a new sauce, an improved range, a prepared food or a pointer in washing machines must be endorsed by them. The Quaker Oats,

of American manufacture, has seriously poached upon the preserves of the Land of Cakes itself. A New England kitchen has become a proverb. There are more magazines published in the United States on purely domestic affairs in one month than in the rest of the world in twelve. They have coined a new term, "Household Economics," and created a new faculty in their colleges, that of "Domestic Science."

In this day of "Trusts," in the very home of the "Combine," the American woman does not shrink from running her own little show single-handed. In her husband's office an invoice is an invoice, a spade is a spade. The "hands" work because their work tells. It leads to promotion. From Log Cabin to White House is the fundamental principle of business life. The business is divided into departments. Each department has its responsible head. The American woman comes down to breakfast to cope with a score of distinct departments, with no head but her own. Purchasing, cooking, cleaning, handling of servants, society matters, the health and education of her household all await her sole and responsible attention. For her there is no "*sub.*" Her business has no partner. In her husband's office the message boy becomes the clerk, the clerk the manager, the manager the partner. In her household from January to December, from start to finish, she lives under the nineteenth-century dictatorship of homesick young women from foreign countries, spinsters and widows who must "support" themselves, and (worse than widows) wives who have to turn out to support invalid, unemployed, or improvident husbands. A little ready cash, a stock of gloves and ribbons, is what they want to tide over the sandbanks until matrimony is reached. To commence, this apprenticeship to housekeeping rules over the

household as first-class cook. For a change she "sews out." Then the housemaid is her envy, until she fancies the small retail shop or the departmental store, and finally finishes up a full-fledged stenographer.

There is plenty of the Log Hut about it, but little of the White House. The American woman with a courageous smile lives through it all. The cook's fire may not take. The snow may block up the milkman. The breakfast rolls may not "rise." "Please, ma'am, the ashman has made off with the ash-barrel, and the clothes line is twisted in the wind." Johnnie has a toothache. Gertie's rubbers leak. Father's gloves are mislaid. The housemaid with a bilious headache lies down. Her children's dinner is late. The hall-door bell rings while the housemaid is but dressing. Callers begin at three and keep it up briskly till six. The pantry pipes are choked. The gas escapes, and the electric switch is broken. Freddie must be sent to his dance class. The bedroom windows are left open too late. Lessons for next day come on the *tapis*, and one patient little head is responsible for all. Never mind, she will drag the whole affair to the seaside in June and call it her holiday.

Nevertheless those are the women, with a life absorbing, complicated and pressing, day in and day out, who did what was achieved at Chicago, and who composed the 150,000 who arranged for their representation in Paris. Little wonder that the old-fashioned Dorcas or an annual subscription for the distant heathen has had its day and ceased to be, and that there is a universal movement towards something which may relieve the monotony, refresh and stimulate, give rest not from idleness but from change. If it be true that the American woman knows little rest, it is also true that she has been the first to make a sci-

ence of her recreation, the first to recognize the Delsartean Philosophy of Repose, to establish entire colleges devoted to its culture, to seek in her clubs the change which should bring her recreation from this household thralldom.

The movement is peculiar to her continent, and, as has been said, is stimulated by the climate in which she lives, and by her traditions, or rather by her want of them. To her her club is just her club. She enjoys its privileges, its stimulus in town and country. Wishing others to share the pleasure, her next endeavor is towards club extension, the spread of the movement. Recognizing the benefit of club methods and co-operation, her clubs "federate," State by State, and eventually the whole resolves itself into a General Federation with a representative meeting once in two years. Social enjoyment, philanthropy, self-improvement, a love of study, a spirit of usefulness a broader horizon, intellectual activity are very dear to her. She is not afraid to measure herself with her neighbor—to admit that the self-restraint and forbearance of club contact is necessary to equip her fully for the good comradeship of life. At first small, simple, timid and local, these clubs have inherent original strength. Their growth is rapid, and their influence increases with their importance. Individual character in members and in clubs is fostered. An endless vista of enjoyment from study, usefulness and activity is opened up. The desire for fuller life is stirred and gratified, and this fuller life, having its origin in deeply-seated womanliness, is applied to the sphere of woman. So great has been the cumulative stimulus of this club movement that two pronounced tendencies have already shown themselves: towards working from the theoretical into the conspicuously practical affairs of life,

and towards subdivision (the Department Club) and re-concentration (States Federation).

In philanthropy the desire to promote the best interests of their fellow-women was directed to the best methods of achieving that end. A mutual bond was created between women of leisure and women of labor, the former finding their pleasure in securing for the latter lunch, reading and rest rooms, with social opportunities, hitherto undreamt of. In education, the pure enjoyment of intellectual contact, of systematic reading and study, of an interest in current events, of the discussion of special authors and special writings, of a specific preparation for intelligent travel, of an artistic and social atmosphere, quickly assumed a bent towards individual research, the principles of education, the extension of University privileges, the establishment of fellowships in colleges, and of public and private libraries. In domestic science, mothers' clubs could not long content themselves with scientific food and cookery, dress, home hygiene, nursing, sewing, laundry-work and the economies of general household arts. Home-making is raised to a science. The professions and trades which effect the home and the conditions of domestic life were examined. Child study was introduced, followed by all its problems of school laws, architecture, plans, lighting, heating, ventilation, hours, studies, recess, play, playgrounds and vacations. Co-operation with teachers' associations is devoted to secure industrial manual training for children, and art in schoolhouses—In short, the application of philosophy, art and science to the home.

A very large proportion of the clubs of American women have developed a special interest in municipal matters, and in the reform of municipal legislation bearing upon women and children. Their platform is good citizenship, edu-

cation on municipal questions, the duty of promoting civic interests, and the adoption of more uniform and effective methods to influence legislation. These women acquaint themselves with existing economic conditions. They invite expert and practical workers to lecture to them. Already they have secured better factory laws, female inspectors in factories that employ women and children, police matrons in women's jails, a large measure of tenement-house reform, and improvement of public parks and playgrounds; in addition much has been done to raise the general standard, to remedy abuses and to relieve the hardships of industrial life.

The industrial enthusiasm, almost amounting to a mania, in the United States has created an enormous number of clubs with platforms adapted to their specific clients. This activity, especially among women and children, is a surprise to those who first meet it. It is breathed with the air. Self-reliance is packed into every household pie. Independence is the watchword of the Constitution. The self-made man is the hero of the day. He is more spoken of, written about, lectured upon than any other commercial commodity in a very commercial country. The peculiar success of the millionaire supplies the best spice to a press which prides itself on its spiciness. From Log Cabin to White House is the only journey in the United States for which there is no return ticket. Every Yankee boy sets out deliberately with the determination of buying the ticket. It is an infectious thing. His sisters won't be left at home. Free from old-world traditions, they reverse the old order. It is no shame to work. It is a shame to be idle. The United States is the working woman's country. The American woman has made this the Woman's Day and Woman's Century. Even an



occasional hothouse growth in the shape of a publisher, an estate agent, a stockbroker, a doctor, a lawyer, a preacher, and a mayor crops up. In some quarters it is believed that the high-water mark has been reached, and that the tide shows a decided tendency to turn. In railways, banks, Post Office and Government departments, and in many commercial houses, 8,000 women have been written off within the last three months, and men put in their places. Still the numbers of nicely-dressed, prettily-mannered women who, in cities like New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Minneapolis, stream over the bridges, along the streets, in and out of ferries, up and down the elevated railway (the L. Roads), day in and day out, at 7 A. M. and back at 6, run away up among the millions; an industrial activity not confined to young women, nor even to widows, but which is largely participated in by women who have husbands to support them.

The average American woman impresses you with her distinct individuality, her complete self-satisfied and self-contained capacity. As you "size her up" she is returning the compliment, but in a kindly patronizing fashion. If you do not worship the Stars and Stripes, she will grant you absolution by performing your share as well as hers. Her clubs are an expression of herself. She measures them by no one else. She sets out with an aim, and makes straight for it. She has her Emerson, her Hawthorne, her Holmes and her Lowell Club; her Shakespeare and Beethoven Circle; her Conversational Literary Round Table, Literary Explorers, Woman's Book Review, Fin de Siècle, Interrogation, Dilettante, Novelists, Authors, Daughters of Twentieth Century, Parlor Lecture, Friends in Council, Current Events, High School and College Almanack

Clubs; her Old Maid's Social and her Married Woman's Reading Club. All that is easy. It may be accomplished anywhere, even without her breezy Prairies and inspiring Rockies. But you must, I believe, renounce something of inherited prejudice before you enroll as member of the What-to-Know Club, the Looking Forward, the Far and Near, the Tourists and Travellers, the Fortnightly Jaunts, the Domestic Science and Afternoon Cooking Clubs, or the Over the Tea-Cup, Entre-nous, No Name, What's in a Name, Parchment, Thimble, Pow-wow, Mustard Seed, Acorn, October, Sunshine, Child Culture, Great Expectations, Lend-a-Hand, Rocking Chair, Peregrinators, or the Bachelor Maid's Club; while you must go further and become acclimatized, almost naturalized, before you will understand special women's clubs, for Physicians, Nurses, Artists and Tradespeople; the Park Memorial Free Association, the District Colored Women's League, the Women's Board of Trade Association, Daughters of Ceres (for mothers, wives and daughters of farmers), the Business Woman's Club, Professional Woman's League, National Association of Woman Stenographers, Noon-Day Rest Club, Wage-earner's Self-Culture Club (membership 5,000), Woman's Parliament of Southern California, Women's Aid Loan Association, Free-Bath and Sanitary League, Laundry Workers and Improvement Club, Woman's Municipal League, Masters' Assistants Club, and an out-and-out Woman's Board of Trade.

These organizations are the outgrowth of circumstances peculiar to the continent. Large numbers of them have working-women members, many of them exclusively so; while some have club auxiliaries of working-women with two sessions, one in the afternoon and the other in the evening, when the identical program is re-

peated, both main and auxiliary working in perfect harmony. Most of them possess their own buildings. All are self-supporting, self-governing, co-operative and voluntary. Large manufacturing and departmental corporations, employing many women, have their own club machinery, now a recognized factor in their industrial life. Most of them have set out with a specific sphere, which, however, they have quickly outgrown. As the horizon broadens our American sisters take up measure after measure, and, by a sagacious utilization of existing means, achieve pretty much what they undertake. In Cook County a group of clubs, with aims and platforms almost at variance with each other, the National Council of Jewish Women, the Catholic Women's National League, the Union of Liberal Religions, and the Clubs of Chicago and its Suburbs, have united, or federated, for the specific purpose of "furthering the interests of Cook County, public schools and county institutions, watching legislation for women and children, and caring for delinquent, dependent, and neglected children." All along the line we meet with the same broad tolerance and concentrated effort. Existing societies are stimulated. The duplication of measures and means is avoided. Sentiment is aroused. Public opinion is moulded. Be it a problem of crowded city, of isolated farm, or of distant mines, of flowers from the Sunny South, or of fruits from the Golden West, it is individually diagnosed, attacked with skill and solved.

It is claimed by this organization of 150,000 American women that they have systematized existing charities, taught school children civic duties, improved city streets and country roads, renovated town and village market-places, and promoted better tram facilities; that they have founded children's penny savings banks, training

schools, jubilee halls, libraries, reading rooms, gymnasiums, art galleries, Sunday afternoon concerts, and scholarships in American colleges and in European colleges for American women; that they have erected historical monuments and public drinking fountains, planted trees in streets, and built music stands in public squares, and that they have secured for working girls tenement-house inspection, model lodging houses, holiday and convalescent homes, inexpensive lunch and rest rooms, club rooms, funds for aid in sickness, and legal counsel which, in 1896, was able to settle out of court 83 per cent. of cases.

As a sample of a club whose membership is open to all, the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston may be quoted. It combines practical and educational work, both bearing directly on social economics, and is the centre of a very native social life. Started in 1877, and incorporated in 1880, it now owns a very handsome building in an expensive street. Its ground floor is used as a woman's exchange and lunch-room, the lunch being prepared by classes in housekeeping. On the next floor are the offices of the Union, parlors, reception rooms, reading rooms, and library. Class rooms and gymnasium, with lodgings for women, which bring high prices, occupy the floor above. An extensive educational work in all womanly arts is carried on. The cooking department does an outside trade to the extent of 11,000 dollars. In their housekeeping department, employers and employees study together the science of home-making, the course of which consists of four months, and entitles the pupil to a diploma.

The Woman's Century Club, of Dayton, Ohio, is an illustration of another class, namely a club whose membership is limited to the employees of a large industrial corporation. It set out

with 200 members, and meets twice a month in a beautiful hall furnished by the employers. The meeting lasts an hour, thirty minutes of which are given at the expense of the company. Once a month the members entertain their outside friends, when officers of the company and their wives grace the  
The Nineteenth Century.

evenings. A musical and literary program is enjoyed, which is followed by dancing and refreshments. Experience has proved in this, and in all other similar clubs, that the mental and social relaxation is a distinct economic gain.

*Margaret Polson Murray (Montreal),*

Hon. Mem. Gen. Federation of Women's Clubs.

## WILLIAM COWPER.

BORN NOVEMBER 26, 1731; DIED APRIL 25, 1800.

Centenaries are not infrequently teasing things. To count by tens and hundreds may be the easiest mode of reckoning the passage of time, but it carries with it nothing but an arithmetical significance. The true epochs of our stormy history do not synchronize with centuries. This may be quite true, and yet the orator or moralist who seeks to engage for a moment the ever-wandering attention of that miserably small fraction of his contemporaries who ever come within sound of his voice, or are likely to catch a glimpse of his printed page, cannot afford to let slip a single opportunity of exciting even a factitious interest in the subject of his discourse. To improve the occasion is a familiar and a respectable device.

The author of "The Task" has lain in his grave in St. Edmund's Chapel in Dereham Church one hundred years this very month, yet how fresh, how human, is his memory. A hundred years may be but a bubble on the surface of the river of Time, but an insignificant moment in the history of the evolution of man and his destiny, yet it is usually amply sufficient to confer oblivion upon the individual mortal. Of the thousands of Englishmen who were buried on St. Mark's Day 1800 what memory survives?

Their children have followed them into the silent halls of death; there are none left to tell what manner of men they were, whether merry or grave, wise or foolish. Nor will biographies, even in two octavo volumes, suffice to keep alive the memory of a man for one hundred years. Nothing can do this but the being actively concerned in and inextricably associated with events or discoveries of vast importance either world-wide or national, or the being endowed with that strange inexplicable something we call Genius, which enables a man of letters to give expression to himself in a language which long outlasts the lips that uttered it. This latter is the reason why it has come about that Cowper's name is as well known as Marlborough's, and why Charles Lamb is as unforgettable as Arthur Duke of Wellington.

The literary history of Cowper's reputation is a strange one. Cowper was not only a pious poet; he was a Christian poet, and a Christian poet whose Christianity was no fanciful concoction, no dreamy aspiration, no pathetic stretching forth of blind hands into the void, no vague though passionate desire for Immortality, but a plain-spoken Bible religion. He believed in the Word of God as made

known to man in the canonical Scriptures. The melancholy fact that a constitutional madness (which in its first beginnings had no sort of connection with religion whatsoever) prevented him, save at too rare intervals, from enjoying the peace of God, in no way impaired the vitality of his faith. Dr. Newman was not quite sure whether Dr. Arnold was a Christian, but both Newman and Arnold agreed that Cowper was one.

This patent fact from the first secured Cowper a vogue. There are and always have been no inconsiderable number of quiet, God-fearing folk in the land who, when they take up a book, as they occasionally do, are not prepared to lay down their religion, and who cannot bring themselves, even when they are reading Shakespeare, altogether to forget that Sir John Falstaff and Sir Toby Belch had, or by a necessary presumption of literature must be taken to have had, immortal souls, and the thought saddens them. I am not defending these people, only asserting their existence. Even Milton (about whose Christianity Mr. Gladstone had grave doubts) was not, like Cowper, *sans peur et sans reproche*. In pious Church of England circles Milton's Republicanism stood in his way, whilst it can hardly be denied that the suspicion of Arianism clings about his epic poetry, or that a flavor of Paganism is to be found adhering to his lyrical verses. Besides which, plain people like a more familiar strain than John Milton's.

For some generations Cowper was the favorite poet of Protestant piety, not that there was anything in his vein of Quietism to repel the pious Roman Catholic, had such a one by any chance turned over his pages. Entirely free as Cowper is from affectation and pomposity (which so sadly mar the verse of Aken- side, also

a prime favorite in his day), beautifully sincere and nobly pathetic as almost every line reveals him, we need not wonder that he should have stirred the hearts and kindled the enthusiasm of many piously-nurtured minds brought up in homes where books were not too abundant. They were not much to be pitied, the young people who had Cowper for their favorite poet.

But it is, no doubt, a risky thing to be the pet poet of a class—risky, I mean, for the reputation. If a poet's work contains something that you greatly value for its own sake, quite apart from the Muse's sake, you are apt to extol the poetry, not so much for its merit as for its message, and though, from a poetical point of view, the part you like the best may be the weakest of all the poet's work, you do not care. You scribble "How true" in the margin, and learn the bit off by heart. We see this process very plainly in patriotic poetry. If lines of precisely equal literary merit with "The Absent-minded Beggar" had been composed in exaltation of the forces raised by the Boers, they would have been denounced in a patriotic press as poor stuff, unworthy even of the bad cause they espoused. There is nothing blameworthy in this. It is inevitable. And so it chanced with Cowper's poetry: the least poetical portions were praised the most, and its real merits were obscured. Time, which seldom permits stupidity to be permanent, has set this to rights. Cowper lost his vogue. Sir Walter and the Romantic School went trooping by to the sound of the fife and drum, Byron forced his forbidden way into the most sheltered homes. Then Wordsworth slowly made himself felt; and was there not the rapture of Shelley, the magic of Keats? Who can wonder that for a while Cowper was voted slow? The

Ouse III bears comparison with the Rhine. The Recluse of Olney and Weston was doomed to hibernate for a few decades.

He could afford to wait better than most poets, for he had another string to his bow. In 1803 the ineffable Hayley, who, like many another shockingly bad poet, was a good friend, published a "Life and Letters of Cowper" in four cumbrous volumes, to which he prefixed some superfluous remarks of his own on "Epistolary Writers." Eleven years later the private correspondence of the poet was published in two volumes, by his kinsman Mr. Johnson. From these not largely-circulated books the judicious worldling had no difficulty in perceiving that the Cowper he had too lightly dismissed as a preaching poet was a prince of prose.

No complete edition of Cowper's letters appeared until 1836, but from that time forward his fame as a letter-writer, second to no one anywhere or at any time, has been firmly established.

It was impossible for anyone with a tincture of taste and a heart of flesh to read Cowper's letters without turning to his poems, and when once this was done in a pure literary spirit, such as that, for example, which always animated the great French critic Sainte Beuve, Cowper's reputation as a genuine, truthful and interesting poet was re-established on an unassailable basis.

Cowper's natural equipment for a poetical career consisted of a delicate and playful humor, a taste exquisitely refined and at the same time strangely shrewd, and a scholarly gift of versification. He was a shy gentleman with a pretty wit and a quick eye for the humors of society. He came of a strong Whiggish stock, and understood the British Constitution a great deal better than Lord

Salisbury seems to do. In the works of no other of our poets are to be found manlier opinions, and in none a loftier patriotism, combined though it was in his case with a passionate desire to see justice done to all mankind.

Unhappily, he inherited the seeds of insanity, which in early manhood took the form of a suicidal mania. In 1763, whilst living in chambers in the Temple, he made a desperate attempt upon his own life, and was removed to an asylum, where he remained a year. Ten years later he made another equally determined attempt to destroy himself. The last years of his life were spent under the shadow of an impenetrable gloom. Men who hate dogmatic religion have tried to make us believe that Cowper's misery was due to his religion, but, so far from that being the case, to any impartial person who reads Cowper's letters it is plain that, though the poet's insanity colored his religion, and created the delusion that he individually was condemned to live outside the promises of God, it was just because he believed so firmly in the love of God for the rest of the world that he was able to preserve so long and so marvellously the delightful natural affectionateness of his disposition. Cowper's religion, shrouded and distorted as his madness made it, was his best friend, for it kept his humanity alive—

He bore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

To give extracts from Cowper would indeed be superfluous, but if any reader is disposed to think lightly of Cowper's poetry let him refresh his memory of it by reading from "Hope" the eighty lines beginning at

"Adieu," Vinosa cries, and yet he slips



The purple bumper trembling at his  
lips.

This done, let him read the first six  
hundred lines (they are but short  
ones) of "Conversation;" then lines  
144 to 209 of "The Sofa;" afterwards  
the glorious lines from the "Time-  
Piece," beginning

England, with all thy faults I love  
thee still,

and ending

The Leisure Hour.

Oh, rise some other such,  
Or all that we have left is empty talk  
Of old achievements, and despair of  
new.

The whole of the famous "Winter  
Morning Walk" can be read with  
positive delight and exhilaration, but  
if shorter poems need citation, "Boa-  
dicea," "Toll for the Brave," and the  
"Lines to Mary," are among the mas-  
terpieces of British verse. "The  
Poplar Field" is not perhaps so well  
known. I need say no more.

*Augustine Birrell.*

### A NEW "AULD LANG SYNE."

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

(Sung at a Concert given by War Correspondents at Bloemfontein, April 18.)

We welcome to our hearts to-night, oh, kinsmen from afar,  
Brothers in an empire's fight and comrades of our war;  
For Auld Lang Syne, my lads, and the fights of Auld Lang  
Syne,  
We drink our cup of fellowship to the fights of Auld Lang  
Syne.

The Shamrock, Thistle, Leek, and Rose, with Heath and  
Wattle twine,  
And Maple from Canadian snows, for the sake of Auld Lang  
Syne;  
For Auld Lang Syne take hands from London to the Line;  
Good luck to those that toll with us since the days of Auld  
Lang Syne.

Again to all we hold most dear in the life we left behind,  
The wives we wooed, the bairns we kissed, and the loves of  
Auld Lang Syne.  
For surely you'll have your sweetheart and surely I'll have  
mine,  
We toast her name in silence here and the girls of Auld Lang  
Syne.

And last to him, the little man who led our fighting line  
From Kabul on to Kandahar, in the days of Auld Lang Syne,  
For Old Lang Syne and Bobs our Chief of Auld Lang Syne,  
We're here to do his work again as we did in Auld Lang Syne.

